CAPTAIN KIDDLE

A FANTASTIC ROMANCE

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CAPTAIN KIDDLE

BY

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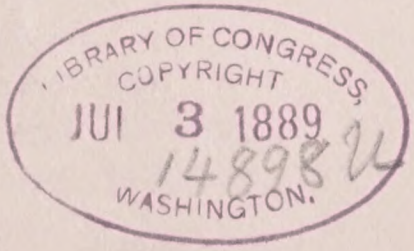

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CAPTAIN KIDDLE.

CHAPTER I.

PRELUDE.

Farewell ye mountains drear,
'Mong thee I'll no longer roam
Farewell ye torrents clear
That roar, seethe and foam.

Farewell ye deserts bare
That I've wandered o'er;
Adieu ye skies so fair,
I'll behold thee no more.

THIS bit of poetical effusion emanated half voluntarily from my mind, as I sat in reverie before the huge fireplace of my cabin, wherein blazed a warm, cheerful fire consuming a huge nut-pine log, listening to the moaning of a gale that tossed vehemently the branches of a pine, just in front the door. There was nothing remarkable, as I readily acknowledge, in listening to the gale, for it had buzzed in my ear in seasons of storm with doleful accent for the past three years. But this evening in question there was something that caused me to experience a sensation of sadness, for it was the last night I would ever occupy the cabin. On the morrow I intended to break camp and abandon algates, so far as I was able to discern, the nomadic life of a prospector. In the morning, with much reluctance, I would bid adieu to a rudely constructed stone cabin—my home—that stood in a deep canyon on the east slope of Mt. Williamson, one of the loftiest of the Sierras. Down this canyon, four or five yards from my door, dashed a good-sized stream for this side the mountains, furnishing Pap Walker with water to irrigate his ranch,

and, besides, a surplus poured into deleterious Owen's Lake, the Dead Sea of our extensive country. As I have already stated, my cabin was rudely constructed. Its walls were of undressed stone, laid in adobe mud, after the Mexican fashion of building, dirt roof, and floor hewn from the live rock. It had one door, facing the east, upon which fell the morning sun—that is, soon as old Sol had climbed the Ingo range of mountains to the east, some twenty odd miles. At the right of the door was a window, the only one the cabin possessed. It was about twelve by twenty-four inches, nothing more nor less than the sides and ends of a box, that a storekeeper filled with groceries the first Fourth of July that I resided here. I celebrated this day with great ostentation by coming to town clad in a new suit of blue-demin. Instead of a window-pane, a gunny sack was substituted, not on account of transparency, but that I never took trouble to place in a light. Anyhow, it was as good as the window of my nearest neighbor, who, by the way, lived in the next canyon four miles to the north. My cabin was not handsomely furnished, but far from it. The bedstead was of pine saplings tied together with thongs of buck-skin from the back of a deer that once came to drink from the stream before my door. Poor creature! it must have thought I was away visiting my neighbor, whom I visited frequently and he did me the same. Not till after a ball from my deadly Winchester rifle had pierced its body was it aware of my presence. With a look of amazement it glanced at me, sprang headlong, and dropped dead on the opposite side the stream. At the head of my bed hung a Winchester repeating rifle, breech-loading shot-gun, a Colt navy revolver in its holster, and a hunting knife in its sheath. Thus I was armed, according to the old saying "to the teeth," not for the purpose of doing injury to or destroying my fellow-man, but for two goodly reasons: First, to keep myself supplied with game; for this purpose the shot-gun was undispensable: Second, for protection against wild beasts, such as grizzly bear and mountain lions. The mountains are infested with these ferocious animals. I never killed but one bear, which I slew in the same manner as the deer, taking it unaware. This made me bold; at least I considered myself so. The next bear I came across, several days afterwards, an old

she one with cubs, I fired upon without deliberate aim! Lo! I missed her by ten yards to the left. After me came bruin with mouth wide open, and after her the cubs. Fortune favored me, as my course homeward was down the canyon, and aided by a pair of long legs which are always useful in such an emergency, I soon left my dangerous foe behind. This important adventure so disheartened me, that I am willing under almost any consideration not to molest bears. My table was a large box, on both sides of which was stenciled "Our Taste Bacon," and my chair a small box, once containing chow-chow. Now a few lines concerning my cooking utensils. The most important was a large iron pot that once belonged to a cooking-range. It was a ponderous concern. I thought it almost as large and heavy as the huge kettle my grandmother used to make soft-soap in What excellent soap she made! If I only had the contents of that kettle now, I would drop this pen with which I am writing and soft-soap my way to Congress. My frying-pan was originally a piece of boiler-plate which I managed to beat oval, and it resembled the shield Mars wore at the siege of Troy. By giving it a slight flip, I could turn a pancake over twice. Had I then the discretion that I possess now, I would have got it patented as a pancake turner. My coffee-pot was a tomato can, and tea-pot a can that once contained Cove oysters. I drank from each one, ignoring the use of a cup, which I believe is not good etiquette. My environments were picturesque. High above me, close to the mountain's crest, smiled "Sleeping Beauty," the name given a projecting mass of rock forming the profile of a woman's face, which is distinctly visible for many miles on each side the range. Back of the cabin not more than two rods rose a solid wall of granite, to the height of nearly one thousand feet, whose face is grim with the storms of centuries. About one third the way up, from a fissure gushes a brook, ice-cold, fed by the melting of perpetual snow. In its abrupt descent, instead of a roar as if angry at its headlong plunge, it produces a sort of strange, sweet music, to which I have often listened and thought I heard music's whole diapason, as if some invisible hand was striking a harp attuned by a habitant of heaven. Pure, cold water of crystal clearness, like the River of Life. From this many a time I slaked my thirst and cooled my heated

brow. In my mountain home I had been happy exceedingly, so completely infatuated by the Nepenthes, the name I gave to a small gold-bearing lode or ledge. Ah, Nepenthes! It was here I was positive that Mammon had fabulous riches locked up in one of his granite safes, to be unlocked only by the miner's pick. Yes, forsooth, I thought that riches, and riches alone, would be my Nepenthes. By experience I have learned that sorrow, strife, turmoil, discontent, and all that tends to make life miserable, harass the rich as well as the poor. If there is a Nepenthes at all in this life, it is in the beatitudes showered upon us through the mitigation of the woes of our fellow beings. The fire had burned nearly out, and as I rose to replenish it, I heard the roar of a furious gale sweeping up the canyon. On opening the door, I beheld the ground white with snow. The sight of snow did not surprise me in the least. For several days it had threatened to storm, and as it was late in November, of course it meant snow in the mountains. As I was about to close the door, round a corner came Moses and Miriam, my companions. Rather strange companions I must say—two long-eared donkeys. Both of them, as well as myself, knew that a furious storm was close at hand. They insisted on getting in doors. My first impulse was to close the door against them. Then, realizing how faithfully they had borne their burdens over rough mountain trails and across scorching deserts, I concluded to admit them. Said I, "Well, donkeys, we are about one of a kind, anyhow."

The storm burst forth, raging as it rages only in the high Sierras. Thought I, what must it be like on the summit of Mount Whitney? Ah, that noble mountain! highest point of our glorious Republic! Never shall I forget the thrill of admiration that seemed to wing my soul up to the heights of Eternal Day as I stood upon the crest of this mountain, one August afternoon, gazing down, as I reluctantly confess, with contempt on all that lay beneath. It was sort of the same exhilaration that often enthused me in my juvenile days, when imagining myself at early manhood, as a famous author, upon the giddy pinnacle of fame, which is sharper than the tip of a lightning rod, as I have often been told by those who trod the sacred heights. Jurists, statesmen, and even the President, would, in my

estimation, be only as pancakes with a little butter and Vermont maple syrup in a depression or two, while I, a huge pyramid cake topped with half a dozen candy hearts, far sweeter to the taste than was the sight of my first sweetheart to my eyes. Those illusions are gone—a mere chimera. Now, instead of being as a pyramid cake, I am only an ill-cooked pancake without the least butter or Vermont maple syrup spread over me. From the summit of this mighty mountain my imagination suddenly descended into Death Valley, three hundred feet, in the lowest place, below the level of the sea. Truly, it is the Valley of Death. Then, I plodded my way through heavy sands, and under burning skies almost hot as those overhanging the regions of eternal torment. Presently a footstep at the door broke upon my reverie. The door opened, a fancy silk handkerchief, highly perfumed, went up before a prominent nose, a scanty mustache rose, and a voice exclaimed,

"Here are the two donkevs, and I wonder what has become of the third one."

The speaker did not observe me, as Moses stood between him and me.

"The fourth one has just entered," exclaimed I, rising to my feet. "Goodness, William Ramsey," (that was my visitor's name—my nearest neighbor also,) "what brought you out such a night as this?"

"Oh," replied he, flourishing his handkerchief perfumed anew. "I have no wood at home. Few days ago I ran out of perfumery, went to town after some, and have just returned."

With a serious countenance, somewhat exotic, inquired he, "And is it really true that you intend to leave the country?"

"Yes; in the morning I depart for San Francisco. I am completely disheartened over the Nepenthes."

"If you have no serious objections I should like to go also," replied my visitor, giving his handkerchief several vigorous flourishes.

Of course I could raise not an objection, as I was always pleased with his society. Permit me, kind reader, to pen a few words concerning my friend, Mr. Ramsey, and should he chance to read my opinion of him in print, I hope

he will not think me animadverting in the least. Of all mortals that it has been my lot to associate with, I think Mr. Ramsey approached nearest the acme of a gentleman. Born of goodly parents and well-off in worldly possessions; and, besides, he possessed grandeur of soul which would have made him a peerless bard had he been endowed with a jot more of ambition, thereby prompting him to pen his inspirations. Alas! they were left "to blush unseen." He, like myself, was fond of roaming the world over. For the sake of a romantic life he had deteriorated from a high position in society—rather he was a self-exile from society—to the humble nomadic life of a prospector. Even if he had stumbled upon a hidden treasure, his first impulse would have been to give it to some unfortunate one struggling manfully onward beneath the eternal frowns of Mammon. He was generous ten times beyond prudence. Once I saw him give his Prince Albert dress-coat to an Indian, lo, poor Indian, who chanced to pass his cabin one chilly October morning. When donning his dress suit he had to wear a tattered gray blanket in place of the coat. He had his failings, and who has not? If perfection was at all attainable in this life, we would become as seraphs, and no doubt possess a passport to and from Empyrea. Occasionally he took a social glass of wine, smoked a cigarette and played a game or two at "seven up." I never heard him blaspheme or use vulgar language. When angry he always counted one hundred before speaking. I believe the old marine says, "When angry, count ten before you speak." Therefore Mr. Ramsey was tenfold wiser than the author of this proverb, as he counted ten times the amount before speaking. He possessed another failing—a feminine one—the love of perfumery. He would always have the same, no matter what odds were against him.

The night was a stormy one. The wind blew harder than I ever knew it to do during my residence in the mountains. In the morning I perceived that the snow was not of a very heavy fall, though badly drifted. The storm seemed to be heaviest in the mountain tops. So far as I could discern, the canyons were almost drifted full.

"What a lovely sight!" said I to Mr. Ramsey as we stood just without the cabin door observing the mountain tops clad in a perfect tailor-fitting robe of daisy white.

They stood out boldly against the serene sky, and seemed almost resplendent in the morning sun. Turning my eyes toward Mt. Whitney, the grim, bald-headed old Titan, I beheld it with a white cap and cloak on. It appeared to have put on a celestial-hued robe to minister to spirits that may have hovered round its crest. The scene seemed a phantasy but I knew it to be a reality, for I had seen the same the fall before, the winter through, and, in fact, till the hot July sun bade it show its bald-head again. There was a slight pain of selfishness in my heart, as I realized that others, perchance numerous as the sands of the sea, centuries and centuries of thousands of years ago, may have beheld the same sight. Who can tell but what the Moses of a mighty nation, lost amid the wrecks of Time may have ascended to the summit of this mountain and received from the hand of the Almighty a decalogue! This mountain may have been a Jacob's Ladder for the faithful, after having laid aside their mortality, to ascend into heaven. The seasons come and go bidding this mountain to put on its white cap and cloak, doff them for a brief season, and become green—rather a strange aspect for so gray and venerable an object to assume.

I must no longer parley with depression, and I fear, kind reader, I have already tasked your patience severely. It was late in the forenoon before we got started. The snow greatly impeded our progress, but, however, we managed to reach Mr. Ramsey's cabin at dark. Here we stopped two days waiting for the snow to settle. As Mr. Ramsey stated, there was no firewood at hand. The first thing we did was to demolish the furniture, making fuel of it, which was a grade or two better than my own. On arriving at Keeler, which we reached on the evening of the day we left Mr. Ramsey's cabin, we turned the donkeys loose, giving them their freedom, boarded the train, and within three days and one half arrived in San Francisco.

CHAPTER II.

THE CAPTAIN.

As we, Mr. Ramsey and I stepped from the ferry-boat just over from Oakland, I was much bewildered. What crowds on every hand! Bus men shouting, freight wagons rattling, and a multitude of other noises all exotic to my ear. I must confess that I was the country greenhorn personified. There I stood staring about, not knowing which way to look or go. Mr. Ramsey, so self-possessed, took out his handkerchief freshly perfumed, wiped a drop or two of perspiration from his brow, and then ogled a handsome young lady accompanied by a harsh-looking old woman, evidently the young lady's maiden aunt. Said he, tapping me on the shoulder with a kid glove which he was on the point of putting on, "How would you like that crow for a mother-in-law?"

The old lady, angered on hearing the remark, replied with a supercilious toss of the head, "You impudent fop, were it possible for me to be your mother-in-law, you would get such a piece of my mind that you would know enough to keep your mouth closed. I have a great mind to begin on you anyhow."

She really meant it and would have begun had not her companion dragged her forward, at the same time remarking, "Auntie, never mind."

Soon as they disappeared among the crowd, Mr. Ramsey inquired if I had lost anything.

Replied I, "Am looking for a suitable camping-place."

Being so embarrassed I forgot that I was in the city; which accounts for my absurd reply.

"Come, and we will camp up yonder," pointing out the Palace Hotel.

Of all things I abhor is a home at a hotel. What would I do at a hotel—one like Mr. Ramsey intended I should sojourn? Having dwelt aloof so long from civilization, my

deportment had become rude. Once Mr. Ramsey told me I behaved like a grizzly bear. That was just after the old she-bear chased me. Shortly after this harsh criticism he said there was a marked affinity between me and my donkeys. Were he not my bosom friend I should have been extremely angry with him.

At length replied I, "Mr. Ramsey, you may go there, but I must seek quarters more congenial to my idiosyncracies."

He was determined that I should go thence, and for the first time I failed to comply with his desires. The last I saw of him for the following week was as he entered a free 'bus to the hotel in question. At length I managed to get quartered in the fourth story of a second-rate lodging house, No. 13— Mission St., and took my meals at an excellent restaurant one block further up the street. My inert mode of life and comfortably furnished apartments filled me with discontent. After one week's residence in the city, I made up my mind to return to the mountains and herd sheep (a sheep-owner having made me a fair offer), but my plans were reversed by my friend, Mr. Ramsey, whom I met one afternoon on Market St. with a handsome young lady on each arm. I was afraid he would introduce me to his fair companions, so I turned round and began walking rapidly away. I had taken perhaps half a dozen steps where he called out saying—"Hold on, old bear."

He often addressed me thus. I was much afraid he might apply his other appellation—old donkey. Goodness! how I would have felt had he done so in the presence of those young ladies.

"Call at the Palace this evening. I have something important to import to you."

"Will do so," replied I, glancing over my shoulder, the right one I think, and saw the trio enter a drug store. I knew that this meant buying perfumery.

"What can he want of me?" I asked myself over and over again. I called, and Mr. Ramsey met me at the gentlemen's entrance with handkerchief in hand, saturated with the most ambrosial perfumery the market afforded. He extended his hand, which I grasped eagerly, as in days gone by in the mountains, on meeting after a long separation. The handkerchief went to his nose three times, and then disappeared in a pocket in the tail of his coat.

"Old chum," began he, "you know you have dabbled in book-writing a little."

"Yes," replied I, demurely; "but my success was about the same as prospecting."

"Am sure I can be instrumental in procuring you a capital subject for a book, which, when complete, would be a book of fact."

"How so?" I asked, half in doubt.

"Do you see that man reading a newspaper, back toward us, and with both feet upon the table?"

He pointed out an individual who looked no larger than an ordinary lad of twelve, with both feet upon a table that stood near the centre of the reading-room.

"That," continued he "is Captain John D. Kiddle, sole survivor of the ill-fated whaler "Boreas." He avers that he reached the North Pole. If you could obtain an account of his adventures and publish the same as your own production, your reputation as an author would be unquestionably established. Then you could afford perfumery like this" (here he placed his handkerchief to my nose) "on your everyday handkerchief."

The Captain removed his feet from their elevated position, laid down his newspaper, and looked directly at me, as I thought at the time. However, afterwards I learned he was watching the door to see if any more newspaper reporters entered. That day no less than twenty had called upon him hoping to obtain information regarding that long disputed subject—the North Pole. For some reason he would not divulge a single word. Then, what hope would there be for me when individuals had failed who seemed to obtain information from a coffee-mill or grindstone; who could make the wind from a bellows articulate on almost any subject, the tongue of a fire-bell rattle away like an angry mother's-in-law, and the hands of a clock write Chinese? On gazing at the door several moments, the Captain rose, fixed his eyes upon the ceiling as if trying to recall something to memory. Though only a boy in stature, barely five feet tall, weight probably one hundred and five pounds, he possessed one of the most intelligent heads I ever beheld. Forehead high and broad, which, however, was disfigured by a large purple tattoo slightly resembling a cross or an +, in fact it was more like

the imprint of a crow's foot in the sand. Face perfect as if wrought by a sculptor's chisel, but slightly wrinkled. Probably Father Time had drawn his fingers fifty times annually athwart his countenance in engendering these wrinkles. Hair brown, a little gray, and so was the scanty beard. Eyes large, dark, and keen. The longer I gazed at him, larger and grander he seemed to grow.

"I will introduce you," said Mr. Ramsey at length.

We stepped forward. The Captain, mistaking me for a newspaper reporter, sat down at the table and resumed his paper.

"Captain," said Mr. Ramsey.

The Captain pretended not to hear.

"Captain," continued Mr. Ramsey in the way of an introduction which I expected him to perform with several low bows and few flourishes of the handkerchief, "I have brought a friend of mine who is anxious to learn something of your adventures."

The Captain glanced at me, shut one eye, and replied: "Young man, you are the twenty-first applicant to-day who has sought information concerning my hardships in boreal regions. Jay Gould will run a pleasure party to the North Pole every day before I would inform you quizzing pack of reporters of anything."

"Captain," said I hesitatingly. "I am not of the class you mention."

He gave me a prolix look, and ejaculated. "Then what interest could my adventures be to you?"

"Thought I could make a tolerable good book of them."

"Ah, ah," (with a sarcastic sneer) "you aspire to authorship, do you? Young man, ninety-nine times out of every hundred authorship is the figure-head looking straight toward the poorhouse. However, call in the morning and I might gratify your desires, though only under certain conditions. Good-evening."

"Good-evening, Captain."

As I reached the door where Mr. Ramsey stood waiting with handkerchief in hand, and on placing it to his nose, said, "I know the Captain has taken a fancy to you, and unquestionably you are the fortunate one."

"How do you know that he is favorably disposed toward me?"

"I did not notice that purple tattoo turn black as it seemed to do when everybody else solicited information. What a horrible disfigurement it is. Hideous as the Creator's mark on the brow of Cain."

Mr. Ramsey accompanied me to my quarters, and before he had been in the house five minutes, was engaged in conversation with the lodging mistress's daughter without an introduction. As for myself, I had not spoken to her yet. My friend tarried with me till just midnight. The clock struck the hour as he passed through the door. He entertained me delightfully in narrating what he had observed and experienced while in the city. He knew the name of every street and of almost every business house, drug stores especially. He was ever perfumery shopping. How stupid I was. Had even forgotten the name of the street I lived on and the number of the house I lodged in. When out, and wanting to reach home, I sighted out a great dark building that stood on the opposite side the street I resided on, and made for it. If I chanced to go amiss, generally inquired of a policeman if he could show me the trail to the Summit House (the name of my lodging house). I should have said *the way* but the word *trail* recalled those happy days I spent in the mountains. After my friend took his departure I opened a large gunny sack, my mountain Saratoga trunk, and took therefrom writing materials, intending to answer several correspondents in the East, but fell asleep. Soon as entering the tranquil halls of Somnus, where assemble the king, subject, landlord, tenant, rich and poor, all mankind and creatures, to enjoy the beatitude of Nature's kindest god, Morpheus, that voluptuous and hideous nightmare inspiring god paid me a visit. His wiles made me an author. With a voluminous manuscript under my arm I entered a book publishing house, and the indvidual who decides whether a manuscript will be published or consigned to the waste-basket frowned ominously on me.

"Sir," said I, "here is a manuscript that I wish you to examine."

Replied he, frowning ominously, and at the same time pointing to a large pile of manuscripts, containing at least one hundred: "This vast amount is ahead of yours.

However, if you will assist me in getting through this one, yours will be considered next."

I took a seat at his table and began assisting him. It was the manuscript of a novel by a Miss Amy Jones, entitled, "How I Chose and Tamed my Husband." How the spinster ever obtained so much information on this subject without ever having a husband, is a mystery. While speculating over the matter the individual I was assisting disappeared through a door near which he sat. As he took his departure a crowd, such a motley crowd of authors, came forward holding their productions at arm's length and crying, "Me first, me first." Then they began tossing their parcels at my head. Soon I was buried completely and almost suffocated. How I wished the art of printing had never been invented. I wished that every mortal, myself included, could only write X when required to sign his name. Presently, however, I woke up, the candle had overturned, and a portion of my writing material was ablaze.

Next morning, at 9 o'clock, I entered the Palace Hotel, and a clerk conducted me to the Captain's room, No. 101 on the second floor, one of the best furnished apartments in the Palace. The Captain was in a dressing gown, with a fancy silk cap on. At first I thought it Mr. Ramsey's silk handkerchief, as the cap and handkerchief were alike. The captain, looking up from a large memorandum-book that had the appearance of having been badly water-soaked, bade me be seated. Then he absorbed his attention in the book. For fully one hour he was thus preoccupied, constantly turning its soiled, warped leaves. At times I noticed tears appear in his eyes. Again he gnashed his teeth, and brought his fist, little larger than a woman's, down on the table, and lastly, he laughed. His laughter was dry and peculiar.

"You must not pay any attention to my ebullitions of joy, sorrow, or anger," remarked he, slowly turning the leaves, "for this carries me back to the scenes that I am about to narrate. Would to God I could expunge some of them from my memory, but Mnemonic keeps them incessantly before my eyes both day and night. You see this memorandum?"

He held the book up high as his left hand would reach, and by which act I took it for granted he was left-handed.

"This contains a complete account of my adventures, though in rather an obscure form. It would not be intelligible to you or anybody else. Now what I propose to do is, relate a portion of the affair each day, Sunday not included, till it is finished. Taking it in ordinary handwriting, longhand is a slow, tedious way. You had better get a shorthand writer, a first class one, for I will dictate at the rate of two hundred and fifty words per minute."

"Captain, I wish to make a suggestion; if your adventures are to be published, of course the manuscript will have to be in longhand. Why could I not take it down in longhand, thus saving the time of transcribing?"

"For this reason: do you suppose I have nothing else to do but sit waiting for you with your clumsy pen to write what I may have to say? I do not intend that the matter shall engross my attention more than an hour each day."

What was the best method for me to pursue? To employ a competent shorthand writer meant financial embarrassment. My financial circumstances were, as usual, at low tide. Having a crude knowledge of phonography I resolved to resort to my own capabilities, as the last expedient.

"Captain," said I, at length, "please begin. Think I can catch enough to get the substance, and then can fill in what is lacking."

"It must be verbatim. Every assertion I make, no matter how ambiguous it may seem, I shall fully substantiate when an occasion demands it."

While he spoke the above, I wrote it in shorthand with comparative ease, as he did not speak very fast. Looking over my shoulder he saw the characters, appeared somewhat amazed, and said, "You can write shorthand too, I see."

"Yes, a little."

Then I informed him why I did not employ a competent phonographer. Am sure I won his sympathy, for he agreed to speak slowly. He must have wholly forgotten his promise, for soon as he opened his mouth the air seemed to set his tongue in motion. It fairly hummed, not unlike a buzz-saw. I have often thought since that the organ was propelled by perpetual motion. I never heard but one tongue that came anywhere near the Captain's, and that

was Mrs. Sam Hussey's. This lady was president of a woman's rights convention, and addressed the audience in regard to a statement that her husband had made, to wit: "The bustle is a horrifier instead of a beautifier of the female form." I managed at length to get the Captain to speak slowly—occupy, on an average, one hour each day, which constitutes a chapter. I made a transcript soon as possible, fearing I could not make out the characters soon as they "got cold." The Captain made a few unimportant alterations in the transcript, and announced himself well satisfied with my work. Should anything doubtful appear anon, to clear your mind of doubt, kind reader, I refer you to Captain John D. Kiddle, who, as he says, is ready to substantiate it. I know he will do the same. Now we will see what the Captain has to say.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

CHAPTER III.

THE "BOREAS" AND CREW.

My father was a sea captain, and for many years commander and owner of the merchant ship *Monsoon*, engaged principally in the East India and China trade. From the time I was a small boy—it seems to me I never grew much since—till I became of age, I went to sea with my father, as he had with his father, and as my grandfather with his father. I am, as you readily see, of a seafaring family, and my ancestors resided in the great whaling town, New Bedford, Mass., ever since the place was laid out. When I became of age, an idea entered my mind, being young and romantic, that I could greatly improve my financial condition by going on a whaling cruise in the North seas. Little did I realize what a voyage of this kind meant. Captain William Sylvester, an old whaling master, my father's life-long friend, offered me a situation, first mate of one of his numerous whaling ships, named, if I, remember rightly, *Tempest*, commanded by his cousin A. Jackson Brown. This was just the sort of situation I wanted. We set sail for boreal regions, and after one year's absence returned laden to utmost capacity with oil, oil everywhere. The old oily craft glided through the brine in calmest weather. This financially important cruise enthused me, and in fact I was completely infatuated. Nothing short of a ship of my own would satisfy my wild visions of wealth. My father, the good old gentleman, though in those days I considered him very rigorous, fitted me out with as complete an outfit as ever cruised for whales at that time. I say he fitted me out, and so he did, but I was to wipe out the cost of the whole concern with the profit accruing from the sale of my oil. With spirits

buoyant as foam amid the breakers, I set forth on a cruise. What a cruise! covering the period of nearly three years' time. I captured only one whale, and a wounded one at that. On entering the harbor of my native town, my spirits were so low that I ran the flag up at half-mast, mourning my ill luck. Crowds gathered upon the wharf, wondering who was dead. We had been given up for dead. Soon as we got within speaking distance, among the crowd I recognized my father, who had the day before returned from China. With his sonorous voice that sounded like a trumpet's blare, he shouted, saying, "John, who is dead?"

Seizing the speaking trumpet I replied, "All the whales."

Soon as the gangplank was lowered my father came aboard, a sailor having informed him of my ill luck, stretched forth his hand, intending to shake hands. He being a tall man, above six feet, his hand struck me in the face, almost knocked me flat.

"My son, you have wasted three years of your life, and added three years' interest to your debt," said he, without offering an apology for the unintended blow.

I was so down-hearted that I did not wish to see anybody. I stole back to my cabin and

> "Wished that the ebbing tide
> Would bear me away on its bosom
> O'er the ocean wild and wide."

Among the crowd I noticed my sweetheart, with a smile on her sweet face. If there is anything in this world that gladdens a young man it is the sight of his sweetheart, especially after an absence of three years. Often I wish that I had greeted her, for she was such a good, constant girl, the only lass, I believe, that ever loved me. The next time I beheld her on the wharf was two years afterward, on my return as a passenger from California. Ah, but how changed! Why, sir, her demeanor toward me was cold as an iceberg. She was there to greet a tall young fellow passenger whom she married one week after his arrival.

With such an enormous debt hovering over my head like the Harpies of old, I could not remain idle long. Soon as my craft could be loaded with merchandise, and with one hundred passengers, I set sail for San Fran-

cisco, round the Horn. It was either storms or calms all the way down the Atlantic, and we rounded the Horn in a perpetual hurricane. At length my ship succumbed to the violent elements. All hands of us would have been lost had not a ship rescued us just as we were on the point of going down. Both ship and cargo were insured to their full value. Thus the storm really proved my benefactor, compelling the underwriter to make good the loss which cleared me of debt. With the ship that rescued us I proceeded to California, and for a while commanded a schooner flying up and down the coast of California, Oregon and Washington Territory. Being out of debt I resolved at length to solicit another favor of my father; in other words ask him for another ship. My father granted my request, giving me a new ship, much larger and finer that the first one. I called her *Boreas*. She was a one thousand ton burden craft, one hundred and fifty feet in length, and thirty foot beam, full ship rigged, and possessed every improvement known in those times. I was soon off for California again, laden as before with passengers and merchandise. This time the Atlantic quite forgot itself and was not enraged at all till in the vicinity of Cape Horn. Here, as usual, rough weather was encountered. At length a hurricane swept the seas for the purpose, I always thought, of trying my new craft. The good ship laughed in the grim face of the storm-king, and we weathered, without the slightest injury, the most terrific sea I ever beheld in that quarter of the globe. After discharging my cargo at San Francisco, I plied up and down the Pacific coast from Victoria, Vancouver Island, to Panama. About this time the Panama route was opened. In this vocation I continued for five years, till a letter brought the sad intelligence of my father's death. It also requested me to return home, if possible, and administer on the estate. The estate, I am glad to say, was large and valuable. As I read the letter with tears coursing down my cheeks, I said: "Father has gone to join mother. Dear parents! both taking, as we all must, that long, oblivious sleep after life's struggle."

My mother had not a long struggle in this world. She died young, when I was but three months old. I know by a photograph, over which I have often seen father weep, that

she was beautiful. I know by what Aunt Liberty, father's youngest sister, said, that she was a good, kind woman. I have often wondered why she did not cry out of Heaven when my great brutal nurse was beating me. That accounts for my dwarfish stature, for when I had grown an inch, this nurse would beat that much back again. I should not censure her, as she is also dead, and it is only the coward that assails one in his grave. I gathered together about as many passengers as I had accommodation for, the majority having made their fortune in the gold mines, and started homeward. The grim old Horn actually smiled on me as I rounded it. Perchance the hurricane, that I encountered five years previous, had told it that my craft was invulnerable to both wind and wave. Even the elements seem to respect that which is strong. On arriving at the wharf of my native town, standing where my sweetheart stood, as I returned from my first unsuccessful whaling cruise, was Aunt Liberty, whom I always called Lib. She had returned from China with father on his last voyage, having gone thence a score and odd years before as a missionary to Christianize the "benighted heathen." There she stood looking taller, more lank and angular than ever. By her side stood an ill-featured Chinaman, arrayed in gorgeous apparel, probably that of a mandarin. Perhaps he was her only convert, and I doubt that he was fully Christianized, for he still retained his cue, the heathen's passport to eternal happiness. Soon as she saw me through her glasses that hung low on her long sharp nose, she said: "La me, John; for goodness' sake! you are getting smaller every day. You are not half so good looking as this Chinaman."

The crowd laughed loudly, which made me angry. Just then I wished Aunt Lib and the Chinaman in the remotest corner of China and even beyond the Great Wall. I shook hands with my aunt, and while doing so, she stooped to kiss me, but did not stoop low enough. She missed me hat and all. I heard her lips smack together several inches above my head. It might have been that she was stiff with rheumatism; with this joint-stiffening disease she was afflicted. I think that a great many have rheumatism in the neck for they are so stiff-necked.

"La me, John; I have not introduced you yet to this

Chinese gentleman," said my aunt, showing the last tooth in her false set that my father made her a present of the first Christmas she spent in the Flowery Kingdom.

"Never mind about it, Aunt Lib."

"Why, la me, he is really too good to be introduced outside the family."

The crowd was deeply interested in the heathen. I had a mortal aboard the ship who would astonish all.

"Jack Gun, come here," I called.

Jack Gun, a full blood Piute Indian, reared among the mountains and on the deserts, in the vicinity of Owen's Lake, dashed forward, face smeared with war paint, uttering tremendous war-whoops and flourishing a large knife. The crowd shrieked and the timid fled, among whom was my aunt and the heathen. Thus I addressed Jack to awe-inspire the crowd: "Old killer of many grizzly bears, eater of coyotes, drinker of Owen's Lake water, burner of witches, judge of good whisky and smoker of poor cigars, scalp that heathen!"

The heathen just ahead of my aunt was flying up the street homeward with cue sticking out straight behind. After him dashed Jack, flourishing the knife and uttering war-whoops that aroused the town. With a few bounds, Jack, who was very fleet of foot, grasped the heathen's cue, the knife quivered a moment in the air, descended, and off came the cue close to the scalp. The heathen fell upon the pavement and wailed piteously. My aunt fainted dead away. A policeman came and tried to stand her upon her feet, but made a failure of it. Two laborers working in a lumber-yard close at hand, came with a wide sixteen-foot board, and inquired of the policeman if he thought it long enough to place her upon to convey her home. I did not hear his reply; evidently he was in doubt, for his countenance was much perplexed. As they were in the act of placing her upon the board, a conveyance, a coal cart or something of that sort, came along and took her home. Jack and I went home—my old home, the home of my sires, of which my aunt claimed an indisputable possession. The servants welcomed me cordially and growled about their new mistress, saying that her long residence in heathen lands had made her a tyrantess. My aunt and the Chinaman kept secluded while Jack and I enjoyed every

hospitality the old home afforded. By slow degrees my aunt's horror of Jack wore away. I insinuated that she ought to convince Jack of his ungodly ways, and try to save his soul. She declared he had no soul to save, and became indignant when I informed her she was in error. The estate was not difficult to administer on, scarcely any accounts worth mentioning against it, and about the same character in its favor.

My father, one year previous to his demise, leased his ship to my cousin J. D. Kiddle ; the same initials as my own, though the names are different. His is James Dredger, and mine John Digger. At home, after years of hardships, environed by every good thing the heart could wish ; but I was not contented. There was no excitement, no storms to buffet me, no breakers to roar their ominous warning to be kept away from. I yearned for a voyage, a long cruise. My good ship tied up at the lower end of the wharf always pointed her prow seaward as if anxious to plow the brine once more.

One fine spring afternoon as I paced her capacious deck, I repeated a little of my own composition:

Good ship, I'll rend thy mooring in twain
And spread thy broad snowy sail.
While the Storm King supremely reigns
We'll defy both wave and gale.

It was on this afternoon in question that I resolved to make a whaling voyage. When I told my aunt of my intentions, she was much pleased ; and in her heart I know she wished that I would never return again. How sullen she looked on learning I had made a will naming Miss Betsy M. Spike, my only sister's child, as sole heir to my possessions. I did this should I become one of "the many thousands that lie buried in the sea," that my aunt could not lay claim to the property. To-day my heir occupies the old home, but not alone ; she has a husband, and also a little boy named after her uncle John, which is myself. I intend that she and her husband shall always occupy it so far as I am concerned. Since my arrival in this city, one month ago, I have made a fortune. The late wheat deal has given me all the wealth I care for. It is said "fortune favors the brave." I do not think this true in every circumstance. I

have seen brave souls risk their last dollar in some enterprise which looked favorable, and lose all. Again I saw a close-fisted, niggardly old miser, who denied himself the necessaries of life, invest a ten-dollar bank-note, which he thought spurious, in a Louisiana State Lottery ticket and draw the grand prize. Fortune is a fickle old dame, though deaf to eloquence and flattery. I must on with my story. One fortnight after I resolved upon a voyage, I set sail for Arctic seas going over the same course I had several years previous, when I could find but a single whale. Near as I could reckon where I took the wounded one, we fell in with a school of whales. I never saw or heard of, or imagined there were so many whales in the sea. Whales, whales everywhere! Whales on a boiling, whales being cut up, whales spouting close at hand, as if anxious for their turn to come next. I wished for a ship large as the Great Eastern, and am sure I could have loaded it down with oil. When the cargo was complete, whales followed us hundreds of miles and seemed much affronted at the indifference manifested toward them. I have heard of yellow-legged chickens waiting for somebody to cut off their heads whenever a certain minister came around, but I never heard of whales following a ship to be harpooned. How jocund were my spirits as I entered the harbor. I ran the flag up full mast, and would have a dozen more had they been on board. I could have greeted my sweetheart with extended arms, and told her that, after having disposed of enough oil to make us immensely wealthy, there would be enough left to lubricate life's rugged pathway, making it lubricous for us to glide over as a skating rink floor. With my fortune I should have been contented, but said to myself, "One more voyage and then, old chap, you can, if you choose, revel in indolence the remainder of your life."

The entire crew was avaricious as myself, and the unanimous request was, "One more voyage." Who could have foretold that I was to personate old Charon and take my entire crew to the other shore, where naught save spirits in ghostly array break upon the quietude? Now, at night in the star-gilded firmament, in letters fashioned of stars I seem to read. *One more voyage!* My ship and crew, alas! both destroyed. Having said something about the ship, I am sure a few lines pertaining to the crew would not be

inapplicable. I will begin by giving a brief account of Mr. Michael McFadden, first mate. This excellent man, an Irish American, at the time of his decease was five years older than I am now, making him in his fifty seventh year. Possessing a commanding appearance, he was often taken for captain, and I in my younger days for the cabin boy. Calm in severest storms, self-possessed in seasons of greatest peril, he was completely beside himself when realizing that age was marring his splendid physique. From the top of his head the hair had fallen and he covered the baldness with a wig. Several front teeth had decayed away and false ones occupied their stead. His hair, what remained, was gray, and so were his whiskers. He restored them to their former color, which was black, with various hair dyes. Cheeks pale, a red face preparation made him rosy-cheeked as a country school girl. On becoming stiff-jointed he sauntered about with a majestic air which proclaimed, "I am monarch of all I survey." Aside from these slight failings he was a man of excellent education, honesty and integrity. During all the time he was with me, from the date I took command of my first ship till his decease, I saw not a single act that would mar the deportment of a gentleman. To me he was like an elder brother and over his untimely fate I mourned long. The second mate, Mr. Solomon Levy, a descendant of the tribe of Levy, was an integral Jew. He had the misfortune to be wholly misled by the wiles of Mammon, which often prompted him to do many a dishonorable act. Being such a rogue on land, he took to the sea that he might not be tempted to practice his schemes of swindling, which made him trouble wherever he went. He was severe with the men under him, and performed his tasks with alacrity, for which I respected him.

Jesse Henry Dutch was the name of the third mate, and I hope that I may never meet with such a contemptible specimen of humanity again. Instead of Dutch he signed his name as German, and requested us to call him such. He was as Dutch as his name, and could no more deny his nationality than Pat's pig, had it got into a Chinaman's pen and called itself Chinese. I seem to see him standing before me, a dwarfish, broad-chested, long-armed, slightly bow-legged mortal of thirty odd years. His large, flat head

was covered with coarse sandy hair, which grew down on the forehead within two finger-widths of the eyebrows. His small, watery gray eyes were overhung with bristly brows. Nose flat at the bridge, and at the end not unlike a small potato cut through the centre and adhered to the face. The nostrils were wide as a negro's. Flap-mouth, which was constantly full of tobacco. Ears large and flabby, projecting forward. It would not be slang to have told him, "Pin back your ears." Beard same color as the hair, and it had a peculiarity that I never saw before or since. Above the corners of the mouth it grew straight up, and below the mouth, which extended almost across the face, stuck straight out. Speech thick and indistinct, similar to a man pretty much intoxicated. Hands large, with stubby fingers, the nails short and wide. There was not a single good quality about him. I marked him down as a rascal, but knew he possessed not the acumen for any deep-laid scheme. He was a professor of religion, but his prayers were more of blasphemy than adoration. Creed, Lutheran, and he could see no hope for anybody outside that denomination. Every time he prayed, gave the Most High to distinctly understand that he was the only perfect mortal on earth. The good-for-nothing rascal obtained the situation through the influence of his father, who claimed his son to be an able seaman. If he had ever made a voyage at all it was in the capacity of a passenger in coming over from Holland. I believed the statements of his father, a physician residing at Milford, Pa., where my sister resided also. The physician, an upright man apparently in the eyes of the world, palliated many crooked actions beneath the amice of religion. It seems that on learning I had designated my niece as my heir, he sent this ape-like son of his to court Miss Betsy, but she gave him to understand on his first visit that his society would be better appreciated in some zoological garden caged with the apes. Then the physician came to me in person with a long, sanctimonious face, beseeching me to give his son a situation that he might learn to become a nautical commander. He did this hoping I would become favorably disposed toward the sluggard, and recommend him to my niece. At first sight I detested him. It would have been a mercy to myself and crew had I booted both him and his

father from the deck when they first set foot upon it. All that this ape ever did was to sleep, or admire himself in a looking-glass, thinking he was beautiful. He had a glass on each wall of his room. While gazing in the glass he combed his hair, trying to make it lie down, or stroked his beard. I am not at all prejudiced against the Dutch, as my tone may indicate. Among the sailors was Mathew Lugent, a young Dutchman, who was really third mate. I had him act in this capacity on finding out how utterly worthless Dutch was. What a noble young man he was! Tall, perfectly erect, broad-shouldered, light-complexioned, yellow-haired, a mass of short golden curls; blue-eyed, the natal haunt of gentleness; character irreproachable. No matter what sort of task was before him he never complained. He called me Uncle John, and I him, My boy. Had the poor fellow survived the fatal voyage he would have married my heir. When bidding his affianced adieu, I heard him say, "Betsy, one more voyage."

Replied she, "Mat" (that is what she and we all called him), "one more voyage."

He was idolized by all on board, except Dutch, who called him low-Dutch. The ape was jealous and knew Mat's superiority over him. The boatswain, Thos. H. Williams, an Englishman of middle age, troubled a great deal with Bright's disease of the kidneys, was taken sick soon after leaving port, of which I will speak shortly. The carpenter, Don Leguna, a Mexican from the Yacqui River country, claimed to be a genuine don, was an excellent mechanic. His greatest failing was that he paid too much homage to King Alcohol. The harpooner, Loran S. Buncom, at the age of sixty, the time of his decease, did not look above five-and-forty. His stalwart frame defied the wasting elements of time, and was as some promontory projecting in the sea, whose hard granite face frowned upon the breakers, behesting them to become quiet. His square chin and massive eyebrows attested sternness, and greater prominence was given to his features by wearing the beard only on the throat, projecting a little beyond the chin. Behind his stern countenance was a character mollified, elevated by the heavenly beatitudes that characterize every true believer in Christ. His whole life seemed afragment of heavenly bliss showered

from the hand of the Almighty, as I often think it descends to cheer onward the bearer of the cross. Whether in sunshine, storms, joy or sorrow, this grand old soldier of the cross pointed out, saying, "Beyond is God."

At night, when weary and discouraged, his prayers dispelled from my mind all care and fear. His godly ways had a marked influence on all except Dutch, who called him "Old Praying Calf."

I do not mean to speak rudely of this good soul, but his deep sonorous voice when at prayer was not unlike the bleating of a calf. Only once I remember seeing him angry, and that was when Daniel Rice, an intelligent well-to-do mechanic, stole, as he declared, his only daughter from him. Hattie, that was his daughter's name, merely eloped with the mechanic because her father insisted that she should marry an old deaf, dried-up church deacon about the age of her sire. Hattie was young, ambitious, and wanted a congenial life partner. I think her perfectly justifiable in pursuing the course she did. How miserable she would have been with the old fossil forever giving his advice as to how his first wife did this and that thing! Had not Mr. Buncom reasoned philosophically with his wife, as Socrates with his morose spouse, there would have been many a family jar. Patience was her name, but she no more resembled the Patience who sat on a tombstone smiling at grief than I do Samson. She was impatience personified. Imp, as Mr. Buncom always called her, was never in good humor. One Christmas morning I called on Mr. Buncom, who lived across the street from me, and I found Imp more out of patience than ever over the fact that her bottle of Warner's Safe Cure was about exhausted. I knew Mr. Buncom's pocket was empty, so I gave him a five dollar bank note, telling him to buy her six bottles. Mr. Buncom departed with countenance aglow, and after an absence of fifteen minutes returned. "Here, Imp," said he, laying the package in her lap, "a Christmas present."

"Oh, Loran," replied she, "I know it is a new dress—a silk—the same as I have wanted for the last ten years. What did it cost? In it I will shine like a new silver dollar."

She opened the package, and on seeing its contents dashed it upon the floor, breaking every bottle, and cried hysterically. "Nothing but old kidney medicine!"

Mr. Buncom took the matter philosophically.

There were ten seamen; their names and capabilities will appear anon. I am positive I have not stated that on the return of my successful whaling cruise, my aunt was dead. She died two days before my return, and as I stepped upon the wharf, I saw the van of the funeral procession returning from the cemetery. The Chinaman was disconsolate with grief, and I let him do my portion of mourning. In token of my great esteem for the deceased, I named the Chinaman after her. Hereafter in speaking of Lib it will be in reference to the Chinaman. Lib was an excellent cook and begged for a situation on my next cruise. My cook Rosin Sanborn, a full-blood African whom I picked up at New Orleans, concluded he had enough of North seas and resigned. However, just before I departed, he pleaded to accompany me as a gentleman. It is a poor enterprise that cannot afford one gentleman connected with it, and I granted his request. In fair weather he paced the deck from morning till night, arrayed in broadcloth, silk hat, and white kids, and supported a dude's cane.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CRUISE.

It was on Monday morning, in the early part of the month of June, that I weighed anchor and started upon my memorable cruise. Upon the wharf a crowd was assembled, as in the departure of every vessel. My friends were there to wish me a successful cruise and speedy return. My foes—I, like everybody else, have them—in their hearts wished me an unsuccessful cruise and a never return again. My niece was there also. How pretty she looked, standing beside her handsome lover! They stood where my sweetheart was when awaiting to greet me, as I have already stated. There my aunt had also stood when she came to tell me how small I was getting. I saw Betsy's lover stoop and kiss her cheek. He was not awkward like my aunt when attempting to kiss me, but kissing the air above my head. I beheld a tear glistening in her dark eye, as he left her side. She threw a kiss at him, two at me—the dear good girl. Then she called out, saying, "Good-bye, Mat, and good-bye, Uncle John!"

Dutch stood watching her, grinning like an ape, trying to attract her attention. At length he said, "Betsy, have you not a kiss for me, too?"

"None for apes!" was her reply.

I thought her rather impudent. The merriment she gave the crowd made Dutch extremely angry, and his hair stood straighter than ever. He went below muttering something that sounded very impious. A mother was there to see her only son off, and the way she wept made me sad. Swen Anderson, a sailor, said it was blamed foolishness to carry on like that. Mr. Anderson, a good-hearted soul as ever went before the mast, was rude and generally blasphemed enough for the whole crew. Imp was there, just behind Betsy, holding something above her head. Presently I heard her call, saying, "Loran, see I have a bottle of kidney medicine." We started slowly at first,

when a breeze filled the sails, and then sped along like some mighty bird that delights in hovering over the sea. In the meantime we shouted good-bye till almost hoarse, and waved handkerchiefs till our hands were tired. How green and beautiful was the shore, and my heart was sad when it began to recede from view. Blue was the sky above us, and bluer the water beneath. The wind whistled merrily through the rigging, and the brine frothed and foamed as the good ship plowed her way; sailors sang their songs, Jack uttered few war-whoops, Dutch the ape grinned, and Mr. Sanborn the gentleman paced the deck in silence. When dinner was served praise to Lib was on every tongue, and Mr. Sanborn acted a gentleman in acknowledging the Mongolian his superior in the culinary department. Weather fine and winds favorable till off the coast of Newfoundland, when we encountered dense fogs and head winds. On one occasion, the fog was so dense I could not see the top of Mr. Sanborn's silk hat. He had come upon deck to remind us that he was still a gentleman. Dutch, so far, had not been on watch at all. His superior officer, Mr. Solomon Levy, with that love of crucifying handed down from generation to generation, on the foggy afternoon that Mr. Sanborn made his appearance upon deck, was heard to exclaim, "Dutch, if you shirk another time I will crucify you to the mainmast and cross-tree!"

Heretofore Mr. Levy had watched in the Ape's stead and was well compensated. There was no money in it now, for Dutch's means were exhausted. Dutch went on terribly over the matter, saying he did not tend his services as a watch dog, nor did he propose to stand out in the cold, like grim death waiting for a consumptive patient. I ordered him placed in irons, but he made such faithful promises, calling down the vengeance of heaven on his mop-head if he broke them, that I let him off, though knowing well his lax, pusillanimous deportment. Dutch went on at 10 P. M. and I felt uneasy. Just as I intended to dismiss him and place Mat in his stead, Mr. McFadden came into my room with wig on sidewise, whiskers partly dyed, one cheek painted, and upper teeth wanting.

"Captain" said he "I am so nervous with the Ape on duty that I could not half arrange my toilet."

His wig came off and fell upon the floor. He clapped

both hands over the bald spot to conceal it from view, as he feared somebody might observe it in passing my door, which chanced to be partly ajar.

"Goodness, Captain!" continued he, "I would not have had this happened for a whole cargo of oil. What if some, body saw that my head is bald? I can trust you, and know you will never tell this on me."

I assured him that I would not. Except himself and a New York city hair-dealer, at whose establishment he bought the wig, I was the only person that knew he was bald. As he was adjusting the wig, I heard a strange voice shout, but did not understand what was said. Then came a crash. I rushed upon deck, where all was confusion. Mr. Levy was ordering the men to cast off their coats and get to work. Above the din I heard Mr. Anderson blaspheming fearfully. The fog had lifted a little, and I saw lights flashing all over a large black object hard off the larboard. It was a transatlantic steamer that had struck us, carrying away the bow-sprit. For such slight injury we were thankful. On learning the extent of the damage from the collision I sought the presence of the Ape, whom I found in his apartments admiring himself in one of his glasses and stroking his beard. "You infernal Ape," cried I in loud tones, for I was angry, "you came very near sending us all to the bottom. Why did you neglect your duty?"

Replied he: "When I saw the lights I knew she would pass us close by. Then realizing that I might not look first-class in the eyes of those upon her deck, I came in to take a look at myself in the glass. Really, Captain, for the first time since leaving home, I look first-class. At first I thought I would announce the steamer's approach, and then concluded she would pass us safely by. You see, Captain, I have a good head on my shoulders, and missed my calculations only about four feet, judging more accurately than you could have with all your figuring, and my smartness is paramount to my good looks."

I replied not to his braggadocia, as the steamer lay close off the starboard, havin turned round to ascertain the extent of the collision.

"Halloo! rather a narrow escape," exclaimed the Captain from the bridge.

"Halloo! Is that you, James?" I shouted, for the voice sounded precisely like my cousin's.

"It is, and is that you, John?"

He had no difficulty in recognizing my effeminate voice.

"What on earth are you doing there?"

"A short time ago my ship was condemned as unseaworthy. The Cunard Company offered me a situation—commander of this noble ship, and thus I am here."

"James, Cousin James!" shouted the Ape, "when you get home tell Betsy I am well, and hope she is the same; that the salt water improves my beauty."

"Is that you, Ape?" inquired James.

The Ape's hair rose over his mop head, and his whiskers stuck straight out, for he was angry.

"It is," replied he, "that gentleman, Jesse Henry German."

"Good-bye, John."

"Good-bye, James."

The whistle sounded, and the steel leviathan proceeded on her course. Mat filled the remainder of the watch, and the Ape stood before his glasses admiring himself. The slight damage was repaired the following day. On this day the boatswain was taken sick, and never rose from his bed again. When the fog rose we encountered another obstacle.

"And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
Green as emerald."

The cold, bleak, ice-bound coast of Labrador lay off our larboard. Vast fields of ice and snow extended inland far as the eye could reach. For what was this country created? Was it always so bleak and desolate? Across the Atlantic, in precisely the same latitude, my early ancestors made themselves a home. Dear old England! How bleak and barren this little island would be had not the All-wise Creator sent warm waters, a Gulf Stream from southern seas, modifying the climate so that from out the soil man derives his sustenance. It was the middle of July when we sighted Greenland, which I think should have been named Whiteland or Deadland. Valley, plain, hill and mountain are clad in robes of eternal ice and snow, frowned on eternally by wintry skies. Oh, Deadland! heaped high with the accumulations of thousands of years of ice and

snow. Mighty Deadland, twin companion to the moon! It looks up to the moon and exclaims: "Oh, thou dead orb!"

The moon looks down and replies: "Oh, thou dead land!"

To the sun it appeals for warmth, but that mighty incandescent planet sends forth a messenger—a boreal storm which drowns the appeal in its awful roar, heaping higher its great burden, ice and snow, beneath which Atlas himself would groan. This land is now enduring the miseries of old age. Once it was young and fair, its youthful brow crowned with the olive, date, and fig bough. Birds of song gladdened the air, beasts roamed through the forests and over grassy hills. Man, too, had a home here. Beside laughing waters he pitched his tent, and from the sultry rays of a noonday sun reclined beneath his fig-laden tree, enraptured by lovely day-dreams, as were our first parents in the Garden of Eden.

The third day after sighting Greenland, we picked up two Esquimaux in a canoe, a storm having carried them out to sea. In latitude N. 73° 1′, longtitude W. 60° 13′ 59″, we discovered our first whales. I remember the day distinctly. It was the last day of August. Mr. Levy was growling at our not having captured any whales yet, and the Ape was rejoicing because there was nothing much to do. Up to this day, Mr. McFadden had occupied most of his time in arranging his toilet. I never saw a woman more precise. It was shortly after 10 A. M. when Mat from the "crow's nest," where he had ascended two hours previous, shouted, "A whale to the starboard! There she spouts, there she breezes!"

What a commotion it made among us! Everybody was enthusiastic, except the Ape. At this time Mr. McFadden was arranging his toilet, and had it completed except placing in his teeth and fitting on the wig. When his wig was off he wore a tight-fitting silk skull cap. With it drawn close as possible over his cranium, he ordered his boat lowered. Into it he leaped, followed by two sailors and an Esquimau, and gave chase to the whale. By this time several whales were spouting around us. The long-boat was lowered next. As it struck the water, an imprudent impulse seized me, behesting me to go forth and battle against the oily monsters of the deep. So into the boat I got, fol-

lowed by Jack, who by this time was an excellent oarsman—that is, when he chose to exert himself. Then came Mr. Sanborn, with a silk hat on, as usual. He would do the harpooning if any needed to be done. Following him came four sailors and Mr. Leguna. Mr. Levy, Mr. Buncom, as harpooner, four sailors and the other Esquimau came after me in the second mate's boat. I left the ship in charge of Mat and the Ape, who agreed not to look in his glasses till I returned. Lib in the kitchen, busy with his task, was not aware of what was going on. Away went Mr. McFadden after his whale, an old bull. He went south-westerly, out of which quarter the wind blew. Mr. Levy had now singled out a whale, the largest, save the one Mr. McFadden was pursuing. In the bow stood the old harpooner, with a heavy harpoon in his hands. When hard on the whale, he hurled forth the harpoon vehemently as a stone from a sling. The sharp instrument penetrated the monster's heart, and it lay quivering amid the waves. I was in hot pursuit of a whale and in the bow of my boat. With a pair of white kids on, silk hat well on the back of his head stood Mr. Sanborn, leaning slightly upon his harpoon, as much at ease as in a billiard parlor supporting himself with a cue. We came up alongside the whale, and I was afraid my *gentleman* would assume the same rôle as during the voyage. I was about to speak to him, when quick, so rapid that my eye failed to catch the movement, he raised the harpoon and plunged it into the whale, which hardly quivered a fin. Then he sat down without a single word.

"Well done, my gentleman!" said I.

"Cap'n, I'se a gentle'n," replied he.

On casting my eye toward the ship, I saw Mat in the rigging furling a sail that had come untied. The sail gave a violent flap, and the next moment I saw him fall, head downward, into the sea.

"Oh, God, save him!" I cried. "Men, pull for the ship! Pull! or he is lost!"

Mr. Sanborn took a pair of oars at which two men were working, and with a Herculean stroke the boat shot forward as if propelled by a powerful engine. I saw the Ape cast a line overboard, which Mat grasped.

"God be praised," said I, "for he is saved!"

Instead of hauling in the line, Dutch let it out its entire length and made the end fast to a shroud.

"Dutch, for God's sake, pull, pull!" I shouted.

He laughed a scornful laugh and left the deck. It was fifteen minutes before we could overtake the ship, which was flying before a gale that had suddenly sprung up. Mr. Sanborn grasped the line and pulled Mat into the boat. It was too late, oh, too late! for the Promethean spark had fled. On the bottom of the boat, with curls full of salt, eyes wide open, a smile on his face, no doubt in his last moments thinking of Betsy, with both hands clinging to the rope, lay the body of my poor boy. I was sick at heart, and throwing myself down beside the body, I exclaimed, "My boy! my noble boy!"

Mr. Sanborn, the faithful soul, joined me in weeping. I never knew anything to move him before, except a kick on the shins which Mr. Levy once gave him, and he retaliated by butting his adversary in the stomach, which warped him double. Mr. Sanborn climbed aboard and brought the ship about, heading her toward Mr. Levy, who was liable to be swamped. Mr. Levy had his whale in tow and also mine. Mr. McFadden was out of sight. In my overwhelming grief I forgot the safety of the boats and gave up to despair. Mr. Sanborn acted captain *pro tem.* He ordered two men into the rigging to secure the sail that swept Mat overboard, and the remainder to hoist the longboat.

Mr. Levy was now close by; he sat on the stern shouting to his men, "Pull, pull, you dogs!"

The harder the men pulled the louder he shouted. On taking him aboard, and with the whales in tow, we turned toward Mr. McFadden, who was seen a few minutes before upon the crest of a large wave. Again he rose, called for help, and disappeared. He came up again, and as he went down the wave broke and swamped him. A wild shout for help, a few moments of struggling, and that was the last of Mr. McFadden, Patrick Lennehan, John Stevens (these being the sailors' names, who were excellent men), and the Esquimau. Seeing these brave men perish before my eyes augmented my grief. I was almost insane and rushed frantically about the deck. On passing the Ape's door I heard him soliloquizing thus: "Now that the

young Dutchman is dead, for which I am not at all sorry, the obstacle is removed. There is nothing now between Betsy and me. On my return I will marry her, and we will live in that little Bantam rooster's house and enjoy ourselves on his ill-gotten cash. That old dude, McFadden, will not have to paint any more; a shark will devour him as quickly as if painted up like a new steam fire engine. His death leaves a vacancy, and of course I will fill it, as nobody else is competent. Well, well, Prince Jesse Henry German, you are in luck. Death, the so-called 'greatest of evils,' is your adminicular friend. As each day goes by the more beautiful you become. Truly, you are the Adonis of modern times."

I could stand it no longer. I rushed in and smote him with all my might on the cheek, nearly breaking my wrist, which I carried in a sling the following six weeks. The Ape brayed out, like Balaam's ass, "Why smitest thou me?"

Then I heard a voice which I knew to be Mr. Levy's cry, "Crucify him!"

Mr. Anderson, on uttering several fearful oaths that made me shudder, shouted, "Hang him to the yard-arm!"

Jack shouted next, saying, "Burn him at the stake!"

This was the way his ancestors had inflicted death upon several early gold diggers.

Lib shouted in broken English, "Behead him!"

Another voice, still more broken, shouted, "Strangle him!"

This was the Esquimau edict.

"Let me butt him to death!" said Mr. Sanborn, coming forward with hat off and head lowered. He had quite forgotten that this would be unbecoming to a gentleman.

"Harm him not," said I, "for he is *non compos mentis*, therefore is not accountable for his actions."

It was after much coaxing that I could induce Mr. Sanborn to put on his hat, which I made him agree not to remove till ready to retire. He kept it on all night, as he watched over Mat's remains. I knew the Ape was safe from his head so long as his hat was on. I had no fear of him breaking his promise, for he was truly leal. Night came on, dark and dismal, and clouds hung low. The high rolling waves seemed to lave them. Icebergs on

every hand crashed together and fell apart with an awful roar. I realized the solemnity of death, as everything was so deathlike. Thought I:

> How solemn and deep this inmost thought
> That's enthralled within my breast;
> 'Tis as some immutable cataract's roar
> That adorns the tranquil hour of Night;
> Or like the noon-day sun that becomes wan
> In skies momentarily ago benign,
> Or as fair young leaves that wither
> When Spring endows the Universe with new life.

I stood before Mr. McFadden's door and no light shone from the room. I entered, struck a match, and held it in my fingers till it burned them. Then I struck another and lit the lamp. Everything was in perfect order. On the dressing-case lay his wig and teeth. I rolled the wig up carefully and placed it in my pocket, as I did not want anybody to know that the deceased entered eternity bald-headed. In a little round tin box was something red, quite hard, resembling stencil paint. I wet a finger and drew it athwart the substance, which made it red as could be. I drew the finger across my cheek and it left a red mark. How the deceased managed to get it on so even I cannot say. As I stood experimenting with it I heard the Ape at prayer. He was thankful for having been spared. According to his views, the unfortunates were so obnoxious, in the sight of the Lord, on account of not being Lutherans, that He bade the sea to hide them from view forever. He went on in about the same strain for half an hour, when Mr. Buncom begun his evening devotions, which exasperated him. At length he called out, saying, "Old Praying Calf, let up a little!"

Mr. Sanborn took my hand and led me, as a mother leads her child, to my quarters, and on pointing out the bed, said, "Dar, massa." He was a man of few words, and despite his race there was something grand about him. I can hardly tell what it was, unless his laconic speech and trustworthiness. The night wore away slowly. The ticking of my watch at the head of my bed sounded louder than one of those little round Seth Thomas clocks. The wails of the Esquimau mourning the loss of his brother—they were twins—made me more miserable. In the morn-

ing when I rose, about 9 o'clock, the body of my boy was in its casket, made of canvas, like we use at sea. At the feet were placed heavy fragments of iron from a blubber kettle broken a few days before by accident. I wanted to cast it overboard, but Mat hindered me, saying:

"Uncle John, it would be useful should any of us take passage on the Phantom Ship to that port we know nothing of."

Little then did he think he was saving it to sink his own body. Mr. Buncom read the burial service, as I felt too ill. There we stood, bareheaded, with the exception of Lib, who retained his cap, that Jack might not get at his cue, had he been so disposed. After a fervent prayer, the body was placed on a plank and slid over the rail, feet foremost. A splash, two large bubbles and several small ones—a farewell to Betsy, myself and friends, and that was the last of noble Mat Lugent. I raised the flag at half-mast, and retired to my quarters to keep the day, out of respect for the unfortunate. Presently I heard Mr. Levy calling the men out of the forecastle, where they had assembled to enjoy themselves, looking upon the matter as a holiday.

"You lazy dogs, come out of that," roared Mr. Levy.

Mr. Anderson, uttering but a single oath, came out with a mug of grog in one hand and a portion of a eucher deck in the other, and inquired what was wanting.

"There is no time to mourn. This is our harvest; already the sun has passed the meridian. Night will soon be upon us, and we cannot work on account of darkness. If the dead actually need mourning over, wait till our work is finished, then I will array myself in sackcloth and ashes and mourn, like my ancestors have over the walls of Zion for nearly two thousand years."

Mr. Buncom and four sailors went out and captured two large whales. The crew, excluding Mr. Sanborn, the Ape, Jack, and myself, put in a good day at cutting up whales. That evening I promoted Mr. Levy to the office of first mate, Swen Anderson second mate, and Robert Hurry third mate. We had no difficulty in getting whales fast as we could dispose of their carcasses. On the first day of December we set sail for home with a first-class cargo of oil.

CHAPTER V.

FROZEN IN.

THE Arctic winter was at hand—a cold, ominous sky frowning on us, and a mordacious gale benumbing us the morning we turned our prow homeward, down a narrow channel, as on both hands lay great ice floes. The floes were gradually coming together, having already met not above one league behind us. As far to the south as my glasses enabled me to see, the floes extended. What if they should crash together while we were between them? Our fate would be sealed.

The ship made excellent headway before a brisk wind. It was fast becoming intensely cold. A new danger arose; we were liable to be frozen in. At 9 P. M. the channel skimmed over, and ice thickened rapidly. Before long it began grinding at the prow. By midnight our progress was slow and laborious. I was afraid the ice would wear the prow sufficiently to spring a fatal leak, and ordered sail taken in.

"This is a serious situation," said Mr. Buncom.

"Yes," replied I, "but hope we can get through somehow or other. Open sea cannot be many leagues ahead."

When I ordered sail taken in, I saw the waves of an open sea flashing in the moonlight, close to the horizon. The moon was full, making it almost light as day. It was intensely cold for the next thirty-six hours—so cold that no human being could stand it long out-doors. It compelled Mr. Sanborn to lay aside his silk hat and put on a fur cap. The Ape did not mind it much, for it gave him plenty of time to look in his glasses. If Mr. Anderson contemplated blasphemy he did not swear at all. Mr. Levy growled because no work was being done. Once he went upon deck and returned immediately with his great aquiline nose severely frosted, which silenced him. When it had moderated somewhat we set to work cutting away

the ice from around and before the ship, hoping to pass her through to open water. We made slow progress, as the ice was about two feet thick. I noticed that the open water seemed farther away. Mr. Sanborn, and I, after traveling three leagues, came to the end of the floes, to which was joined a small patch of new ice. The following day we visited the place again, and imagine our surprise on seeing above one league of new ice nearly one foot thick. With all the cutting we had made only one hundred yards. It was useless to do anything more in this line, and we concluded to pass the winter amid the ice. On taking an observation I found we were in latitude N. 75° 9′ 59″ longitude, W. 70° 0′ 1″. We were in forty fathoms of water, bottom blue mud. The sails were taken off and stored below, with the exception of those we spread out upon the deck to keep out the cold. Upon the sails three feet of snow was heaped and the sides of the ship banked with snow, which made it very comfortable within. So cozy was it within that it took away the dreariness of our environments. Mr. Sanborn in acting a gentleman was happy to such a degree that happiness becomes its own Nemesis. Second in happiness was the Ape, who habitually admired himself in his glasses. Mr. Levy, with that restless cast of countenance coherent only to the fabled Hebrew wanderer, wandered like the Wandering Jew, round the room. Around and round he paced as if fastened to Ixion's wheel. Though notwithstanding being among us, on high seas, the public domain, he found not a home. No matter in what portion of the earth he might have been, he could not have called it home. He, a solitary mortal, of a once mighty nation, the chosen of God, so proud and arrogant as not to receive the Redeemer of all mankind, because He came not as a mighty potentate bidding poor mortals to fall prostrate at His feet out of fear, was under the curse inflicted upon his ancestors. When the Almighty's displeasure is over, gradually lessening with the fleeting years, He will call them together from the four corners of the earth and re-establish them in Zion. In the great mysterious hereafter, we who have called the displeasure of the Almighty down on our heads, must, as I sincerely believe, act the Wandering Jew; wander and wander through strange lands, persecuted by

strange people till our penance is done, and then we will be restored to the glories of New Zion. On reading our limited store of books, newspapers, and periodicals, it became monotonous, like life in the guard-house, a dynamiter's in his iron cell, or a night policeman's on his lonely beat, beholding naught except familiar buildings, empty streets, clear, starlit or stormy skies. Songs were sung till they became old, and jarred upon the ear like the notes of an Italian organ-grinder's instrument playing before your window regularly four times each day the month through, because you chanced to give the monkey a few pennies hoping to rid yourself of the nuisance. An organ-grinder is like grim death when you give him the least encouragement; he knows not when his presence becomes obnoxious. The most ambiguous stories were told, and at length seemed facts, easy to demonstrate as the most simple algebraic problem. One morning I was amused and laughed heartily, the first time since Mat's death. I happened to pass by the Ape's headquarters, before which Mr. Sanborn stood with his great jovial face much distorted by grins. His mouth was stretched so wide I could see every tooth in his head. Pointing to the open door, I saw several slats nailed perpendicularly to the casing; he said, "Look dar, Massa."

Over the door on a cardboard in the third mate's excellent hand was written:

"Darwin's Missing Link!
25 cents a peep."

I peeped between the bars and saw the "Missing Link" grinning, and at length he said, "I have often wondered why my prepossessing appearance did not attract attention before."

Gazing in the glass opposite the door he exclaimed, "Behold the modern Adonis, Prince Jesse Henry German!"

"Behold Darwin's missing link" said I, going my way. After I gave Mr. Sanborn a silver quarter, I returned to where the men were assembled, and announced there was a museum aboard. Mr. Buncom went first and returned erstwhile, saying the sight gave him as much satisfaction in his post-meridian days as a circus and menagerie combined used to in his juvenile days, when he filched enough

currants from the bushes to obtain mean to purchase a ticket. One by one the men went, and returned expressing complete satisfaction. Lib came back laughing almost like an hysterical woman.

"Allee samee as monkey," he exclaimed, clapping his hand upon his side and adding greater vigor to his laughter. Jack, the only one that peeped on a deadhead ticket, came back with a countenance more sober than usual. I never saw him laugh or manifest the least surprise or fear. At length he said, "Heap damned monkey."

Mr. Levy ceased his wandering and went to the museum. After considerable parleying with the doorkeeper, he paid his quarter, took a peep, came back wringing his hands and crying, "Oh, why did I not think of that! Three dollars lost. I swear by the great prophet Levy, I am a ruined man."

He rushed frantically round the room, wringing his hands and shouting, "Three dollars lost!"

I tried to quiet him, but it was of no use, as he was in one of his worst avaricious moods. On becoming vexed with him, I sought Mr. Sanborn, who was counting his money. The Ape, leaning against the slats, observed the counting of the money he had been the means of putting in the darkey's pocket, grinned, and remarked in egotistical tones, "My beauty is worth a fortune. On it I could travel the world over, winning the admiration of kings. Queens would be willing to cast aside their crowns and follow me from the palace even down to a beer garden. Oh, by the way, I would never stoop that low, and——"

"Read this," said I, interrupting him, as I thrust the cardboard between the slats. I had taken it from over the door while he was vaunting. He took it, and on spelling out its contents, smote his breast and roared, "Oh, have I been thus imposed upon by that black villain! The crowd came to admire me as an ape, not a beauty. I shall avenge this dastardly insult."

He made an attempt to burst the slats, but Mr. Sanborn stood with head lowered, eyes flashing, and said, "Look out dar, chile." The Ape withdrew, threw himself in his bunk, covered his face with his hands and wept. Sometimes I have thought that Mr. Sanborn carried the joke too far, but it had a decided influence upon Dutch. After

that I never heard him extol his supposed beauty. The hallucination that he was beautiful no doubt furnished him many a pleasant thought, which otherwise would have been gloomy. That he was a little "soft," as it is termed, at the top of his mop head, is clearly established. For this defect he was not at all to blame, as it was hereditary. His sister, ere she bloomed into womanhood, had to be taken to an asylum for the feeble-minded. However, there was an evil, a self-begot one, that cost him his life, of which I will presently speak, that I bitterly denounce him for. This little episode made us hilarious for a fortnight, in which Christmas occurred. Under the circumstances, we enjoyed a merry Christmas. When we began to reflect seriously upon our sombre situation, Mr. Sanborn came forward and treated us to a series of speeches, songs, jokes, jigs, and tunes on the banjo. He was a comical genius. Till now I never supposed he possessed one whit of humor, as he had never made any manifestation of it, though for years he had been a minstrel. He was so original that he outshone the burnt-cork artists as does a diamond its imitation of paste. When these ebullitions of wit and mirth were over he became the same sober, unostentatious individual. One of his songs was thus:

"O, whar am de whale we killed and biled?
He am in the barrel, swimmin' in ile,
Swimmin' all night till early morn,
Happy as de banjo of Rosin Sanborn.

CHORUS:

"Den listen to my banjo's call,
Sayin' come all ye children, great an' small
For de Lord surely lubs you all.

'O, whar am de yaller gal dat I sparked?
She am in de Souf, singin' like de lark,
Singin' from morn till it am late
Just like a bird wib its mate.

CHO.—

"O, whar am massa whom I lub
Next to my great Massa above,
He am on de ship dat's frozen in,
And He will take us home like de win'."

CHO.—

When the hilarious influence of Mr. Sanborn s performances wore away, Jack made his appearance upon the stage, and did himself credit as an utterer of war-whoops. He went perfectly wild in a war dance, and induced us to believe he was on the war-path. After the dance was finished, he asked for a victim to scalp. I knew of nobody so well fitted for the purpose as Dutch, whom I recommended highly. This was the only recommendation I ever gave him.

He declined, saying he had been put up once for our amusement, and thought it no more than right that somebody else should act. A day or two afterwards, Lib made his appearance, as a slight-of-hand performer, but his performance was so clumsy, that he made a complete failure. While we had been given up to hilarity, the Esquimau, an industrious body, was busy catching seals. A few days after we were frozen in, he observed several small holes in the ice close behind the ship. These were the seals' breathing holes, at which he watched patiently, and when one came for a sniff of air, it fell a victim to the Esquimau's spear.

When he had caught six seals, he began making me a suit from their skins. When completed I gave him six five-dollar gold coins. He bored each one through the center, strung them on a string, and tied them about his neck. I tried to persuade him that the proper place for the coin, was in his pocket, but he was invincible. He wanted people to know he had money, or did he wear them for ornamentation? This gave me a theme to speculate on. Somehow, it is my misfortune to speculate on some trifling theme. Does a lady when out upon the street, carry her purse in her hand to let people know she has money, or does she merely carry it for ostentation? I intend to invent a lady's purse with glass sides, and then if the ladies must show their purse, we men folks can have the gratification of seeing its contents. Mr. Buncom wanted the next suit, should the Esquimau catch more seals. On inspecting him the Esquimau remarked that he might grant his request, if he could catch every seal the sea contained. He insinuated that Mr. Buncom would look more natural, in bear-skin. At different times I had noticed the tracks of Polar bears around the ship, they having scented the blood of the seals. One evening, when about to retire, I chanced

to go upon deck and saw a monstrous bear about midships. I hastened below, armed myself with a heavy rifle, and returned, but the bear was gone. In the morning Mr. Buncom, armed with a Winchester repeating rifle, my pair of Colt navy revolvers, Mr. Anderson with my favorite rifle, a Marlin reporter, started down the floe. However, before going far, Mr. Buncom turned round and exchanged the revolvers for his harpoon, and Mr. Anderson strapped the discarded arms about his waist. On going about one hundred rods, a little to the right, peering from round a mass of ice, they beheld a large bear, undoubtedly the identical one I saw upon deck. Mr. Buncom in his excitement (a bear was the only object that adawed him) to get a little nearer bruin, fell headlong into a crevice between two masses of ice. In falling he lost his rifle, which he would have followed to the bottom of the sea, had not his harpoon fell across the fissure, to which he clung with his left hand and called for help. Mr. Anderson came to his assistance and laid his rifle down just behind himself. The bear, thinking more help was needed, came also.

"What am I to do?" inquired Mr. Anderson, flat on his stomach, pulling with all his might on the hands of his comrade, who had relinquished his hold of the harpoon.

"Pull me out, of course," replied Mr. Buncom.

Just then the bear grabbed Mr. Anderson's left foot, and closed its jaws with a vice-like grip. Fortunately Mr. Anderson had on a pair of heavy boots, or his foot would have been crushed. The bear gave a savage growl and began pulling backwards. Out came Mr. Buncom trying to grasp his harpoon. The bear started backwards coming directly toward the ship. It must have thought it was going in the opposite direction. On it came, dragging Mr. Anderson, who for some reason or other, still clung to Mr. Buncom's left hand. I stood at the ship's prow, with rifle cocked, waiting for the bear to approach a little nearer. I was afraid to fire, fearing I might hit one of the men. On came the trio, only ten rods away now, and I took aim.

"Fire, you little Bantam rooster; why don't you fire?"

I lowered my weapon and looked up whence the voice came. Out upon the bowsprit, holding on a rope stood the Ape, grinning. On came the bear and Mr. Anderson blaspheming at the top of his voice. I leveled my weapon,

took deliberate aim, and pulled, as I thought, on the trigger. The hammer would not descend. I looked, and my finger was clutching the guard. This compelled me to aim anew, and as I did so the bear was hardly two feet from the muzzle of my gun. Suddenly bruin turned side too. With the muzzle of my rifle within six inches of the bear's heart I fired, and it fell lifeless beside Mr. Anderson. The moment I saw bruin fall was the proudest of my adventurous life.

"Bravo!" I cried. "What a splendid display of marksmanship."

Why should I not be proud? By a well-directed shot I slew a bear that might at any moment have killed two men. It must have sounded rather egotistic as I exclaimed, "Captain John Digger Kiddle, the great bear hunter."

When bruin fell, Mr. Anderson rose upon his knees and blasphemed as usual. His foot was lacerated and bruised, though not seriously. I ordered the bear skinned carefully as possible, as I intended to have the skin stuffed, and place it in the hallway of my old home, beneath a monstrous pair of antlers that hung from the wall. These antlers were from the head of a buck Mat killed in the Adirondack mountains while on a hunting and fishing trip. With the same gun I made my remarkable shot, at half a mile range he slew the deer. For weeks after his arrival home he talked constantly about his excellent shot. At length I began to think his head was turned. Then I did not realize the true degree of a successful hunter. The Esquimau skinned the bear to my complete satisfaction. I noticed that Mr. Sanborn had laid aside his broadcloth, silk hat, white kids, and was arrayed in everyday attire. He was out with the Esquimau watching for seals. At the end of the sixth day he had speared four seals; from their skins, together with what the Esquimau gave him, he made himself a suit, skull-cap, and a pair of gloves.

While we were frozen in several aurora displays had taken place, and the most remarkable one I will describe, using the language of an eminent person connected with a polar expedition: "A bright auroral curtain about 10° above the horizon, from east-south-east to north-west, gener-

ally white, but occasionally showing a green shade, and rarely a brownish-red color, which disappeared soon as seen. Above this curtain the sky was of a deep blue-black color, through which the stars shone brilliantly, as they did through the deepest part of the curtain. Above the deep blue-black color there were irregular spirals and streaks of white light, which were in constant motion, appearing and disappearing rapidly. From east to west through zenith was an irregular arch formed of detached streaks of brownish-red light, among which white light would suddenly appear and as suddenly vanish. This arch was 5° broad. Stars shone with apparently undiminished brilliancy through the deepest color."

CHAPTER VI.

SHIPWRECK.

For the past three days I was happy, exceedingly so, experiencing to the fullest degree that happiness invariably followed by protracted remorse and sorrow. Were it not for these little spells of happiness we would be crushed to death beneath the mighty juggernaut, Sorrow. Happiness is as a comet in our mortal sky—the forerunner of sorrow. Within this brief spell I contemplated much, and some of my meditations were thus: Have I not had comfortable quarters and plenty of everything good to eat? Here, in this remote ice-bound region, so far as I know, hundreds of miles from any other human habitation, have I not enjoyed luxuries which the poor unfortunate at home in the midst of plenttude are deprived of? Am I compelled to tread the frozen pavement barefoot, soliciting alms, like many a neglected urchin, not much smaller than myself in stature, but aged many years less? None of these miseries bid me attend Poverty's banquet, and sip my own tears from Starvation's goblet. With my ready means at home, and what my cargo of oil would net, I had all that my heart could wish for. On arriving home I intended not to "pull down my barns" in order to make them larger, but I would reshingle and repaint the old barn. I would remodel the house a little, put a bay-window in the south room, which was my father's, take out the small old-fashioned windows and put in large ones like we use now-a-days. On the north side I would build a wing, furnish it handsomely for Betsy and her parents. Annie, that is my sister's name, married a worthless young fellow, contrary to my father's wishes. It was his desire, his prayer, that she should wed his friend, Captain William Sylvester, a widower with six small children. Annie could not bear the thought of being tied down to such a houseful of little "brats," as she called

them. I did not blame her, and told her she had better live in single-blessedness all the days of her life, or till she became a morose old maid, and then on the first windy day mount a broom, go skyward, and sweep the mists from a nimbus sky, than accede to her father's exigency. Unknown to my father she kept company with a glass-eater in a dime museum in town, and married him on the very day my father had appointed for her to wed his friend. The high, indecorous board fence in front of the house I would tear away, and put up an ornamental iron one.

The evening of the wreck, January 5th, as I lay listening to Mr. Sanborn playing the banjo, all at once I became nervous and knew not the cause. I had not been engaged in any love affair, that I knew very well; nor was I jealously nervous over the fact that the object of my affections preferred my rival's society in preference to my own. Had I been superstitious I should have attributed it to the fact of seeing rats by the dozen—we were infested with rats—leave the ship. Mr. Anderson also saw them, and swore a great deal. He declared that some of us, if not all, would soon be at our rope's end. The more I thought of his assertion the more nervous I became. I tried to laugh away the idea that a rat has any prophetic powers, but now I actually believe it has. Mr. Sanborn had now ceased playing, and I heard the wind howling through the rigging. It was more of a moan than a howl. The ship trembled as the gale was disturbing the floe. The more I tried to drop off asleep the wider awake I became. At length I dressed and sought Mr. Sanborn. At his door I paused and said, "Old fellow, are you awake?"

"Yes, sah," replied he.

I opened the door; sitting upon the edge of his bunk, in his underclothes, leaning heavily forward with both hands before his face, sat Mr. Sanborn.

"Oh! massa," said he taking his hands from his face, and I saw tears in his eyes.

"What is it, Mr. Sanborn?"

"I dream awful dream."

"Nonsense! A man of your intelligence should not believe in dreams."

"Sah, I do. I dream ob rats; dis ship full ob rats. Dey all lebe de ship, ebery one wib its mouf full ob grub. My

ole fodder, black as de ace ob spades, came to me wib his face white as chalk, an' says, "Chile, get out ob de ship."

"Give me a little music."

He took the banjo from the wall at the head of his bunk, and began a melancholy air.

"Let us have something lively play Captain Jinks."

He commenced. I stepped to the middle of the floor and begana jig, one that I learned in early youth, when foolish,—I wanted to become a dancing master. Soon as my father learned of my aspirations he took me to the barn, carrying in his hand about three feet of an inch rope. I knew what was to follow.

Said I. "Father I do not want to become a dancing master."

"You must dance to my music though it be coarse and rude."

He struck me with the rope, and with a howl of pain I began dancing, and he laying on the rope. Having taken all the fancy steps my master taught me I began some of my own invention, which my master would have criticised severely had he been present.

At length my father said, "Johnny, any time you feel like dancing let me know, and I will furnish the music."

Thus sunk into obscurity the glorious dreams of becoming a dancing master.

The vessel gave a lurch, I ceased my nonsense and went upon deck. The wind blew a hurricane, and the ice began piling up. At the northwest, whence came the gale, by the light of the moon I saw a mountain of ice coming directly toward us. Had we been in open water, should not have feared it at all, as we could have got out the way. It plowed its way through the floe like a pair of shears cutting paper. I shouted, "All hands on deck!"

My voice was drowned by the gale. Even had it been calm, the command would have hardly been intelligible as my voice trembled so. Just then Mr. Sanborn came upon deck. Pointing out the iceberg, he said, "Look dar, massa!"

Said I to him: "Shout 'All hands on deck.'"

He misunderstood me, and shouted—"Shout all hands on deck!"

His voice brought out Mr. Anderson, who, thinking he was the victim of a practical joke, said in tones of anger,

"You blasted nigger, what do you mean by calling me out to help serenade the winds?"

When Mr. Anderson heard the roar of breaking ice and saw the iceberg approaching, he swore considerably, and shouted, "All hands on deck!"

This brought out all except Dutch and the boatswain, who was a little on the mend. Shaped precisely like a plow, with landside toward the stern, yoked to the hurricane, guided by the grim giant Destruction, came the iceberg. We stood aghast at the prow, watching it plow its way. Surely it would miss us, and make a channel to open seas! We looked upon it as an adminicular friend. Alas! it soon changed to an enemy. The giant, seeing he would not harm us if keeping straight on, gave his plow a little more land. We saw that our doom was sealed and I shouted, "Run astern!"

Just as we reached the stern the iceberg struck us exactly amidships and cut the ship in twain as if severed with a saw. I heard a shriek, and the next moment was cast upon a pile of broken-up ice. The rear part of the ship lay below me, on which stood the crew. Mr. Sanborn began counting heads, and on perceiving I was missing, inquired, "Whar am massa?"

"Up here," replied I.

"Up there to crow, eh, you little Bantam rooster?" said the Ape with a grin.

Mr. Sanborn climbed up the mast and assisted me down on deck. Mr. Anderson, recovered a little from his fright, begun to swear. Mr. Buncom rebuked him by saying, "You should be thankful that your life is spared."

"Spared for what? To suffer the agonies of one thousand deaths from cold and hunger? As I have been in this predicament, before I fully realize what it means."

The wreck remained in an upright position. I descended into my quarters, and nothing was disturbed. With dread I went toward the boatswain's room, exactly a midships. I knew he must be killed or carried away and drowned. I opened the door; a ghastly sight met my gaze: A head resting upon the right arm, cut off clean as if by a beheader's axe, was all that remained of the poor boatswain. Two feet of the bunk remained in which the remains lay. Then I heard the Ape shrieking. Thinking something might

have befallen him, I went to render assistance. His room was severed exactly through the centre. On the walls was part of two looking-glasses, cut through the centre as if cut by a diamond. He was wailing over their destruction. Upon the floor lay my rifle, with two inches of the muzzle cut off smoothly as if the work of a gun smith's saw, I had lent my gun to the Ape on the pretence of his wanting to kill a bear. Most of the provisions were stored astern. I descended into the store-room, and found them not at all damaged. Several barrels of oil were cut through the centre and a portion of their contents lay upon the floor. What mysterious power had the iceberg that it could sever things with such ease and smoothness? It is a problem that I have never been able to solve. The heap of ice upon which I was cast began falling asunder. The wreck set upon several large cakes, and when one of them slid out I saw it settle. The long-boat, by good fortune, was not injured. I ordered it lowered and filled with provisions. Some canvas was also placed in it; this was to be made into a sail when we needed one. Those in the forecastle lost their entire effects, making us short of bedding. My boat, and also the first mate's, had escaped uninjured. We lowered them on the ice, and placed in the remainder of our chattels. With the two whole looking-glasses under his arm the Ape came forward, forgetting his clothes and bedding. Mr. Anderson seized hold the glasses and threw them over the heap I lodged on, breaking them in fragments. He warned him not to complain at all, or he would be left with the wreck. The compass, charts, etc., were carefully rolled in my bear-skin and placed under the stern seat of my boat.

"We are ready for the sea," said I.

Mr. Sanborn reminded me that all the arms were yet in the wreck. He, Mr. Anderson, and I, entered the wreck and took therefrom six Winchester repeating rifles, one thousand rounds of cartridges for the same; my favorite rifle, one hundred rounds for it; my pair of Colt navy revolvers; a breech-loading shot gun, one thousand cartridges for it; two ten pound cans of rifle powder, ten boxes of gun caps, twenty pounds of lead for bullets, and seven cutlasses. When we got these from the wreck it keeled over, filled with water, and sunk. The outlook was so dismal

I yearned to have gone down with the wreck. Here we were on a fragment of ice, about the middle of Baffin's Bay in Polar midwinter, with hardly any protection at all from the gelid weather. The iceberg, a heartless landlord, brought ruin upon us for occupying an ace of his thousands and thousands of leagues of territory. Had we remained where we were when first frozen in we would have escaped. But who could tell it was best to have remained there? As men, we did our duty in trying to cut our way through to open seas. Could we have foretold our calamity one hour, how much our condition would have been ameliorated. Just one hour's foretelling, oh, what years of remorse and sorrow we might avoid! What hearts would never have broken could they have foreseen one hour! It is well that it is so. We grope our way amid doubt and fear. If fortune favors us, we call life a success and win the vain applause of our fellow-beings. If the goddess frowns on us we are left to ourselves in darkness to brave the odium of poverty, neglect, and scorn. Nobody cares whether we live or die, and when the end comes, as it must to all, our only *requiem* uttered by censorious lips is—*He was a failure!*

CHAPTER VII.

STARVATION.

We sat in our boats waiting for the block of ice upon which we rested to slide off into the water, and did not have to wait long. We were upon water once more, but in a much different condition than we ever imagined. In my boat was the third mate, carpenter, Mr. Sanborn, two sailors named John Hannah and Henry Jackson, and myself. In the next boat, with Mr. Levy in command and Mr. Anderson who wanted to command, was Mr. Buncom, the Ape, a sailor named Jacob Morrisey, and the Esquimau. In the long-boat were two sailors named John Wilcox and Frederick Westman, who were rigging a sail; Jack and Lib were also with them. This boat was towed by Mr. Levy, who was to take it along till the sail was set. We groped our way amid the ice for awhile and got in open water. In the dim distance we saw the iceberg that wrecked us, plowing its way along. We turned our frail crafts south, homeward. We were homeward-bound. The sea ran high, and we shipped considerable water, wetting us to the skin. Mr. Sanborn bailed incessantly for two hours and became exhausted. The carpenter spelled him, and gave out ere long. Mr. Jackson took a shift at it, and after thirty minutes called for a relief. Mr. Hannah relieved him and worked the same length of time. Then Mr. Harry took the bucket. Jack and Lib, by the way, were changed to my boat at the request of Mr. Westman. Jack relieved Mr. Harry. He filled the bucket; on lifting it found it to be heavy and turned its contents back into the boat, exclaiming, "Heap heavy."

"Jack, you must either work or get out of this," said I harshly, for I was vexed at his indolence.

"Me get out," replied he, rising to plunge overboard, and I told him to sit down. He was true Indian, and no more thought of working than he had an idea as to where

we were. Mr. Sanborn restricted his next shift to one hour's time, and after it was over, Lib began, and on working eight minutes sank down exhausted. Then I took up the bucket, and in attempting to empty it almost fell overboard. I concluded if I filled the position of commander-in-chief, that I did my whole duty. Lib began to succumb to the cold and wet. On taking the instruments from my bear-skin, which I turned hair side in, I bade him crawl into it, which he did with alacrity. Jack espying Lib's comfortable quarters, crawled in also, but much against the occupant's wishes. Ten minutes after Lib had crawled in I looked through the mouth hole, and saw that he was fast asleep. After six hours' repose I woke him up, and he came out thoroughly refreshed. He worked with good will, bailing for one hour. The sea was not running so high and we shipped far less water. I bade Jack to come out; he obeyed with reluctance. Then I crawled in, and was soon sound asleep. While asleep, Mr. Jackson wrote on the skin as follows:

"LODGING HOUSE.

"Patrons required to sleep two or more in a bed, or no admittance."

I never slept a sounder, or more refreshing sleep in my life. Once more I congratulated myself on my remarkable shot. When I woke up, we had the long-boat in tow, as the sail did not work well; however, it was not much of an incumbrance. Jack was so much in the way, that I transferred him back to the long-boat. For a while it proved a sort of heaven to him, for all he did was eat and sleep. From Mr. Levy's boat, at our starboard, came tumultuous sounds. Mr. Anderson thought he ought to have command for the time, and contested for the coveted position by engaging in combat, and he came out victorious. I settled the matter amicably, by giving him command of the long-boat. The Ape declared it an outrage to make him work, and at length, he absolutely refused to pull an oar. Mr. Levy referred the matter to me, and for reply, I resorted to Billingsgate saying, it is root, hog, or die. That is, if he would not work he should not eat. On missing two meals he announced a willingness to work.

Our progress was slow and most laborious telling fearfully on the men. The carpenter and Mr. Jackson were both fagged out, and occupied the Lodging-house. After forty-eight hours the wind changed, blowing from out the south-east. We were compelled to turn about, and in the same laborious way, make back again. Twelve hours after turning back we beheld the iceberg returning also, backing up with as much ease as a railway locomotive. It came on right in our course and with the greatest difficulty we managed to get out of its way. The old monster seemed to frown down on us as if angry at our escape. Away it sped to the north-west, crushing everything before it. Ten hours after the iceberg passed us I took an observation placing us in latitude N. 78° 24′, 2″ longitude W. 72° 10′, 9″ just where the wreck occurred. After a brief consultation, we decided to land upon a floe, a league or two at our left, and there pass the remainder of the winter. On landing, we found that the floe covered the extent of about five acres, solid, not at all liable to go to pieces in rough seas. We began immediately to build a house of ice, after Mr. Anderson's architecture, as he had had some experience in this sort of house building.

The structure was round, twenty feet at the base, cone-shaped, coming to a point at the height of fifteen feet. The door at the base, two feet in diameter, was in the south side. Every time I made an ingress it made me feel as if I was a burglar, crawling through a window. Upon the floe, we found two barrels of our oil, cast thence by the waves, which proved invaluable for cooking, heating, and illuminating purposes. Our cooking and heating stove, and lamp combined, was a contrivance of my own invention. It consisted of a large sheet-iron bucket, the one we bailed the boat with, placed in the ice-floor, so that the brim was just level with the surface, and filled with oil. In the oil in an upright position, were two of the shortest Winchester rifle barrels, twenty four inches, filled with wicking, made from the ravelings of sail-cloth. When lighted they gave a candescent, brilliant light. On the right on the entrance was our sleeping, smoking, and entertaining apartment, though in the last capacity it was never used. On the other hand was our cooking and dining apartment. I slept with feet close to the fire as circumstances would admit, and they were always warm. It was

the first time I can remember of having warm feet in cold weather. At my right slept Mr. Buncom, to whom I cuddled closely, getting in the hollow between his shoulders. Once I asked if my presence in this attitude molested him, to which he replied, I was so small and light, that I tickeled, and made him itch like a vermin biting. This made me wroth. The good old soul never once thought of wounding my pride. At my left, with his tobacco-tainted breath forever polluting the air, lay Mr. Anderson, who blasphemed even in his sleep. Behind Mr. Anderson, was Mr. Levy, who, instead of blaspheming, talked about money. Behind the Jew, was Mr. Sanborn, with the peculiar smell about him characteristic to his race, making him an extremely obnoxious bed-fellow. Behind Mr. Sanborn was Jack, with the smell of his race which, combined with Mr. Sanborn's, made "allee samee big smellee," as Lib termed it. Next to Jack was Lib, and lastly the carpenter, who was much affronted for not being admitted to the apartment of the whites. The sailors reposed by themselves just in front of Mr. Buncom. The Ape, too good, in his own estimation, to bed with any of us, though I wanted to place him between Mr. Sanborn and Jack, had a bed to himself in the cooking and dining apartment, opposite me, and like myself, slept with his feet to the fire. Why he was so persistent in occupying this particular place, at first I could not imagine, but erstwhile it became obvious. He did it to have complete access to the provisions piled at his head and covered with sail-cloth. Watching an opportunity, while we were asleep, he, like a midnight sneak-thief, robbing a laborer of his thanksgiving turkey, stole provisions and secreted them in a fissure in the floe, about ten rods back of the house, covering them with snow. To commence with, our supplies would not begin to last till spring, using them sparingly as possible. We wasted not a single crumb; we boiled the coffee and tea over and over again, till hardly coloring the water, then the dregs and leaves were mixed together, a little flour added and made into a loaf. With this nefarious Ape stealing before our eyes, I was soon compelled to place all hands, myself included, on short rations, which barely induced the soul to put up with the miseries of the body. We hoped to kill a bear, but not one came near, and seals had left, too. Hunger was stamped upon every coun-

tenance except the Ape's, which continued to grow fuller, and broader. On eating his rations, he would slip out and eat as much as he wanted from the stolen supplies. He laughed in our faces and told us why we looked so thin and miserable was that the wrath of the Lord was upon us because we were not Lutherans. I compelled him to move his bed over behind the carpenter. Mr. Anderson, acting as watchman, occupied his previous quarters. The Ape in his new quarters, close against the wall, found much fault, and passed a great deal of time by the fire, waiting an opportunity to steal. However, Mr. Anderson was ever on the alert. The Ape, an adroit thief, was not easily caught. At last we resorted to a little stratagem. At a given signal Mr. Anderson feigned sleep and we all did likewise. How he snored and blasphemed! We did the same, omitting blasphemy. The Ape approached the provisions cautiously, took therefrom a ham, and filled every pocket of a great overcoat he had on with hardtack. On gazing cautiously around to make sure we were sound asleep, he took a step forward. Mr. Anderson grasped hold of his ankle, and shouted, "Stop, you miserable thief!"

"What does this mean?" inquired the Ape, feigning surprise. "You insult me. A thief! do you mean to call me? I am Prince Jesse Henry German, the only Christian of this barbaric crew."

"You are a thief. Drop that ham and take the hardtack from your pockets."

"What ham? what hardtack?"

For reply Mr. Anderson struck him in the face, knocking him prostrate. The ham that he had concealed beneath his coat dropped upon the floor, rolled over against the stove, and extinguished the flame. As he rose to his feet, said I, "Dutch, you are running a terrible risk; risking your life, and mark my admonition, if you ever do such a thing again you will be court-martialed, and if found guilty, shot."

Replied he, after several moments' sulkily meditating, "I was doing this for your own good. Thought I heard a bear outside; intended to feed it, making it tame, so that you could make another *remarkable shot*."

Did he really mean I was a good shot, or was he making fun of me? The sneering tone in which he spoke induced

me to conclude it was ridicule. He took the hardtack from his pockets and sat beside the fire, sulking to himself. As punishment I kept one day's rations from him. Little cared he for the slight chastisement, as he ate his fill from what he had stolen. I noticed that Mr. Levy, instead of eating his rations, placed them away in a hole he had cut in the floor, at the head of where he slept, covering them with some duds. He was fasting, and what induced him to do so? Was he of the same opinion as Dr. Tanner, that a person can exist forty days without eating, and was experimenting on himself? I think he could have outfasted the Doctor. I tried to get him to explain his mysterious conduct. His reply was for me to wait and I should see for myself. On account of his being a Jew, I concluded the mystery was based upon some financial scheme, and my hypothesis proved correct. The weather, heretofore cold, was now simply terrific—sixty-five degrees below zero indoors, and what it was without, I have not the faintest idea. In our famishing condition, though wrapped in furs and blankets, we could hardly keep from freezing. Being so many of us, we could not all gather round the fire at once. We arranged ourselves in two circles, the inner one occupying the fire, and at the end of every fifteen minutes it fell back. Having a few candles left that the Esquimau who could excel a Russian at eating candles, did not happen to devour, I ordered the outer circle to light one to the man, thinking it would add a little to his comfort. Soon as a candle was lit it burned only around the wick, burning a hole about the size of the bore of my revolvers, fifty-four calibre. When the wick had burned out each candle had a hole through the centre rounded smooth as a smooth-bore rifle. The flame was not strong enough to overcome the cold, which froze the wax. This may seem preposterous, but nevertheless it is true, and all those present, were they alive, would verify my statement. When the thermometer registered the lowest degree, the cold had a strange effect upon us, preventing us from speaking. Mr. Anderson, sitting in the outer circle, attempted to speak. As I saw his lips move, he strangled, and belched forth a fragment of ice which fell beside the fire. When it began to melt, a voice came from it, saying, "Buncom, give me a chew of tobacco."

Mr. Buncom, as well as myself, was startled at the strange phenomenon, took a piece of the solicited weed from his pocket, turned round and gave it to Mr. Anderson. Mr. Buncom attempted to speak, and with a whoop, as if having the whooping-cough, a piece of ice came from his mouth. Curious to know what his reply was, I picked up the fragment and placed it before the fire. A voice from it said, "Help yourself."

The Ape tried to say something, but the result was the same. The ice that came from his mouth fell pretty close to the fire. I moved it up closer with my foot, and a voice, which we all recognized as the Ape's, came from it, saying, "I will kill the entire crew. I shall make them pay dearly for calling me a thief."

The Ape, on hearing his own words he uttered in soliloquy, looked frightened. Here was a complete phonograph in every respect. A voice could be kept for hours, and, in fact, so long as the ice did not melt. The only way we managed to talk at all was to hold our faces close over the fire. This strange phenomena lasted for twenty four hours. For a while after this the weather was mild for an Arctic winter. Two weeks after the cold snap our provisions became exhausted, and oil nearly so. What were we to do? Sit and watch each other expire of starvation? I begged of the Ape, if he had any provisions concealed, to get them and I would forgive the past. He declared he had not filched any. I was positive he had made a locative assertion. Mr. Anderson, so reduced by starvation as to hardly be able to stand alone, staggered to his feet, but leaned upon Mr. Buncom's shoulder and said, "Gentlemen, we have reached a crisis demanding something desperate. If we are to die, let us cast lots, to see who among us shall slay us all and then himself. If we are to survive, let us also cast lots to see who will die, that the remainder may live."

"Mr. Anderson," said I, "the terms you propose, as I understand them, are murder or cannibalism."

"That is just what I mean," replied he, gazing at me with a wolfish glare in his eyes.

"May heaven forbid such measures," said I, shuddering.

"Gentlemen, wait twelve hours," said Mr. Levy, trying to stagger to his feet, but was too weak to do so on account

of starvation, "and I will settle the question myself with something to eat, providing the terms I make are satisfactory."

We thought him insane from hunger and agreed to wait. On lying down I fell into a troubled slumber, and thought myself at home with my parents. Mother, young and beautiful as in the photograph over which father used to weep, came into the dining-room with a large delicious turkey, and laid it upon the table for father to carve. Said she, "Give John a good piece from the breast, the poor boy has almost been starved to death."

Holding forth my plate, father placed a leg and greater portion of the breast upon it. How I ate! Soon I was in misery, and father continued to heap my plate with almost everything good to eat. My misery increased as I continued eating. Suddenly my fullness of stomach vanished and I became hungry, but could not eat, as my mouth would not open. I woke up, and Mr. Levy sat by the fire with a bundle beside him.

Said he: "Gentlemen, I am Solomon Levy, the honest Jew, I am about to open a grocery store. My goods are first class, will sell cheap; terms, cash."

He opened the bundle and began displaying his stock, almost the entire amount of his rations. The sight made our mouths water and we leaped forth with joy. Mr. Sanborn, on giving two or three fantastic steps, exclaimed, "Bress God yesday an' de day befor'."

"Mr. Levy," said I, "what do you want for your entire stock?"

"One hundred dollars per pound."

"All right. How much does it weigh?"

I searched my effects and found a pair of steelyards. Mr. Buncom was the only one among us strong enough to hold the steelyards while I did the weighing.

"Thirty pounds; and at one hundred dollars per pound is three thousand dollars."

I paid him in gold and silver, principally silver. He knelt before the glittering heap of coin, and I thought, prayed to it. I dealt out rations to all, except Mr. Levy, who said: "Captain, you have overlooked me."

"I have not. Do you suppose after buying these goods of you, that I should turn round and give you a portion

back again? From his pocket he took a piece of paper in which was a soda cracker with a thin slice of bacon on it. He marked it off in squares like a checker board, each square a day's rations. He cut out a square with his pocket knife and seeing he had cut into the next square, ate nothing the following day. The provisions imbued us with new life, and we thanked the Jew heartily for his avariciousness which saved our lives. The provisions came unexpectedly, like some heavenly benediction, when conscious of having gone contrary, losing altogether the path of rectitude.

CHAPTER VIII.

DUTCH COURT-MARTIALED, EXILED, AND SHOT.

On the energy the new supplies gave us, we looked forward with hopes of surviving our starving period. Mr. Buncom and Anderson went out in quest of bear, and discovered bear tracks upon a floe at our left which had joined ours during the recent cold snap. The bear itself could not have lifted our hopes but one degree higher. We were positive it would be ours if Mr. Anderson got within range of it, for he was a dead shot and I a remarkable shot. Mr. Sanborn also went out and wounded a seal. Jack, the most fortunate of all, came in with a fish weighing about twenty pounds, which he found between two fragments of ice that had killed it. Instead of dealing the fish out as part of our scanty rations I ordered it cooked. What a banquet it gave us. I say *banquet* for that is what the repast seemed like. Even Belshazzar in his last drunken revelry in his princely palace, surrounded by all that was beautiful and costly, could not have been happier, if happy he was, than we, as we sat eating the fish, a single cracker apiece, and a little weak coffee to wash it down. We all turned out on a grand fishing excursion, except Mr. Buncom and Anderson, who were sure of getting a bear. The Ape did not go far before discovering a clear, shallow pool (few hours previous the sea had ran high and broke over the floe in this particular place), in which swam a fish larger than the one Jack brought in. Instead of trying to catch it, the Ape stood gazing in the water, which mirrored his features almost perfectly as a looking glass. There he stood, grinning and talking to himself. What cared he for the fish? He had plenty of something better to eat hid away somewhere. He left for home as Mr. Levy came up. On seeing the fish Mr. Levy plunged in the water, and after a long struggle captured his prey. He came forth wet from head to foot. Hastening my pace

I overtook him and relieved him of his burden. I told him to put on my seal-skin suit, if possible, and wear it till his dried. He could not find it, and then I searched but met with no better results. The Ape pretended to search and insinuated there must be a thief about. I mistrusted where it had gone, but having no positive proof, could make no charge against the culprit.

"Quick! a rope!" shouted Mr. Wilcox with his head through the doorway. "The bear has Mr. Anderson or he has the bear." I ordered him to the long-boat that lay against the east side the house, where he would find a ten-fathom coil of rope. He did so, caught up the coil, and ran as I never saw him run before. He went toward a high mass of broken ice about one hundred rods westerly from the house. On telling Mr. Levy to remain indoors to watch Dutch, I departed for the scene of excitement. Before among them, Mr. Levy overtook me and passed by me. I saw the men, some standing, and others lying flat on the stomach looking down into a crevice. From beneath I heard a voice cursing the men for being so slow. By the tone of the language I knew it was Mr. Anderson, I prostrated myself upon the brink and looked down. Some fifty odd feet directly beneath me I beheld Mr. Anderson. He was immersed up to the shoulders, with a fragment of ice upon the left arm which kept him from sinking. He called for help, his tones were feeble as the water was benumbing him. Presently his head dropped upon his breast attesting unconsciousness.

"Who will go down and rescue him?" inquired I.

A brief silence ensued, which Mr. Levy broke by saying: "How much would you be willing to give?"

"The natural regard for your fellow-being should be an ample reward."

"No man living has greater respect for his fellow-man than myself, but I find there is no money in it."

Then Mr. Sanborn took off his coat and hat and said: "Massa, I's gwin'."

He took an end of the rope and sat upon the brink. Mr. Buncom, flat on the stomach, let out the rope steadily as if unwinding from the reel of a hoisting engine. Behind Mr. Buncom was Mr. Levy holding to his heels and to his heels held Mr. Wilcox. Thus we lay stretched out holding

to each other's heels. The rope slackened when within a few feet of the end, telling that the bottom was reached.

In a few moments rang Mr. Sanborn's deep voice, saying, "Ho, up dar."

Mr. Buncom began pulling up the rope, and I felt the human string give. Lib's feet, to which I held, almost slipped from my grasp. I was holding on with all my might with both hands, and also with my toes which were caught in a small seam in the ice. Looking down the string, I saw Mr. Anderson's head coming above the brink, and the next moment he was landed in safety. He was still unconscious, and Mr. Levy laid him upon Mr. Sanborn's coat. After taking a breath or two Mr. Buncom began pulling up Mr. Sanborn. When half way up, I saw the string part, and a shout of despair rent the air. Mr. Buncom, Levy, and Wilcox with the exception of his legs below the knee, went over the brink. Jack had relinquished his hold because he was "heap tired," as he afterwards told me when I investigated the matter. Seeing a crack in front of Mr. Morrisey's shoulder, I thrust Mr. Anderson's gun in it half the length the barrel, and told Mr. Morrisey to put his shoulder against it and pull. He did so. Slowly the men came up over the brink. Mr. Buncom was terribly red in the face, the blood having rushed to his head. I sent four men home with Mr. Anderson. The remainder were to rescue Mr. Sanborn, dead or alive, I did not know which. I looked down and saw him lying upon the right side, holding to one of his shins, bare and bleeding a little. By the expression of his face I saw it caused him intense pain. Just back from where he lay was a round hole in the ice, somewhat larger than his head, smooth as if a hot cannon ball had been dropped there. It was where his head struck as he fell head downward. This was positive proof of the marvellous assertions I had often heard concerning the thickness of a negroe's skull. I actually believe if it was possible for him to have been fired from some powerful cannon that his head would penetrate the thickest armor plate in use. Marvellously strong in the skull, he was wonderfully weak in the shins. Where one race is superior over another in certain parts the body, other parts are as much inferior. After Mr. Sanborn's shin ceased paining intensely, we rescued him.

I asked Mr. Buncom how it was that Mr. Anderson got in such a perilous situation. He stated that Mr. Anderson was after a bear, and on trying to get within shorter range, by crawling round a projecting mass of ice, fell into the crevice, covered over with snow. When he fell, the point round which he was crawling came after him, and how he escaped death is almost miraculous. When we got home I opened my medicine chest for a flask of brandy to give Mr. Anderson a draught, and found that the flask and a hand-mirror were missing. The Ape had picked the lock. I went to deal out our daily rations, and lo! they were all gone, the fish included, except the head and entrails. The Ape had made a clean sweep like an absconding bank cashier. It was now high time that I began proceedings against the thief. On going behind the house I beheld the Ape looking in my hand-mirror, and consuming our rations. In one mouthful he gulped down the rations of two men

Said I, "Dutch, you are wanted inside."

"What have I done?"

"I cannot say yet, it will have to be proven first."

"Then, I suppose your are going to comdemn me as a thief. If that Mexican, Nigger, Indian, Chinaman or Esquimau, your pets, stole anything you would consider it smart."

"You may now consider yourself under arrest."

"Never!" replied he, raising his arm to strike a blow. I called out Mr. Buncom and Levy. After a short scuffle, they overpowerd him, binding him hand and foot. However, I ordered that he should be bound with hands behind him. In this condition he was brought in. I was to act as judge, Mr. Buncom prosecuting attorney, and Mr. Levy to appear in behalf of the accused. The jury consisted of the sailors and third mate. The prisoner was searched, and on his person was found the flask of brandy—rather the flask, in which remained not more then a spoonful of brandy—and my mirror. A small portion of the provisions were also found. This was sufficient evidence. The culprit pleaded not guilty, though he could not account for the articles being found in his possession. He named Lib as the guilty party, hoping this false accusation would prove a loop-hole through which he might escape. I looked at Lib and saw

him turn a shade or two browner. His teeth rattled together and his feet nearly shook off their slippers, such as the Chinese wear. The poor innocent Mongolian could not have been more frightened had he seen the devil as represented by his race. He tried to speak but could not.

"Lib come here," said I.

He took a step forward and fell upon his face. Dutch, seeing his condition, laughed and exclaimed, "Now, will you believe me? The heathen is so guilty that he cannot stand beneath his burden."

I nodded to the jury to ascertain if it had agreed upon a verdict; it rose and exclaimed, "Guilty."

"It is a lie!" shouted Dutch, who began trembling almost as violently as Lib a few minutes before.

"Dutch," said I, addressing him with tears in my eyes, "You have been found guilty of stealing the last morsel from a poor, famishing, shipwrecked crew, of which you are a member. Instead of trying to bear your portion of the miseries like a man, you have at all times heaped them upon your comrades, and besides robbing them of——"

"It is a lie!" interrupted he.

"We have been forbearing, warning you, but you would not listen. You possess that littleness of soul I have never seen equalled, even among savages. Now, therefore, I sentence you to be shot within three hours."

"Oh, murder," cried he, bawling at the top of his voice.

Mr. Buncom rose with tears, the first and last I ever saw him shed, coursing down his weather-tanned cheeks, and said, "Captain, knowing your profound knowledge of legal lore, appreciating your impartial services in holding up the scales of justice in sight of all men, could you not, by my fervent supplications, commute the sentence, banishing the culprit forever from our midst?"

"If agreeable to the crew I will comply with your request." Turning toward the men, on the majority of whose countenances rested a frown, unfavorably disposed towards Mr. Buncom's prayer, I said, "Men, you have heard the prayer of Mr. Buncom, and to it what do you say?"

"Shoot the culprit," shouted some; "Banish the thief," shouted others.

"We must decide this by ballot."

I cut up a piece of cardboard into bits of about an inch square. On a portion of them I wrote "Shoot the culprit," and on the remainder "Banish the thief."

The tickets were placed in an empty sardine-can. Mr. Sanborn's hat was the ballot-box. The votes were polled, and on counting stood one in favor of banishment. To me this was a great relief. It seemed the most humane way of getting rid of the culprit. It looked like premeditated murder in my eyes, to take him out and shoot him; whereas banishment was a portion of the first punishment the Creator inflicted upon mankind.

Said I to Dutch, on hearing the result of the polls, "With our curse upon your mophead, like the Creator's mark on the brow of Cain, I sentence you to eternal banishment from our presence. If you choose to go by boat, take mine, drag it to open water and embark; and if by ice, at once begone!"

"Do you mean to turn me out of house and home in weather like this?" inquired Dutch, who now looked upon the matter as a farce.

"Begone at once. But how do you intend to go?"

"By boat," replied he, grinning and stroking his beard. "I demand four of your best men to man the boat, a Winchester rifle and four hundred rounds of ammunition. I can make out for provisions till we chance to shoot game."

"I will give you a Winchester, one hundred cartridges, and that is all."

"I want one more article, and without it I would be most miserable."

"What's that?"

"Your hand-mirror. Just the sight of my beautiful face dispels from my mind all gloom, like the sun at home scattering the morning mists."

I gave him the mirror, and he stopped to admire himself.

"Men, help this rascal on his exile."

Mr. Buncom grasped him by the shoulder, led him to the door, through which the exile crawled, and then his escort. Mr. Buncom, led him down the floe quite a distance, and without shaking hands or bidding him goodbye, turned round and came back. Looking through the

doorway, I beheld the exile slowly plodding along with rifle in one hand and the other to his face, for he was weeping.

"Captain, I fear you did wrong in giving him that rifle," said Mr. Buncom, on returning.

"How so?"

"He has murder in his heart. He is liable to return and murder us all when asleep."

"No danger of that. I could not turn him away without any means of defence against bears. He will succumb to the cold before many hours."

As I have said, Dutch stole all our provisions, and we had to rustle for something to eat. Mr. Levy went to the pool, whence he obtained the fish, and returned with another one somewhat smaller. Several of us began searching for the stolen provisions, and after many weary hours they were discovered by Mr. Harry, buried under three feet of snow, in a crevice back of the house. We began uncovering them, and to our delight beheld half the amount on hand when landing upon the floe. On replacing them in the house we had another banquet. When it was finished each merrymaker took a sound repose on a full stomach, something we had not enjoyed for the past two months. The exile returned, and finding the provisions removed enraged him. Stealthily entering the house while we were asleep, he pointed his Winchester at my head. Just as he was in the act of sending a bullet crashing through my skull, Mr. Anderson, awakened by the click of the lock, sprung to his feet, grasped the muzzle of the rifle, and received the bullet through the left hand, tearing the big finger out by the roots. Before the would-be-assassin could discharge his weapon again, Mr. Levy had wrenched it from his grasp. In another minute two rifles, my revolvers, an harpoon, hatchet, four cutlasses and a spear were in readiness to destroy him.

"Dutch, what does this mean?" inquired I.

"It was an accident. I came in to tell you there are four bears not very far down the floe. At first I thought I would shoot them, and then thinking of your love of this sort of sport concluded to call you. I left my gun cocked and it went off accidentally. Undoubtedly it would have killed you had not this white-livered Scandinavian got be-

fore it and received the bullet himself. I am not at all sorry for him, but would be had you been harmed."

"A very plausible story. Men, seize the villain and bind him hand and foot."

My orders were executed. How I wished he had stayed away, but he came back to meet the death predestined him the moment he first drew breath and became a living soul.

"Dutch," inquired I, "how came those provisions in that crevice?"

"I have not the faintest idea."

Had he returned without premeditated murder in his heart, I would have suffered him to tarry among us after punishing him for the thefts. To prevent him from further stealing, I would have chained him to the wall. My first mandate—death by shooting—would be executed. For executioners I chose Mr. Buncom, Levy, Sanborn, the carpenter, Jack and Lib. Mr. Sanborn offered Mr. Anderson his seal-skin suit if he would act in his stead. Mr. Anderson feigned reluctance, though he actually thirsted for Dutch's blood, but consented, providing I would permit him to use a revolver, on account of his disabled hand. I granted the favor. I ordered Mr. Wilcox to fix a rifle barrel forming part of the stove, upon its stock, place a blank cartridge in it, and also in another Winchester. When the weapons were prepared for their deadly mission, I opened my watch, held it before Dutch's eyes, and said: "You see the time?"

"Yes, and what of it?"

"You have one hour to prepare to meet your Maker."

"One hour!" shouted he. "I am innocent, and am condemned to die like a bandit because my rifle went off accidentally and injured Anderson, and also because there is a thief in our midst. Ah! but I can die the death of a Christian. Captain (addressing me), untie my hands. I want to behold my beautiful countenance once more."

"I will hold the glass for you; where is it?"

"In this pocket," nodding to the right.

I placed my hand in the inside pocket of his coat and took out the mirror, which was wrapped in a clean linen handkerchief. My hand trembled so that I could not hold it, and I laid it down on the floor. In an incumbent atti-

tude he gazed in the glass, and then said: "Alas! Prince Jesse Henry German, I behold thee in the full vigor of manhood, with youthful beauty yet aglow on thy cheek, like the blush of a damask rose. Alas! thou art soon to be cut off by an infatuated mob that denounce thee as a thief, a would-be assassin. No more, oh, never more, wilt thy feet tread those paths hallowed by the innocence of youth. No more, oh, never more, wilt thou again behold thy dear parents who call thee their joy, their pride, and their prop in old age. No more, oh never more, Betsy, wilt I come to gladden thy long days of watching and waiting my return. Never more, Betsy, wilt thy eyes grow brighter as I sit beside thee calling thee my darling, my bride."

Turning toward me, he continued, "Captain John Digger Kiddle, true as God reigns in heaven, I will call on Him to avenge my ignominious death. Your bones and those of the entire crew will, like mine, lie in a sextonless dug grave at the bottom of this freezing sea, but your spirit, unlike mine, shall endure the worst agonies of eternal torment for murdering me because it was in your power to do so."

At his request I replaced the mirror in his pocket. Tne executioners stepped out and fell in line. At the right stood Mr. Anderson, pale from the loss of blood, with his wounded hand in a sling, and in the other he held one of my revolvers. Next stood Mr. Buncom, much excited, and so nervous as to be hardly able to hold his rifle. Next to him was the carpenter, whose countenance wore an indifferent expression. Next stood Jack, elated with that love of human slaughter for which his kindred are noteworthy. Next was Mr. Levy, frowning because there was no money in the deed. Lastly was Lib, so unstrung that his rifle fell at his feet, and he was unable to stoop and pick it up. Dutch was led, or rather carried forward, to the place of execution, and placed in a kneeling posture, by his request, thirty yards in front of the executioners. His eyes were covered with the crown of a black felt hat, drawn down over his face. He remained silent a few moments, and then gave way to lamentation, lying flat upon his face. The ensuing fifteen minutes were the most miserable I ever experienced. Six men armed with deadly weapons,

minus the two containing blank cartridge, to end the life of a felon. I know we all felt as the executioner must feel as he beholds his victim bound hand and foot, arm and leg, standing upon the deadly trap, which he springs and launches the victim into eternity. The warrior who slays in fair fight must feel exalted at his superior prowess over his adversary. When within two minutes of the time, I called to Dutch and he rose upon his knees.

"Make ready," said I.

Dutch got upon his feet, which were unbound when led forth.

"Aim."

Dutch started upon a run, uttering fearful shrieks.

"Fire!"

An irregular discharge of arms rang upon the air. I saw Dutch fall heavily forward, his head moved to the right and all was over. Upon examination I found that only one shot had struck him, which broke his neck; death was instantaneous and painless. I am positive that Mr. Anderson fired the fatal shot, and he was always of the same opinion. Mr. Buncom held his rifle so high that he would have missed the top of the Boreas' mainmast. Mr. Levy came nearer the house than anything else. The carpenter struck the ice a little to the right. Jack, having a blank cartridge, aimed well. Lib managed to pick up his rifle after the victim fell, and had it not contained a blank cartridge, Dutch's prophecy concerning my bones would have at once been fulfilled. He discharged the weapon directly at my head, burning the beard from the right side of my face. We buried the remains in the crevice that the provisions were secreted in.

It was a dreadful act to do, but such punishment comes not upon those who commit no crime. Had anybody else committed the like offence, the result would have been precisely the same. Did I do right or wrong? Under the circumstances, I conscientiously think that I did what my duty demanded. If I have to atone for the deed in the hereafter, it will be because my judgment erred.

CHAPTER IX.

SUCCESSFUL BEAR-HUNT.

THE interment of Dutch's remains was not done to my satisfaction—only snow had been heaped upon them. Upon the snow I intended to place a quantity of finely broken ice, pour water over it, and on freezing it would become a solid mass, preventing bears from disinterring them. I sent four sailors to do the work, and they came back, reporting the body gone.

"A case of body-snatching," said I, "and as there are no medical students about, I fasten the offence upon bears."

We searched for their tracks, but found none; winds blowing the snow had obliterated their footprints. I saw something white fluttering in the gale, and on reaching it found it to be the deceased's handkerchief wrapped around the mirror. I was superstitiously afraid and dared not look in the glass, fearing I might see the deceased's countenance. I replaced the handkerchief around it, put it in my pocket, and afterwards gave it to Mr. Sanborn, who used it when shaving till he imagined he saw the countenance that I was afraid of seeing. He gave it to Mr. Anderson, who averred he was not afraid of all the faces it could reflect, even that of his Satanic Majesty. Nor do I think he would have been, for he was as fearless as reckless. Finding the mirror fully convinced me that bears had carried away the remains.

"Men," said I, "shall we go on a bear-hunt? First, to punish them for body-snatching, and second, the most noteworthy cause, to provide ourselves with means of sustenance."

"Agreed!" they all exclaimed, with the exception of Mr. Anderson, who said, "Wait a few days till my hand mends a little."

We agreed to postpone the affair for five days. However, we prolonged it after the tenth day on account of a

terrific southerly gale, which broke the floe in two along the crevice in which Dutch's remains were interred. I had things put in shape for taking to water, as I was afraid the floe would break up entirely. It was a mystery how our house ever weathered it, as the floe tossed and tumbled about like a toy in the hand of a Titan enraged to the height of anger. After the gale subsided, Mr. Levy went down the floe a short distance, and returned, saying the ice was covered with fish. We went to the scene of interest, and what a pleasing sight met our eyes, Upon the ice, cast thence by the waves, frozen stiff, lay fish three and four feet deep, from the length of my rifle barrel, three and a half feet, down to the shortness of a match. On loading ourselves down we returned home. We carried fish for half a day and piled most of them outside against the side of the house. I estimated that we had secured five tons of fish. There was no danger of starving to death now. For supper we had fish fried, boiled, broiled, baked, and made into chowder. An oil barrel was prepared for salting down of fish to be used when we were in our boats. After having filled the barrel we took a long sleep, and on awaking discovered something had carried away the remainder of the fish outdoors. Had the ghost of Dutch returned to avenge his death by taking off the fish to starve us to death? Erstwhile Mr. Buncom solved the matter by discovering bear tracks close at hand, and besides, a partly consumed fish a bear had dropped.

Said Mr. Buncom, with a smile, the first ebullition of mirth I had seen him express since the wreck, "Captain, I think we had better court-martial the bears for stealing, too."

"We must catch them first, and now let us proceed on a grand hunt."

We all went, with the exception of Lib, who wanted to go. I knew he would get excited and would be more liable to shoot one of us.

"Lib, you can cook the bear, and that will be doing your duty."

"Yesee, I cookee goodee," replied he, whose brown face was jolly with grins.

We proceeded southward to the end of our floe, which had broken off one-fourth a league below the house.

Against it was another floe covering an area of ten miles. according to my best judgment, facilitated by my field glass. In many places ice was piled hundreds of feet high, resembling foot hills to a chain of mountains. Between this floe and ours at different places were crevices, where the ice had not been pressed firmly together. We crossed over and began searching among the hummocks for bears, which we knew were somewhere upon this floe, as we had tracked them here. In some places the ice was so smooth that many of us fell, sustaining severe bruises. I fell once, striking on the back of my head as vehemently as when I fell upon a skating-rink floor in trying to convince my sweetheart that I was a professor of the rink. Mr. Buncom fell, and I looked for him to manifest pain, as I knew he was injured, for he fell heavily. He did not, but on trying to get up could not do so.

"I have broken my leg," said he, coolly as if he had broken the stem from a clay pipe.

I examined the left lower limb, the one he said was broken, and sure enough it was fractured midway between the knee and hip joint. I ordered four sailors, the poorest hunters, to convey him home. On taking him up they slipped, letting him fall heavily. He cried out in pain and said, "I shall never consent to let you try to carry me. Get the Captain's bear-skin and drag me home on it." Here my bear-skin would be the means of adding comfort to another mortal. This augmented still higher my pride as a hunter. I ordered Mr. Anderson to fetch it, forgeting all about his disabled hand.

Replied he, "Captain, in the condition of my hand it would take me a long while."

"Pardon me, sir; I never thought about your injury."

I sent Mr. Sanborn, who started off on a dog-trot—his gait when pressed beyond a walk. Presently he returned with the bear-skin and also the rope used in rescuing him and Mr. Anderson from the crevice. The rope was fastened to the skin by drawing it through the eye holes. Mr. Buncom was placed upon the skin. The men, those whom I ordered to carry him home, took hold of the rope and started. He could not cling on, the cold had benumbed him.

"Get inside," said I, assisting him. Just then from be-

hind me I heard savage growls, trampling of feet, and a volley of shots. The hunters, with the exception of Mr. Anderson, came flying past, casting away their arms to facilitate their flight, and crying. "Run for your life!"

Glancing over my shoulder, I saw four bears, two old ones and two young ones, probably the same ones Dutch had seen just before his execution. The men on the rope fled also.

"You miserable cowards, come back," I shouted, forgetting I was fleeing as fast as I could at the same time.

I was so excited, that I fell headlong into a crevice, where the rest had leaped it in safety, and were half way home. However, I had presence of mind enough not to drop my rifle. I thought of Mr. Buncom, and looked from my place of refuge, my eyes coming just above the surface. Over him stood a bear, the old he one, trying to bite him through the skin, which was smooth, and tough. The bear could do little, or no injury. I now looked upon the skin, as the means of saving Mr. Buncom's life, and of course my pride as a great hunter loomed up before me. I was horrified, as I saw the bear thrust its head into the hole that admitted Mr. Buncom. The bear growled fearfully, and tried to grind something between its massive jaws. I thought it one of Mr. Buncom's lower limbs, but afterwards learned that he gave bruin his knife to gnaw on. I was afraid to fire, knowing it would spoil my reputation as a remarkable shot. My surprise was great as I saw Mr. Anderson, barely one yard away, with a revolver pointing at bruin's heart. He fired, and the bear fell flat, though rising the next moment and dashing at its adversary. Mr. Anderson sprang aside, and fired again. It was not until after receiving the sixth shot that bruin fell and expired. While watching the excitable scene the old she bear came up and growled in my ear, before I was aware of its whereabouts. Fear paralyzed me for an instant, and I sank upon my knees. The bear crouched, opened its mouth, and was about to grab me, when my presence of mind returned. I thrust my rifle, half the length of the barrel, down its throat and fired. The recoil of the rifle, nearly dislocated my shoulder, besides bruising it terribly. Something warm spurted in my face, running down my neck, and lo, I was drenched with blood from head to foot. The bear expired

without a groan, its head hanging over the edge of the crevice.

"Bravo! another remarkable shot" I shouted.

A cub came up and smelt the muzzle of my rifle. I tried to get it to open its mouth, but did not succeed. The closest I could get the end of my gun to the cub after having smelt of it was three feet. I dare not hazard a shot at such long range. My hopes grew low, but still I was positive it would open its mouth, when provoked to anger; but could not make it angry. I made all sorts of motions, and called it names, both good and bad. There it stood wholly indifferent. At length it sat upon its haunches, trying to scratch its side; then it got down on all fours, and came forward. It opened its mouth to gape, but closed it again before I could thrust in the muzzle of my rifle. I extended my rifle above the crevice at arm's length. The cub itching again, leaned against the muzzle, and began rubbing itself. In leaning against the rifle, the cub removed the butt from my shoulder, and I planted it firm against the wall behind me.

"Captain John Digger Kiddle, now is the time for another remarkable shot," said I to myself.

I pulled the trigger; my rifle bounded up in the air and went whirling end over end. The cub rolled over and over with a hole through its vitals, as if shot with a six pound cannon ball. I heard Mr. Anderson swearing, and knew something was up. Looking toward, where I last saw him, I beheld him trying to kill the remaining cub, by striking it over the head with the butt of a rifle. I was jealous of him, fearing he would kill the same number of bears as myself, and called to him saying, "Mr. Anderson, stop; you will break that gun. Come and help me out."

He assisted me out, gave me his gun (I did not see my own anywhere about), and told me to finish the cub. Noble fellow! what cared he if I killed a dozen bears to his one, so long as they were killed. I approached the cub, which Mr. Anderson had angered in trying to club it to death. It rose upon its haunches and opened its mouth. I took good aim, thrusting the muzzle well into its mouth, fired and blew off the top of its head. I stepped upon a low hummock, leaned upon my rifle, viewing ecstatically my glorious work of slaughter.

"Captain," inquired Mr. Buncom, "are they all killed?"

"Yes; Mr. Anderson killed one, and I *three*."

"Noble, brave men! had it not been for you and Mr. Anderson, the bears would now be feasting upon my bones."

I saw the men approaching hesitatingly, and when within earshot I shouted, "Come along, cowards!"

They came, running, but nowise swiftly as they had fled. Mr. Sanborn reached me first, and seeing my Judas colored appearance, exclaimed "Oh, Massa!" thinking I was badly hurt.

"You coward, what made you run away?"

"Cause I see de bars."

I upbraided the men for their cowardice; Mr. Anderson, assisted by putting in a cuss word, now and then. I set two men to drawing Mr. Buncom home, and the remainder, except Mr. Anderson, to the getting of the carcasses home. Mr. Anderson and I began searching for my rifle. He found the stock ten rods back of the crevice whence I discharged it, and the barrel a little further on. When Mr. Buncom was brought in, I found his leg badly swollen. I had great difficulty in setting it for want of proper instruments and material. It continued to give him much pain, and his moanings kept us awake, more or less. We did not mind it much, as we were not tortured by that gnawing at the stomach starvation produces. When the pain became so intense that he could stand it no longer, I removed the splinters and found that gangrene had set in. I told him the only hope of recovery was in having the limb amputated.

On meditating a moment, replied he, "Captain, it is too late now for me to think of stumping out the rest of my days. So long as the spirit remains in my body, my limb shall not be amputated."

"Then you cannot survive many days longer."

"Captain," replied he, as if conversing on some pleasant topic, "if the sand in my life's hour-glass is as low as you predict, I have but few more days. If not, I shall recover, and maybe live for many long years."

The Esquimau examined the patient, and stammered, "Me fix him." He took a cork from a bottle, one that contained Simmon's Liver Regulator, thrust in a feather, and drew out a whitish ointment. Holding it over the

fire a moment, he applied it to the afflicted limb. We saw the swelling visibly decrease.

"Has the hand of the Great Physician touched me?" inquired Mr. Buncom, unaware of the Esquimau's doings, "I feel no pain at all."

He dropped off to sleep, and slept nearly twenty-four hours. What were the exact ingredients of the Esquimau's wonderful curative compound I never learned. It came from some particular part of a bear we killed and a fish we picked up. After two applications, gangrene ceased eating and the pain had left entirely. One month after the accident Mr. Buncom was able to leave the sick bed; by the aid of a crutch he went about. The Esquimau was moderate in his charges—fifteen dollars. I paid him off with a gold eagle and half eagle. These he placed on a string with the rest of his coin. No amount of money would induce him to divulge the secret of his Æsculapian art.

CHAPTER X.

SWALLOWED ALIVE.

THE floe had parted just in front of our door, where the long-boat lay in which the men were storing our effects. Besides our clothing and so on was a small quantity of groceries and two barrels; one full of bear meat and the other of fish. We were to take to the sea once more. I concluded to leave my boat and the first mate's behind, as the long-boat would comfortably accommodate us all. About mid-ships our stove was set up, and in the bow was our sleeping quarters. The skins from the four bears that Mr. Anderson and I killed were sewed together and stretched over the bow, affording shelter for four men at once. The weather was mild and pleasant for this high latitude. We were now in latitude N. 80° 0′ 16″, longitude W. 75° 2′ 4″; our floe having drifted both north and west. We did not suffer much from cold and exposure. The sea was comparatively clear of ice, and with favorable winds that prevailed for a week we made excellent headway—not taking in sail or manning our oars once. During this clement spell we resembled Aunt Jemima's Thomas cat "that ate like any glutton." It was well for us that we did so, for we invigorated our systems to undergo hardships to which we would have succumbed shortly afterwards. A storm was brewing. The stars shone dimly like the eye of a belle when the intoxication of pleasure has died out of her soul. The sky, apparently benign, had a mysterious cast like the face of a mother-in-law the first time you thwart her plans. The smoke from Mr. Anderson's pipe, instead of ascending, settled around our heads, reminding us that his old briar-root was strong. The wind became inert and idly flapped the sail. The waves seemed to exhaust themselves in rocking us to and fro. What ice we saw was on a standstill. At first I thought of landing upon a floe and trust to its breaking

up, but could find none that was not already broken up. All we could do was to prepare for the storm. Sail was taken in and life-preservers put on. It was now my season to retire to the bow, but my anxiety was too great to permit me to sleep. The barometer kept falling. The sky was cloudless, except at the northern horizon, whence we knew the storm would come. Slowly the clouds arose, and for hours seemed to remain almost stationary. Mr. Buncom, on gazing at the sky a long while, said, "Captain, I will take a nap before the storm comes on. The way the sky looks it may be my last earthly sleep. Should it be beyond all will be fair 'where no storm e'er beats on that glittering strand.'"

Taking up his crutch he hobbled to the bow, cool and self-possessed is if retiring to bed on the ground floor of a lodging-house, equipped with all the patent fire-escapes ever invented. What made him so cool and self-possessed? It was his steadfast hope in Christ. Mr. Anderson, slightly nervous, smoked his briar-root, and occasionally cursed our ill-luck. Mr. Sanborn's skin looked blacker and the whites of his eyes whiter. Jack sat in silence; if afraid, he did not show it at all. Lib was sound asleep, dreaming, as he aftewards told me, of the Flowery Kingdom. The storm was rapidly coming on. The wind, what little there was, had changed suddenly, coming now with the storm. In the distance was heard a low roar, and each moment it became louder. It seemed as if the entire ocean was pouring over Buncom Falls (which I will describe hereafter). Down came the storm upon us, roaring, shrieking, howling, and whirling. Snow and spray, frozen to ice, sharp as needle-points, filled the air. It was impossible to see half the length the boat. A gigantic wave nearly swamped us, carrying away our bear meat and fish. We bailed, but could not begin to keep the boat dry. Above the roar of the waves and gale Lib was heard screaming, and above all rang Mr. Anderson's voice cursing. Presently a wave swept away the bearskins, then the mast snapped off and went by the board. Our stove was upset, leaving us in total darkness. Another huge wave swept us, and I heard Mr. Anderson shout, with an oath, "We are lost."

"Not yet," replied Mr. Buncom, who was awakened when the skins were torn away from over his head.

Suddenly we were caught between two masses of ice. Once they pressed against us, and the sides of the boat creaked as if being stove in.

"And now we are lost," shouted Mr. Anderson.

"Wait till we are crushed in like an egg-shell," replied Mr. Buncom, in his usual calm tones.

It was getting intensely cold, and we tried to rig up the stove. Our oil was in a ten-gallon keg, under the stern seat. We dared not take it out, fearing it would be swept overboard.

"Is life worth further struggling for?" thought I, benumbed with cold, my clothes frozen stiff. The men bailing ceased, and declared it was no use, as it was only prolonging our misery. "Bail away, lads, do not get discouraged; the storm will soon be over, and we will live to enjoy many a bear-hunt yet," said I, trying to cheer them.

"Mr. Sanborn, who had remained idle so far in the storm, said, "Bess God, I's not discuraged."

He bailed with great energy, and began singing one of his wild songs, which even made us laugh.

His song seemed to appease the storm's wrath, for the waves began to roll with less violence. We were now comparatively safe from being swamped. It ceased snowing, the sky became clear, and we saw that a new danger thwarted our course. Not more than two-thirds a league astern, a mountain of ice was bearing toward us with fearful rapidity. On looking at it a moment, I discovered it to be the same monster that wrecked us.

"Pull for your lives, men," I shouted. We changed our ccurse to starboard and had not gone more than two knots before we were overtaken. A projecting point glazed the stern, splintering a corner a little. The next moment I expected to be engulfed, but it was the beginning of our safety. Behind this point, there was a cavern worn in the ice by the waves in beating the iceberg backwards. This cavern resembled a great railway tunnel, but the roof instead of being concave was flat, if anything, slightly convex, and about one thousand feet across it. I did not ascertain its length but it extended as far in as we could

see. The solitary old cruiser, the iceberg, pitying our forlorn condition, had come to protect us from the remorseless waves. It is a calculous-hearted foe, indeed, that has no pity at all for the vanquished. On drawing some oil from the keg, we set up the stove and cooked a meal, consisting of a fish and ten pounds of bear meat that lay in the bottom of the boat. It had lodged in the boat as the barrel went overboard. After eating, we all laid down for a nap, with the exception of Mr. Anderson, who was to remain on watch and smoke his old brier-root as much as he chose. I was the first to wake up, and found Mr. Anderson asleep. I looked at my watch, which was stopped; it had run down. We had slept above twenty-four hours, as I wound my watch just before taking my nap. How much longer we slept, it is impossible to say. The light of our stove attracted fish, which were so numerous that the water seemed alive with them. A spear thrust in the water never failed to strike a fish. The Esquimau speared nearly a ton, fast as he could thrust his spear in one and shake it off. Then I told him we had enough for the present. The iceberg was bearing us homeward far faster than steam or sail could carry us. Our speed was remarkable; as near as I could calculate, above twenty-five knots per hour. The gale continued, but so tranquil was it within the cavern I almost forgot we were upon the water at all. For the first time during my sea-faring life I wished for a gale to continue. At the close of the eighth day, the wind veered, and the iceberg began rocking sidewise. The cavern roof came down, occasionally, pretty close to our heads, and then went upward as much above its natural position. I began to get alarmed, fearing the mass would turn over from us, as it leaned that way. When ready to quit our haven, it gave a tremendous lurch, and the next instant we shot upward with our boats two-thirds full of water. On swaying violently to and fro several times, the iceberg began to steady up. I saw that we were imprisoned in a hollow, more than one thousand feet across it and round, almost, as a well. We were about fifty feet from the top. Beneath us was one hundred fathoms, and I do not know how much deeper it was, for that was the length of our sounding line. We were imprisoned, and our chance of escape looked very dubious.

Our only hope of getting out lay in the devising of some successful plan of reaching the top and hoisting up the boat. But how were we to ever scale those smooth, perpendicular walls? While I was meditating on some plan Mr. Sanborn took up a hatchet, stood upon a seat (we lay broadside to the south wall), cut a niche in the wall, pitching downward a little. Eighteen inches above this one, he cut another niche, and another the same distance above this one. Before we were aware of his intentions, he was one fourth way up the wall. With as much ease as an experienced hod-carrier ascends his ladder, Mr. Sanborn climbed his ice-stairs, cutting his way as he went. On reaching the top, he drew several deep breaths, and shouted, "Fro me up de rope!"

I could not cast a stone that high, and Mr. Anderson declared it an impossibility. Mr. Buncom ordered the boat shoved off from the wall, about ten yards. When this was done he poised a harpoon to which a small line was attached, and cast it upward. The harpoon went almost straight up, and when at the height of Mr. Sanborn's head, it curved and fell at his feet. Mr. Sanborn ordered our ten fathom rope made fast to the end of the line, and pulled it up. Bracing himself, he held the rope in his powerful grasp and called out, saying, "Clim' up dar."

Mr. Wilcox was the first to ascend. Placing his toes in the niches, he went up with ease. Mr. Buncom fastened the rope about his body and was pulled up. After him Mr. Anderson went up in the same manner, on account of his disabled hand. The remainder of the sailors climbed up, two at a time. After them, the third mate ascended. Lib was ordered to climb up. On ascending the height of himself, he let go the rope and fell back in the boat. The carpenter tied the rope about the Mongolian's body, and then his cue around the rope. He was pulled up, screaming at every breath. Jack and the Esquimau began climbing up. When half-way up, Jack stopped, saying he was "heap tired." A prod from the Esquimau's spear revived him wonderfully. The Esquimau, thinking we were going to let the boat and its contents remain where they were, took his weapon with him. After giving the carpenter instructions how to fasten the ropes around the boat so that it would not be injured in hoisting, I gave orders

to be pulled up. Mr. Sanborn pulled me up about twice the length of myself, stopped, lowered me back and said, "Massa, get on dar."

"I am on."

"You is not."

"Hoist away!"

Here was another dig at my insignificance; so light, that Mr. Sanborn could discern no difference as to whether I was on the rope or off it. When my head met his sight he was surprised. On being landed, after bowing profoundly, said he, "Massa, I beg pard'n."

While our effects were coming up, I took in the situation of things. We were upon a flat and on three sides the ice towered high above us. Down the flat, two or three hundred yards, it was broken off abruptly. Probably it's breaking here had made it top-heavy, causing it to upset. I gazed over the edge of the perpendicular wall, and saw that the sea was at least two hundred and fifty feet below me. This was in the lowest place at that.

"We are baffled at last," said I.

Somehow or other, I did not consider our situation as entirely hopeless, for we had overcome so many seeming impossibilities. I returned and reported what I had seen.

"An impossible thing," exclaimed Mr. Levy, bringing his money-bag down on his knee to make his words more emphatic.

"Nothing of the sort," replied Mr. Anderson, lighting his old brier-root, which Lib held for him to light.

"Massa, I get you down dar," said Mr. Sanborn, pulling on a rope with all his might, for the boat was coming up now.

He drew a deep breath, and began again.

"Stop," said one of the four on the other rope (there were two ropes to the boat) "we are completely out of breath yet."

After considerable of peculiar shouting, as sailors shout at the captain or when hauling on heavy ropes, the boat was landed. On cutting a small trench for foothold along the brink of the wall over which we were to be lowered, the boat was brought here and let down with a single rope. This rope consisted of our ten fathom one and a half-inch rope, doubled four times. In lowering the boat, the ice

wore the rope fearfully, cutting two strands of the rope made from the half-inch one in twain. The third mate descended, fastened the boat to the iceberg, and loosened the rope. We fastened the parted strands together and changed ends with the rope; bringing the inch rope to the top, where the wear on it was greatest. The sailors descended, one at a time, sliding down, getting down, as best they could. Mr. Buncom followed, lowered in the same manner as he came up. Next went Mr. Anderson in the same way. After him went the Esquimau, hand over hand, with as much ease as a professional rope climber. Lib, as usual, was frightened almost out of his wits. Mr. Sanborn insisted on him sliding down the rope, which, if he did, I knew would be the last of him.

Said I, "Mr. Sanborn, if anything happens the Chinaman, you must do the cooking."

"I's a gentleman," replied he, hauling up the rope; and when up he made a noose in the end. Through the noose Lib thrust his right foot, and Mr. Sanborn gave his cue several half hitches around the rope. Lib was lowered over the brink, screaming in terror. Presently the rope gave a little jerk. "That's the last of him," said I for I was sure he had fallen off. When I looked over the brink I saw that Lib was still on, only having let go the rope. His foot had slipped and his leg was through the noose up to the knee. There he was in a horizontal attitude held by the leg and cue. He clawed the air frantically with both hands, and shrieked at the top of his lungs. This incident proves that his cue was useful as well as ornamental. Mr. Levy and the carpenter next descended, sliding down. Jack slid down with the velocity of almost falling completely. He struck upon a seat and broke it in fragments, sustaining no injuries at all, except the rope burning his hands. As he looked at them, he exclaimed, "Rope heap hot!"

Now came my turn, and when ready to be lowered, said I, "Mr. Sanborn, before coming down, be sure to fasten the rope so that it will be safe."

"Massa," replied he, in tones uncommonly earnest, "I want no rope."

"Then how are you ever going to get down?"

"Jump, Massa."

"What! two hundred and fifty feet? That would be outjumping Sam Patch."

"I's no 'fraid 'cause dis head ob mine am hard."

He lowered me down. I saw that the iceberg was full of seams, and that each wave shattered it more and more. Our traps were now being lowered, and with the last portion of them came Mr. Sanborn's clothes. After shouting for us to look out, he let the rope drop. I gazed upward and could not help admiring the stalwart form that stood so high above us. He was nude from the waist up, having on a pair of red flannel drawers.

"I's goin' to jump," he shouted.

"Wait till we are out of your way."

I was afraid he might possibly land in the boat. With that head of his downward I knew he would penetrate the bottom like a cannon shot. I would not have risked the heaviest armor plate known. When we were at a safe distance, I heard a wild shout; a black and red form, with hands clasped above the head, sprang into the air and turned head downward. Descending with fearful velocity, he struck the water—a loud splash, and forty-five seconds afterwards by my watch, which I held in my hand, Mr. Sanborn's woolly head appeared above the surface. Shaking the water from his head, he opened his eyes and exclaimed, "Thank God, I's saved!"

We cheered loudly, and called him a brave fellow, which indeed he was. To this he replied, on being picked up, "I's a gentleman."

I measured the rope from a knot indicating the top of the wall, and found it to be two hundred and fifty-two feet. Mr. Sanborn sprung up in the air at least eight feet —making the total height of the leap two hundred and sixty feet. This, I think, exceeds any leap on record. Just as I finished the leaping problem, a terrific crash was heard, and I saw the iceberg from which we had just escaped fall into fragments, engendering high waves. Had we remained upon the iceberg fifteen minutes longer, we would have all been destroyed as were its motives when wrecking us. The greater portion of the sharp, hard point floated away by itself, and on finding its power so reduced, turned point downward. It resembled some powerful monarch who swayed at will the scepter of nations, till the

crash came, depriving him of power and glory; so humiliating him that he turned his face downward and became one among the common masses of mankind. Most of the fish in the well (as I call that round hole we were imprisoned in) were killed by the ice crushing and grinding together. We picked up about the same number of pounds the Esquimau had speared, and could have had ten times this amount, for the waves were covered with them. Among the fish was a good sized whale, crushed flat. We were again upon the waves, and having had so many narrow escapes, I began to think we were invulnerable, and laughed at the deleterious polar climate and sea. Our sail being gone, and mast too, we made a small sail of blankets, rigged it to an extra mast we had along, and made fair headway. I took an observation which placed us in latitude N. 68° 20′ 1″ longitude W. 72° 10′ 9″. We were six hundred and ninety miles south of where our wreck occurred. The weather was mild and almost spring-like, and we had great hopes of being picked up by a whaling cruiser. One of our number kept my field-glass almost constantly on the eastern, western, and southern horizon. We looked in vain, as for the appearance of a favorite actress when the curtain has dropped for the last time.

"The sea is deserted," said I, laying down my glass, after looking through it about an hour.

I laid down and took a long nap. When I awoke, the sea was considerably ruffled by a southerly wind.

"Did you see that?" inquired Mr. Buncom, pointing to the south.

"No; and what did you see?"

"It resembled a light."

"It must be nothing but a star."

There was a bright star in this direction, gleaming just above the waves.

"I am positive it was not," replied Mr. Buncom, "for the star is too high above the waves to disappear as that light did."

"I will leave you star-gazing," said I, jocosely, "but I am going to take another nap. Be sure and call me if anything goes wrong."

I sought my bearskin, in which Mr. Anderson and Lib

were sleeping. I called out Lib and got in myself. Mr. Anderson's tobacco-tainted breath made it very disagreeable for me. However, I obviated the disagreeableness by turning my back to him and breathing through an airhole. I do not know how long I had slept when somebody tapped upon the skin and said, "Captain, we are saved."

"Are what?" inquired I, for I heard not the assertion distinctly.

"Saved, thank God."

Now I knew it was Mr. Buncom who had spoken. I crawled forth reluctantly, as my quarters were so warm and comfortable. The chilly air made me shiver, and my teeth rattled together like Lib's when severely frightened. I looked around, but saw nothing.

"How are we saved, and what has saved us?"

"Look yonder," replied Mr. Buncom, pointing, as I thought, towards a star.

"You will be much older than you are now, before stars take to picking up shipwrecked sailors," replied I, somewhat exasperated by being called from my quarters, which I re-entered and was soon sound asleep.

The next thing that aroused me was loud cheers from the men, as if applauding a brilliant political speech from a candidate for the Presidency.

"The fools! they have all gone mad over the sight of a star!" said I, to myself.

At length I got out to tell my opinion of them; then I saw something too. I blended my thin, shrill voice with theirs. At the south, two bright lights rose and fell with the waves.

"Captain, now what do you think?" inquired Mr. Buncom.

"That looks good; and how far off do you think she is?"

Of course we all thought it the lights of a ship.

"About one league and a half."

"I am glad," said Mr. Anderson, who came from the skin shortly after myself, "for I am almost out of tobacco."

"Is that all you are glad for, you thankless fellow?" said I, much vexed, for he valued the gratification of a vice above his own life.

"I am glad our hardships are at an end. We have all lost terribly, myself particularly."

"Captain, you forget all about Mr. Solomon Levy," spoke the Jew, laughing dryly, which sounded like the chink of a silver dollar falling upon another. "I like just such a voyage, for I make lots of money. I tell you, friends, that Mr. Solomon Levy is a smart man. When we get home I will open a store and sell so cheap that everybody will patronize me. Soon I would make a fortune."

"The chickens are not hatched yet, as the old hen has another week to set, and she may die on the nest."

"Then I would finish the hatching with an incubator."

While Mr. Levy and I were conversing, the lights disappeared. We rowed vigorously in the direction of the lights for an hour, wondering what had become of the ship. We fired our guns and shouted till hoarse. At the west, about the same distance off as when the lights disappeared, we saw the lights flash for a moment and disappear again. What was the cause of this strange phenomenon? Was it the Phantom Ship, searching for souls of departed sailors to man her? Had the Flying Dutchman ceased beating against head-winds and taken to cruising these waters? Again the lights appeared, steady and strong. We fired another volley, and shouted loud as our hoarseness would admit. Thank heaven! at last we had attracted attention. On came the supposed ship, and we heard a rumbling not unlike the sound of a side-wheel steamboat. Mr. Levy, with money-bag in hand, stood in the bow to be rescued first.

"Not quite so fast, my friend," said I, "for there is plenty of time yet."

"I want to be first aboard, for I have important business to transact."

He afterwards told me it was his intention to buy up all the tobacco for sale aboard, and retail it to his comrades at an exorbitant price. The lights disappeared, but soon rose about one league astern. We turned about, and on came the mysterious concern, with the rapidity of a lightning express. The lights—a monster's eyes—glared like the headlight of a locomotive. The water was much agitated, and began foaming and boiling past us.

"It is not a ship, but the devil," I shouted; "turn about, men, and pull."

A disagreeable odor like that from an alligator came on the air.

"It is a monster of the deep, one of Job's Leviathans," shouted Mr. Buncom.

He made his way astern, to where Mr. Anderson sat with rifle in hand, and poised his harpoon.

"Oh, what will become of my money?" cried Mr. Levy, almost ready to weep.

"What will become of you, and us all?" inquired I.

"My money, oh, my money," was his reply.

Lib had crawled into the bear-skin and was making hideous outcries. The Esquimau stood behind Mr. Buncom, with spear ready for a thrust. Jack, the only indifferent one, took the matter philosophically, and said, "Maybe we get eat and maybe not."

The monster was upon us, its mouth larger than the entrance of a railway tunnel. It had teeth, two rows of them, ten feet long, large, round as Mr. Buncom's body, and coming to a needle-like point. I heard Mr. Anderson utter an oath and fire. Mr. Buncom's harpoon clashed against the teeth; the massive jaws snapped together, and we slid downward in total darkness. The mast was broken off. In falling it struck me upon the head, rendering me insensible for some time.

CHAPTER XI.

REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

WHEN I became conscious, Mr. Anderson was pouring water over my head.

"Captain," said he, "you had indeed a very narrow escape."

"Are we two the only survivors?"

"We are all safe and sound," said Mr. Wilcox.

Mr. Anderson assisted me to sit up, and I saw Mr. Buncom reading his Testament. If he did this any other time except just before retiring, it indicated great danger. There he sat, wholly absorbed in his book, while I expected the monster would begin digesting us at any moment. Mr. Sanborn, who by the way had lit our lamp—the stove—which was extinguished as we were swallowed, began stropping his razor to shave himself. He borrowed Mr. Anderson's hand-mirror and began cutting off the little tufts of hair growing here and there on his face like clumps of hazel-brush over a prairie.

"Mr. Sanborn, what are you doing that for?" inquired I.

"Oh, I's goin' to de Lord, and want to look respect'ble."

Lib continued to shriek and I told Jack to silence him. He pulled the Mongolian out the bear-skin, shook him vigorously, and threatened to cut off his cue if he did not remain silent. On silencing the Mongolian he said, "Me heap hungry," and began eating a boiled fish. On looking around, I saw that our place of confinement was cylinder shaped, about twenty feet in diameter and not less than one hundred long. This was the first stomach or store-room. The texture was whitish and tough; a harpoon thrust had little effect upon it. The stern of our boat rested upon the snout of a whale about the length of the boat—thirty feet. Its tail was against the valve opening into the second stomach, where the work of digestion was

carried on. How soon we would pass in thence, we had no idea. If the whale was enough to satisfy its appetite, we might possibly escape for twenty-four hours. Then, in our present condition, we might be crushed to death by another whale, or long-boat full of men, for all we knew, coming down on us. There was another danger; if the monster drank it would drown us. Mr. Anderson said he intended to make the monster as much trouble as possible. Taking up the ten fathom rope he began climbing up toward the great mouth. He was gone a long while, and we began to think the monster had ejected him. At last he came back, saying he had made the rope fast around the roots of the monster's tongue, and then tied an end to our bow. As long as the rope lasted, we were in no danger of passing into the second stomach. This was a wise plan—one that I would never have thought of—and it saved our lives. By this time Mr. Sanborn had finished shaving and began donning a white shirt, broadcloth suit, stand-up collar, flaming red neck-tie, silk hat, and white kids. I do not know how he managed to keep them from soiling; all my clothing was hardly fit to be seen in—salt water having ruined it. There Mr. Sanborn sat, smiling, conscious of being the best dressed among us. Perchance he did appear respectable in the eyes of the Lord, like many throughout the length and breadth of our land, who exert every energy to appear as the most fashionably dressed that come to the house of worship on the Sabbath. Nor would he doff his attire; for nothing could induce him to believe that the Lord was not ready to receive him just yet. Lib got over his fright and cooked a meal. As we were eating, the monster drank great quantities of water. Down it came rushing, lifting the boat hard up against the roof or top of the stomach. Had not Mr. Anderson secured the boat we would have been upset and drowned. It was twelve hours before the water left entirely. Shortly after it had all left, the valve between the stomachs opened. A gas escaped which nearly asphyxiated us. When it became more wholesome, I looked for the whale, but it was gone. During the next twelve hours nothing broke upon the monotony. We all had a good sleep except Mr. Buncom, who remained on watch, reading his Testament at the same time. Then another torrent

came down the throat, the valve opened, and we were nearly asphyxiated again. Mr. Anderson threw over several fish heads and a broken cutlass, which immediately passed in the second stomach. The fragment of steel put the monster in misery and it began floundering; with difficulty we remained in the boat. We could hear the massive jaws crash together and knew it was angry. Had it known what a pest man is, it would undoubtedly have shunned us. The jaws clashed together so savagely that we were startled. Down came a small whale, and by a flap of its tail bounded clear over us, though it brushed Mr. Sanborn's hat from his head. The next instant the whale passed into the second stomach. We knew now that tranquillity would reign for a while, and all took a nap except Mr. Wilcox, on watch, who read a dime novel with as much interest as Mr. Buncom had his Testament. On the next drink, like a pill in a tumbler of water, came a barrel, which we took aboard and, strange to tell, it was our bear meat. Not wishing to be considered greedy, we took out the meat, and gave the monster the empty barrel. No sooner had we emptied the barrel than another one came—our barrel of fish. We took care of it, and cast overboard about its weight in fresh fish. Then came a complete string of fish; some crushed flat, which we knew were killed by the iceberg. Most of the fish went straight into the second stomach. Presently the valve closed and fish came down so fast, we had to stow them away back of us. A whale, crushed flat, came next, and we readily identified it as the one the iceberg had killed. We had to cut it up and stow it away upon the fish. The monster was determined we should not ride free, and thus made us work our passage. Another season of rest came, in which time we tried out blubber and filled our keg, which was about empty. Soon as we had filled it, bounding over each other came ten barrels—part of the Boreas' cargo, of oil.

"Captain, it would not surprise me in the least if I were to behold part of the wreck coming down on us," said Mr. Buncom, who had spoken for the first time since being swallowed, unless spoken to. He had been reading his Testament all the time not occupied in eating and sleeping.

"No," replied I, "the old fellow is greedy as a land-grabbing syndicate."

True enough, a portion of the wreck came; the anchor and chain, and also a portion of the mainmast. The carpenter set up a shop, and began making a mast for our boat from the fragment. When completed, it was placed in the boat along the bottom. A sail, one of those we spread upon the deck to keep out the cold, came next. This was just what we wanted. Mr. Wilcox set up a sail loft, and made a sail from it, though a trifle too large. Great horrors! down came the headless and one-armed remains of a human being, and bounded right into our boat. At once I recognized the remains as those of the unfortunate boatswain. I ordered them sewed up in canvas, for I intended to give the deceased a Christian burial if we got out alive. Presently down came the rifle Mr. Buncom lost the time I killed my first bear. The rifle must have been picked up from the sea bottom. Truly, the monster was a first-rate diver. Somehow or other, I expected something of this sort, and down came another human remains—partly devoured—those of Dutch. Mr. Anderson laid them upon the heap of fish. As he was handling them, the fatal bullet dropped into his hand. He kept the bullet as a memento. Lastly came twenty-five barrels of oil. We pulled the boat up the length of itself, and stood these barrels on end behind us.

Said Mr. Anderson, "I propose that we set fire to this oil, making it so warm for the monster's stomach that it will cast us out like the whale did Jonah."

Replied I, "Mr. Anderson, your proposition is feasible, except one drawback: suppose it would not be disposed to cast us out?"

"Well, if we do not try to get out, it is only a question of time when we will pass into the other room; and as this is the parlor, you can judge what the kitchen is like."

"Men, shall we fire this oil?" inquired I.

"Yes," came the unanimous reply, with the exception of Lib, who objected, saying, "Too muchee fire."

"You little pigtailed Mongolian, if you say another word, I will thrust you amid that pile of fish;" said Mr. Anderson, after a vigorous pull at his old brier-root.

I would have preferred death by fire than enter the

"kitchen," as Mr. Anderson termed it. We pulled our boat close to the roots of the monster's tongue, and fastened it there. These proceedings tickled its throat and made it cough. Mr. Anderson and Wilcox climbed down the anchor chain, which had been hauled up, and a big ring in the end placed over a tooth. They knocked in the heads of the barrels that stood on end, and broke open those that lay on their bilge. The oil flowed amid the heterogeneous mass. They climbed up and ate a hearty meal. Mr. Sanborn having concluded that the Lord did not crave his presence just yet, took off his finery and said he would assist in firing the oil. He went in Mr. Anderson's stead, who sat smoking his brier-root. Mr. Sanborn gave one of his wild whoops, and applied a torch to one of the barrels. Mr. Wilcox fired the loose oil, a red flame burst forth, and the monster began floundering, beating the water with its tail or fins, making a terrible roar without. As Mr. Sanborn reached the boat, a flood came pouring down. The oil rose to the surface burning deflagrant. The valve opened, and the flames spread into the kitchen, increasing its misery. The water in rushing down nearly deafened us. We were now tight up against the roof and around us the oil began burning. How hot it got! I saw the oakum in the seams of the boat take fire. We lay flat on the bottom with our heads under some blankets. My clothes took fire and in extinguishing them I burned my hands. I looked at a thermometer I chanced to have out, and it indicated 210° above zero. My hair and beard were singed close off. Mr. Sanborn uncovered his head, and the wool curled closer than ever to the scalp.

Said he, "Massa, dis am like de bad place de Bible speaks ob."

The fire at last made the monster sick at the stomach and it began belching. Mr. Anderson, observing this, uncovered his head, cursed considerably as he felt his hair and beard singe off, and cut the rope with a cutlass. The next instant the monster gave a fearful groan, and I felt the boat shoot forward as if shot from some great gun made expressly for such purposes.

"Thank God, we have escaped from that inferno," said I, breathing fresh air once more.

CHAPTER XII.

LAND SIGHTED.

We went flying above the waves about six feet, going at least eighty miles an hour for three hours, then our speed rapidly decreased, and we soon dropped upon the waves. Fortunately the spray extinguished the fire that was consuming our boat. Within our Icarian flight I looked back once and beheld a pillar of fire from the monster which we made ignivomous, ascending at least one hundred feet. What sort of a monster was this? Was it akin to that seen by Captain M'Quhae, August 6th, 1848, in latitude S. 24° 44′ and longitude E. 9° 22′? Was it the "poulpe" of DeMontfort which was large enough to swallow a three-decker?

To prove there are monsters in the deep, I will cite the following: "Borough of Liverpool, in the County Palatine of Lancaster, to wit: We, the undersigned, captain, officers, and crew of the bark *Pauline* (of London) of Liverpool, in the County of Lancaster, in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, do solemnly and sincerely declare that on July 8, 1875, in lat. 5° 13 S., long. 35° W., we observed three large sperm whales, and one of them was gripped around the body with two turns of what appeared to be a huge serpent. The head and tail appeared to have a length beyond the coils of about thirty feet, and its girth, eight or nine feet. The serpent whirled its victim round and round for about fifteen minutes, and then suddenly dragged the whale to the bottom, head first.

George Drevar, Master,
Horatio Thompson,
John Hueder von Landers,
Owen Barker,
Wm. Lewarn."

Mr. Buncom could never come to any other con-

clusion but that it was a Leviathan spoken of in the Scriptures by Job. How long had it roamed these desolate seas? And how many shipwrecked crews had it swallowed before us? It was not at all scrupulous in its appetite, but devoured everything that came in its way with the greed with which Time consumes both man and his works. What was its shape? Did the fire prove fatal? I can only conjecture. Anyhow its stomach must have been burnt raw. I was surprised on taking an observation which placed us in latitude N. 88° 0′ 1″, longitude W. 1° 2′ 3″. We were further away from home than ever. Thinking I had made a mistake, I took a second observation, which agreed precisely with the first.

"What!" exclaimed I, "only two degrees from the North Pole!"

"What care I how near we are to the Pole! If we were only two degrees from home I would be happy," said Mr. Anderson demurely.

"Why just think how many brave lives have been sacrificed in trying to reach this Pole."

"We would never have been here had it not been for that devilish monster," continued Mr. Anderson, "and it is a pity it doesn't gobble up every fool who attempts to reach the North Pole. It is hard enough on a fellow to come into this frigid zone a-whaling, let alone cruising the ocean over to find something that is not worth looking at when found."

"Mr. Anderson, I fear you are not much of a scientist. How many a scientist would give all he is worth to be in your shoes now."

"Would give all I am worth, though deuced little, to be in his shoes. What is life without plenty of tobacco and good grog?"

"Mr. Levy," said I, addressing the Jew, who sat astern with his money-bag in his lap, "you say you are a smart man."

"Yes, Solomon Levy is."

"I can tell you how to make a fortune in a short time."

"How, how?" he exclaimed, jumping up and clapping his hands together.

"When we arrive home, get out a book about the North Pole, and of your adventures there."

His countenance grew serious till an imperial expression ran athwart it and he said, "Mr. Solomon Levy understands storekeeping much better than book-writing. He can take a second-hand suit, renovate it, and sell it for new. A second-hand book, though the production of a brilliant author, can never be made new again."

I had entirely forgotten the boatswain's remains, and proceeded to give them a Christian burial. Having no weights to sink the body, it floated off when placed amid the waves, probably to be devoured by the monster again, on recovery from its hot meal.

Being so near the North Pole, I concluded to reach it if possible; not for the purpose of immortalizing my name as its discoverer, but to satisfy my own curiosity. The gradually increasing warmer winds and benign skies surprised us agreeably. It was almost as warm as the latter part of April at home. I placed my hands in the water and found it warm. A perceptible current was flowing north-east, the same direction as we were going. The warm life-giving waters had melted away the ice, and the only ice to be seen was at the west, where the waves and sky seemed to meet.

Said I, "As the water and air are so favorable, I think I will take a bath."

While saying so I began to cast off my clothes, which were almost ready to drop off on their own account, having been scorched by the fire while in the monster's stomach. As I stood looking at my skeleton-like arms, nothing more than skin, sinew, and bone, I was frightened at their emaciated appearance. When ready to plunge overboard, Mr. Buncom stretched out his great broad hand and said, "Captain, stand upon my hand; I will drop you in the water."

I stepped upon his hand, the left one; he held me out at arm's length and let me down gently. I sank only to the waist, and there I stood, as if my feet were planted upon solid rock. Why? I was so light and insignificant, the water would not cover me up. I walked through the water as if wading through so much soft snow. There seemed to be some mysterious force buoying me up. I have somewhere read an account of a traveler's bath in the Dead Sea, and he stated the water was so buoyant, that it was

impossible to sink. At that time I concluded that I was in water similar to the Dead Sea. Mr. Anderson came in and sank to the arm-pits, and with an oath climbed back into the boat.

Said he, "Captain, I am sure one of those devilish monsters is under us, for I felt something disturbing the water, as if old Atlas himself was trying to raise up the ocean bed."

I thought he was talking just to break the silence, as nobody had anything to say. Presently I began bobbing up and down like a whistling buoy. This adawed my fears, and I climbed aboard. When donning my clothes, the coat and vest fell apart. While wondering how to mend them or substitute something in their stead, a deep rumbling came from under the water.

"We are to be swallowed again, I suppose," said Mr. Buncom, looking up from his Testament.

"Swallowed again!" exclaimed Mr. Levy, thrusting his money-bag under his coat and folding his arms over it. "I would not mind it so long as my money is safe."

Suddenly before us a great column of water shot up in the air, hundreds of feet. In its violent ascent, many large fish were taken up and killed while falling back again. There was one I noticed in particular. It must have weighed above one hundred pounds; it struck within a yard of our bow, and wetted us considerably with the splash it engendered. We lay off a few hundred yards, watching the grand display.

Presently the column began to descend, and ere long dwindled down to the height of fifty feet. When at this height, Mr. Sanborn stepped overboard and walked upon the water, to the geyser, sinking just above the ankles. Into the ascending column he leaped, up he went, and came down, of course, head first.

"I will try a little of that myself," said Mr. Anderson, laying aside his brier-root.

"And so will I," said Mr. Wilcox.

We rowed close up to the geyser in which Mr. Anderson jumped; he went up and dropped, feet first.

"If this is not rare sport," said he, "tell me what is."

Then he walked away more than one hundred yards, sinking only to the knees. There must have been many

small geysers in action, making the water so buoyant. There we all stood in a circle, round the geyser, jumping in, one at a time. Jack at length jumped in, and came down in a sitting posture. I knew it hurt him, and inquired if I could do anything to mitigate the pain.

He showed no signs of pain, but said, "Heap hard water."

What a bath we had. The geyser was about exhausted, and with the exception of myself, all began sinking to the arm-pits, and we climbed in the boat. We felt more refreshed than any time since the wreck. I attributed the clemency of both air and water to these geysers, but afterwards found myself mistaken. My singed hair and beard corresponded very well with my clothes. On looking in Mr. Anderson's mirror, I was surprised at my hideous appearance. One side of my beard, the side that Lib singed with a rifle discharge, was off close to the skin, and the other stuck out about two inches. The fire had made me bald almost as Mr. McFadden. I had the wig yet, and concluded to put it on, after I had crawled in the bear-skin for a nap. At my request, Mr. Sanborn finally agreed to shave me; and when the tonsorial act was completed, he laughed in my face, saying I looked like Lib. I looked at myself in the mirror, then at Lib, and saw there was really an affinity in our likenesses. I crawled in the bear-skin on the pretense of being weary. I fitted the wig to my head and came out. Among my effects was a bottle of Hall's Hair Renewer, belonging to my deceased aunt. Mr. Anderson was cursing because his hair—at this time he had a fine head of hair—was singed off. I gave him the bottle, and said, "Here, apply some of this to your pate. I am sure it will soon bring out a longer and more luxurious growth than you had before the fire."

"Away with your quack medicine," replied he.

But I put some on my head"—and so I did, about two years before—"and now I can show something more than a bald pate."

I raised my hat and showed the wig.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed all.

"That is the first quack medicine that ever did as represented," said Mr. Anderson, applying some to his pate.

My coat and vest, as I have said, were in pieces. I

could not mend them, for they were scorched so as not to hold thread. I had a pair of double, purple blankets. I cut them apart, folded one corner-wise, and threw it over my shoulders. Mr. Levy said I looked like a Rabbi, which made me a little proud. Mr. Anderson declared I resembled a crone he saw peddling apples in the streets of Liverpool. This made me angry; I knew I looked effeminate, and there was no use of being told about it. Mr. Sanborn remarked I looked like a naval commander, and suggested I ought to wear some mark of distinction. Indeed, I was a naval commander, but my man-of-war was small. I had come out victorious in the encounter with the monster, without the loss of a man. We had been hundreds of feet above water—upon the iceberg—and below—while in the monster's stomach. What number of men going up in the air like ourselves, to the height we went, ever came down alive? Once I saw twenty-five souls go up with the deck and boilers of a steamboat following them, and the last one came down dead as the old year on New Year's Day. I saw fifty souls go down, ship included, and not one of them ever came to the surface again. Mr. Sanborn found an empty tin can; he cut two pieces, three by four inches from it, and fastened them on my shoulders, making superfine epaulettes. He tied an old green scarf around my waist and placed in a cutlass—one that was bright as when coming from the factory. This was my sword. I began to feel my position and longed for a deck to pace, giving orders to my men. Mr. Sanborn donned his broadcloth, etc., not that he expected to go to the Lord, but for ostentation. Mr. Anderson said he did not care how he looked, if he only had some chewing tobacco. Unknown to him Mr. Levy had four pounds of navy plug, which he intended to sell when the tobacco famine was in its worst degree. Mr. Levy looked quite respectable except the crown of his hat, which was burnt out, and also a great hole in the back of his coat. In fact the whole back was nearly gone. Had there been a hole burnt through his smallest coin, if such a thing was possible, he would have grieved sorely. He sat in the bow counting his coin, the same as he did every twelve hours, when death seemed not inevitable. Mr. Buncom, poor fellow, had no clothes;

when he took them off for a bath they all fell to pieces except the underclothes.

Said he, "Captain, would you object if I wore your bear-skin till we arrive somewhere where I can get something to wear, or where I would need none at all?'

"Certainly not, my good man; put on the skin."

Mr. Wilcox turned the skin hair-side out, and assisted him into it. Being wet so much it had shrunk up. What a perfect fit! with the exception of the arms, a tailor could not have done as well. Mr. Buncom wanted to cut the head off, but I objected, saying it would keep him warm when it got cold again. We cut off the claws for him to place his hands and feet through. When thus accoutred, his presence startled me, for I constantly mistook him for a bear. Once I made a move to get my rifle and thrust the muzzle of it in the mouth, which was open, when Mr. Anderson said, "Captain, we all know what a remarkable shot you are without further display of marksmanship."

How little I felt! and had I been as small, would have crawled into my gun barrel. Jack painted his face in the most fastidious style of his tribe, when on the war path. He gave several war-hoops and brandished a hatchet in the air. He was getting blood-thirsty. I told him if he made any more such hostile movements that he would be placed on short rations. He buried his tomahawk, the hatchet, beneath Mr. Buncom's cast-off clothes, and agreed to smoke the pipe of peace with Mr. Anderson, my substitute, at the council of war. Lib shaved his skull with Mr. Sanborn's razor, cutting the scalp a little in several places. The Esquimau drank a quart of whale oil to please the inner man. He always thought more of pleasing this individual than the outer one.

I looked upon this dressing up as nimbiferous though the barometer indicated fair weather. Somehow I could not account for the display of finery.

Said I, to Mr. Sanborn, "What means all this?"

"Why it am de Lord's day."

The thought of it being the Sabbath never once occurred to me. Somehow or other I had lost track of the days Sunday or Monday was all the same to us, as in some mining camps.

Mr. Buncom sat in the stern with rudder in one hand,

the wind being light the craft did not need much steering, and Testament in the other. I saw the glare of his spectacles through the eye-holes of the skin, and it sort of startled me. I would have told him to come out of that bear-skin had he had anything else to wear. Mr. Levy, still in the bow, was looking over Mr. Buncom's and my cast-off clothes. He took up my coat, examined it, shook his head doubtfully, and muttered to himself, "Now, Mr. Solomon Levy, you have a difficult problem to solve, how is a third-class coat to be made into a first-class one? How much would you make in repairing this coat?" He examined Mr. Buncom's, which was the same quality of goods as mine. He began ripping it apart and cutting out the scorched places. On working several hours with the aptitude of an experienced tailor, he held before me my coat and vest—rather a coat and vest made from Mr. Buncom's and mine. Said he, "I am Solomon Levy, the great clothier, my goods are nonpareil in every respect, try on this vest and coat, perfect fit guaranteed or no sales."

"What is the price of these articles?" inquired I, examining them closely, and agreeably surprised at the excellent manner they were gotten up in.

"I will sell cheap—one hundred dollars."

"You are exorbitant in your price."

"Well, I will take ninety dollars, not a cent less. Mr. Solomon Levy is a Jew who will not stand jewing down for he is an honest Jew."

"I tried on the coat and vest and found them a perfect fit. I took out my wallet, which was very flabby, on account of being so nearly empty, and gave him a twenty dollar gold coin. He took the coin in the palm of his right hand, placed it over his heart, shut his eyes, and moved his lips. By his attitude I concluded he was at prayer—praying to Mammon who has, since civilization elevated mankind, drawn our eyes from gazing heavenward, and turned them upon the Golden Calf which this God has set up. After his prayer was ended, Mr. Levy smiled and said, "Captain, you have not paid me in full; as I have some heavy payments to make at once, would you pay me the balance?"

"Mr. Levy, how did you come by the material of which these articles are made?"

"Oh," replied he, bringing his hands together and laughing one of his coin-chinking-like laughs, "I picked it up—just as I have often done from the back streets of San Francisco, and several other large cities, when a person imagines a lamp-post his adversary, and doffs his coat and vest to meet his antagonist."

"Then, in plain words, you mean to say you have taken the coat and vest of some poor drunken man?"

"My friend, they were cast-off clothes."

"Well, Mr. Levy, I must charge you seventy dollars for the material."

"What, Captain! do you mean to rob an honest man?"

"I have said just what I mean."

With a dejected looking countenance Mr. Levy remarked to himself: "Well, I will stand jewing down, after all."

He opened his money-bag and emptied its contents upon a piece of sail cloth. On dropping the coin, one by one, back into the bag he had a name for each. I remember only a few of the names, and some were thus: "My soul's delight, eternal happiness, my pride, my joy, my bliss, and my comforter."

I stepped upon a seat, stretched up my arms, for I was proud of my purchase, and said, "How good clothes do augment a person's good looks."

"Then, how do I look?" inquired Mr. Buncom, who had just finished reading a chapter in his Testament.

"Like a bear," replied I, thoughtlessly.

"I thought so," remarked he, despondently.

On remaining silent a few moments, continued he, "Captain, I am sure land cannot be far away."

"What makes you think so?"

"Do you see that?" pointing out a small green bough drifting just astern.

"That indicates land, somewhere, though it may be as remote as home. Before Columbus discovered America, branches of exotic trees were found, cast ashore upon the Azore Islands, having come all the way from America."

He gazed northerly by east and shouted, "Land!"

Then he stood up and laughed, sounding to me like the growl of a bear. On taking up my field-glass, I looked in the direction he pointed, and sure enough, a great white object lay before us, which I first took to be an iceberg.

"It must be ice," said I, dubiously.

"Did I not see land?" came a voice from the bear-skin, and with one hand pointing skyward, he continued, "If your glass reveals nothing, it was a mirage I saw. Let me take the glass."

I helped him place it through the eye-holes of the skin, and on gazing a moment, he shouted, "Land!"

CHAPTER XIII.

KIDDLE ISLAND AND INHABITANTS.

"WHAT is all this fuss and shouting about?" inquired Mr. Anderson rising from his couch, a blanket spread out pretty close to the bow, where he had been napping for the past two hours.

"About land," replied Mr. Buncom.

"What land?"

"We have discovered land."

"And I expect we all shall before we are done with this cruising. The land I have reference to, if such it can be considered, is the ocean bed, I do not believe my own eyes any more. When I saw the coruscations of that monster's eyes, I thought surely it was a ship and that we were saved."

Around us came immense flocks of ducks and geese. I took up the shot-gun but did not discharge it for fear of missing them. Mr. Anderson tested the gun over the bow and fired, killing four geese. I saw the leg of one floating along, from which I judged he had also wounded one. Lib began picking them. I ordered him to save the feathers, as I was in great need of a pillow. My pillow was a hard one: my medicine chest turned upon its side. I looked through my glass again—what a gladsome sight met my eyes! Before us rose a lofty snow-clad mountain which seemed to rest upon the waves, as the level land was not in sight yet. Glittering, coruscating like an iceberg, it rose majestically in the serene air. Upon it the sun seemed to smile, instead of frowning as old Sol appeared to do upon the icebergs and floes. Green, dendriform objects were now observed on its precipitous side. I shouted with joy and so did Mr. Buncom, though his shouts were as his laughter, like the growl of a bear. We were wild with joy. Lib let a goose, the best one of course, fall overboard. No sooner had it struck water than a fish with

mouth open wide as the brim of the bucket, portion of our stove, grabbed it and disappeared. The fish was the first to sample our delicacies. I ordered Jack to watch Lib, fearing he might let another one drop in the same manner. Jack stood over him with uplifted hatchet, and warned him not to stir, for he was liable to get his skull cracked. This frightened Lib who dared not move to pluck a single feather. I dismissed Jack, and Mr. Buncom held a goose by the legs while Lib plucked the feathers. Two hours afterwards, elated beyond measure at the sight of land, we sat down to a meal of boiled geese, bear-meat, roast fish, and coffee "straight," as some call it, that is, coffee without milk or sugar. We enjoyed this repast better than any since our banquet. The mountain now loomed up grandly before us. We could see below the line of snow, claiming one-third the height of the mountain. Hard up against this line, forests extended. The mark between these zones was as distinct as if old Jack Frost had cleared a broad way, marking the boundary of his lofty possessions. On a low wind fragrant with the perfume of flowers, as if coming from the Land of Flowers, we thought we heard the roar of a cataract, and afterwards found that our ears did not deceive us. Strange birds of song were in the air, singing anthems of welcome. Perhaps they had witnessed some of our sufferings and were helping us rejoice that they were over. We shouted, sang, and jumped about like so many lunatics. Mr. Wilcox, the most boisterous, stood upon the prow, shouted, and sang himself hoarse. Jack observed him with drawn countenance, and sat unmoved.

Said I, "Jack, we are safe now. Pretty soon we will land."

"Maybe so, and maybe not," was his reply.

At length Mr. Wilcox fell overboard, and when picked up his enthusiasm was somewhat cooled. Mr. Levy manifested considerable joy despite he was busily scheming as to how he might increase his heap of coin. The land was now plain enough for me to roughly define its geography. I saw that it was an island with a range of high mountains extending across it from east to west. Horseshoe-shaped, with heel of the shoe pointing south, was a lovely valley, of about twenty miles wide and forty long, extending back

against high hills. This valley may be larger or smaller than the dimensions I just mentioned, but during my residence on the island, I never changed my opinion concerning it. On both sides the valley are rolling foot-hills of the mountain range. Those to the right are heavily timbered, while on the other hand comparatively bare, covered with masses of loose rock. The island is nearly round, a little longer from east to west. In this direction it is about one hundred and sixty miles. From north to south one hundred and fifty-five miles. I wondered if the island was inhabited. Truly, such a fertile land as I saw it to be, was never created to be tenanted with naught except wild beasts and fowl. Man, the nomadic biped, has taken up his quarters and thrives where even wild beasts shrink from.

"What is that?" inquired Mr. Buncom, pointing down the beach, where stood some objects resembling pins of a bowling alley.

"I can see nothing," replied I.

He pointed again. I examined the objects in question with my field-glass, and found them to be men, women, and a child or two. They looked large as giants.

"Captain, you are excited," said Mr. Buncom, on taking the glass and examining the objects also. "They *are* giants, and almost naked at that."

"Captain, where shall we land," inquired Mr. Anderson, at the helm.

"Down by that white spot," replied I, pointing out a mass of white beach sand piled high by the waves.

Presently we came within hailing distance.

"Halloo!" shouted Mr. Buncom, who had the strongest voice among us, "Who are you?"

No reply; he repeated the interrogation, and still no answer. Mr. Anderson, after an oath or two, shouted the same in Swede and Norwegian and failed to receive a reply. Mr. Levy shouted in Hebrew, Latin and Greek, and the effect was the same. The Mexican, quite a linguist, shouted the same in Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, French, and Yacqui Indian, but no reply. Mr. Morrisey, a Canadian, shouted it also in French and various other dialects of the Canadians. The result was the same. Mr. Wilcox, a student of the German language, shouted in German and Dutch. Jack shouted in his natal tongue, also in Shoshona;

Washoe, Bannack, Digger and Apache. Then Lib began, and I do not believe he understood one-half he said. Lastly the Esquimau shouted and received for reply "Fudycrau," which, translated, means "bad man." I threw the blanket over my shoulders and stepped in the bow, where stood Mr. Levy, whom I ordered back to the oar. I hoisted the stars and stripes upon an oar. The noble flag! torn and stained with salt water, smeared with oil and with two stars burnt out by a coal falling upon it. I declared that these missing stars represented North and South Carolina, as I have no love for these two States.

"Men," said I, holding aloft the flag, "as we are entering a foreign port, fire a salute."

This was promptly done. On hearing the report, the savages fled from the beach. It seems strange that we should have dressed up on this particular day, for strangers to receive us.

Said Mr. Sanborn, "Cap'n, a little music now."

On taking up his banjo, he began playing and singing thus:

"Long we hab been on de ocean,
Gliding de waters o'er:
An' now before us is lan'
Dat we neber saw befor'.

CHORUS.

"O good chil'ren do not fear,
De Lord am wib us
On dis water here.

"De lan' am green and fertile,
It am a lubly isle;
Shaped like de back ob a turtle
My ole fodder killed and biled.

CHORUS.

"De pe'ple da am strange,
Da hab a savage look;
But I know de Lord lub's dem,
Just as I do de holy Book."

On reaching the landing place, I was much surprised to see, just below it, part of a stone wharf. Few stones yet remained in their proper position the remainder had fallen in the water and by the ebbing of the out-going tide I saw

they were almost entirely worn away by the action of the incessant waves.

Said I to Mr. Buncom, "I think this will prove an interesting place, and no doubt a valuable spot for antiquarian research. There has been a more intelligent race here than those savages, that is, what little I have seen of them. There may be treasures buried here worth millions of dollars and—

"Captain, do you really think so?" interrupted Mr. Levy.

"Yes, Mr. Levy," replied I, to augment his zeal in the getting of gold. "This may be the land where that wise king whose name is your given name, obtained his gold."

"Do you really think this may be the Ophir spoken of in the Old Testament?"

"It is just as liable to be here as in Europe, Asia, Africa, or America."

"Those mines would satisfy me; let us begin searching for them."

He came to the bow and almost pushed me overboard in his eagerness to land. Thinking, undoubtedly, that the water was shallow, he stepped out the boat and went out of sight. Mr. Buncom cast him a rope, and while being pulled in, the prow touched land.

"Thank God, we are upon terra-firma once more," said I, on stepping ashore.

Mr. Levy, as soon as pulled in, ran the length of the boat, knocked down Mr. Anderson by colliding with him, sprang ashore, and shouted, "This is my land! I claim it in the name of Solomon Levy, its discoverer."

The men, except Mr. Anderson, stepped ashore.

"Men," said I, "I claim this land in the name of the President of the United States, and do hereby annex it to American soil. What shall we call it?"

"In honor of its discoverer, let it be known as Kiddle Island," said Mr. Buncom.

"Let it be called Levy's Land," said the Jew.

"Men," continued I, "shall it be named Kiddle Island, or Levy's Land?"

"Kiddle Island!" came the response from all except Mr. Levy, who shouted, "It is unfair."

"Shut your mouth and get your money," said Mr. Anderson, giving the money bag a toss. It fell at the water's edge where there was a muddy spot.

Mr. Levy began counting his coins, fearing some of them might have escaped through a small hole in the bag.

"Men," said I, "fire a salute and give three cheers in honor of this new-discovered land."

It was done accordingly. On pulling the boat a short way upon the beach we began making preparations for a camping place. Presently we saw the natives coming, and went out to meet them, armed with such arms as we had. At the head of my men, two abreast, beneath the gonfanon I love so well, was myself. Behind me was Mr. Sanborn, in full dress, supporting an ivory-headed whalebone cane, which I never noticed till now, and Mr. Buncom in the bear-skin. Over the right shoulder he carried a harpoon. Next was Mr. Anderson with my revolvers round his middle and my favorite rifle over his shoulder. At his side was the third officer, bearing the shot-gun. Behind these two were the sailors, armed with Winchesters, Mr. Wilcox having placed the rifle barrels forming part of our stove upon their stocks again. Beside Mr. Wilcox, odd sailor, was the carpenter, armed with a cutlass. Mr. Levy, unarmed, was encumbered with his money bag, and marched alone; Jack with hatchet in hand walked beside Lib, who was so frightened as to be hardly able to remain upon his feet. The Esquimau was last, armed with his spear. The savages, about forty in number, armed with long spears, heavy war club, and a large oval shield on the left arm, in single file came from their place of concealment, behind some large rocks. At the head was their chief, a great raw-boned giant, no less than seven feet and ten inches, nude except a breech-cloth. His long, coarse hair fell down his back almost to the hips. His high cheek-bones, aquiline nose, low, idiotic forehead, and small snaky eyes told me he was a hard character. He resembled a Patagonian, decidedly. I stopped to admire his colossal stature and he paused, marveling, no doubt, at my littleness.

"Great chief, how are you?" inquired I.

He grunted, stepped forward two steps and made the distance between us eight feet less. We were now four yards apart. On giving his weapons to a body-guard, six in number, with nose flat on the face, he stepped forward another step. He pointed to his men and then to himself, giving me to understand he was their chief. Stretching

out his arm full length he brought his fist against his breast, engendering a noise that sounded like the beating of a bass-drum, and roared in a thunder-like tone his name, Bahwahgun. He smote his breast again and roared his name three times in quick succession.

Said I, "How are you, Bahwahgun? You talk like a bad wagon rattles." On giving the flag to Mr. Sanborn, I stepped forward a step the same as himself, pointed to my men and then myself, I rose upon my toes to make myself, seem large as possible, smote my breast with both hands and exclaimed, "Captain John Digger Kiddle."

The old savage laughed in my face and by signs told me I was only knee high to him. On taking back his spear he drew a line in the sand with the end of the shaft, and made me understand it would be death to go beyond it. While making me understand this, his warriors gathered round us and leaned upon their spears. One of the warriors espied Lib crouched between Mr. Wilcox and the Jew, seized him by the cue, held him out at arm's length and presented him to Bahwahgun, who looked much perplexed. At length he took Lib up in the same manner and held him out at arm's length in the left hand, with Lib screaming at the top of his voice. Suddenly he seized me by the coat-collar and held me out in the other hand. A diabolical grin ran athwart his countenance. After inspecting us he set us both upon our feet again. Then he took the blanket from my shoulders. On seeing my watch-chain hanging from my vest, he snatched it, together with the watch.

"You old robber," exclaimed I, raising my cutlass to strike a blow; "and men, fire."

Not one made a move, for a great spear was ready to slay. On examining my watch, he could not make out where the ticking came from. I made motions for him to open it but he could not do so. Presently, he made motions for me to open it, which I did. On seeing, a power which he deemed witchcraft moving the tiny wheels, appalled him; he gave me back my watch. Mr. Sanborn's silk hat was the next object that came under his scrutiny. He removed it and placed it upon his own head, fairly elated. He smote his breast and roared "Bahwahgun" louder than ever.

"Yes," said I, "you are indeed a bad wagon, a genuine bandit."

I looked at Mr. Sanborn. Poor fellow, he was terribly crestfallen and had his eyes cast upon the ground. On rolling up his eyes he said, "Oh Massa, dat ar' hat ob mine."

Bahwahgun's next offence was to strip Mr. Sanborn of his clothes and then gave the poor darkey to tie about his loins a coarse cloth, coarser than gunny bagging, made from a species of grass that grows in low places on this island. This humiliated Mr. Sanborn as much as a monarch stripped of his crown. The old rascal's feet would not go through the pants legs when he tried to don them. Nor would his hands go through the coat sleeves. He threw the suit toward a warrior, the smallest among them, who put on the pants seat in front, vest buttoning behind, and the coat he turned wrong side out before putting it on. When thus arrayed he nodded at his comrades and smiled imperially. Bahwahgun looked at Mr. Buncom for a long time, it seemed to me, though probably not more than a minute, concluded he must be a bear, and raised his heavy club to deal a death blow.

"Stop, O Bahwahgun," said Mr. Buncom. "It is I, Loran Buncom, harpooner of the ill-fated Boreas, harpooner of thousands of whales, faithful consort of Imp, doting sire of Mrs. Daniel Rice, and a roaring Methodist."

I was surprised at the precision Mr. Buncom used in describing himself, as heretofore he had never been garrulous. Bahwahgun hearing a voice coming from the skin was astonished.

"Mr. Buncom," said I, "you had better shed your skin, for Bahwahgun does not know whether you are man or beast."

He tried to come forth but could no more do so than a snake trying to shed its skin out of shedding season. I called to Mr. Sanborn who lay flat in the sand, face downward, mourning the loss of his clothes; he got up and pulled off the bear-skin. Bahwahgun on seeing a man of such noble physique was agreeably surprised. He pointed to Mr. Buncom and then to himself, trying to make him understand he was almost as good a man as himself. On seeing the crutch, he was at a loss in comprehending its

use. I tried to made him understand it was the substitute for a broken leg. At length I made the matter explicit by falling upon the sand, getting up and dragging a leg along after me. Pointing to Mr. Buncom, he rubbed his right eye with his knuckles as if trying to keep back a tear, expressing sympathy for him. I saw he was bound to search us like a bandit. He stepped before Mr. Morrisey and took away his rifle. He examined it, gave it back, expressing with a grunt an undecided opinion as to its use.

Said I to Mr. Morrisey: "Discharge it in the air."

He did so. The report astonished Bahwahgun, who on recovering self-control a little smote his breast, and shouted his name at the very top of his voice, sounding louder than the roar of a lion. He motioned to Mr. Morrisey to discharge his gun again. Throwing out his chest he drew a deep breath and shouted his name the same instant that the gun report rang upon the air, louder than his voice. He took the gun again and looked down its muzzle shouting his name into it, as we often shout in a trumpet to the ear of a deaf person. He did not molest any more of the men carrying firearms. Mr. Anderson, in his fearless way, took from his pocket a piece of tobacco of the size that retails three for two bits, and said "Here, old Bahwahgun, take a chew."

Bahwahgun, on smelling it, placed it in his mouth and began chewing it all at once. He placed his hand gently upon Mr. Anderson's shoulder, and led him a step or two forward, where Mr. Buncom and I stood. By this I concluded that we three were his favorites. Mr. Levy stood trembling, with one foot upon his money bag, which he had dropped in the sand, and partly covered it up with his feet.

Bahwahgun's face grew ominous, I saw that he disliked the Jew on first sight, as we often do an individual, though he may prove a leal friend.

Mr. Levy trembled more violently, and shouted "My money, oh, my money!"

Bahwahgun on shouting his name seized Mr. Levy by the arm and flung him in midst the warriors. He picked up the money bag, gave it to me, and I untied it to show the contents. On seeing the coin he smiled and pointed to the mountains ahead. He made motions by which I un-

derstood there was an abundance of the precious metals there. I extended the bag but he motioned for me to keep it.

Mr. Anderson spoke, saying, "Captain, old Bahwahgun" (this was what he always called him both at his face and back. Mr. Anderson was not a man to Mr. you at your face and at your back put a mean adjective before your name), "must not know the value of gold and silver, or this place is so full of it that it is hardly worth picking up."

"I attribute it to his ignorance of the value of these metals."

Mr. Levy having crawled from among the warriors, assisted by a few slight prods from their spears, began shouting for his money.

"I have it; come and get it."

Bahwahgun stopped him, standing in front of him with uplifted club, ready to end him.

"My money!" wailed Mr. Levy.

"What is the matter, anyhow?"

"I want my money."

He attempted to press forward, but Bahwahgun hindered him.

Mr. Levy looked up in the grim old savage's face and said, "Give me my money, or give me death."

At this demand I smiled, not over Mr. Levy's wretchedness, but this theme carried me back to my boyhood days —when a school-boy—when I used to read from my reader the celebrated speech of Patrick Henry, in which he said, "Give me liberty, or give me death." I think that the love of Liberty, which so enthused our forefathers, has somewhat died out of our hearts, and the love of wealth has taken root. I think that we Americans, as a rule, can exclaim with sincerity of soul, like Mr. Levy—Give me money, or give me death. When Bahwahgun inspected Jack, he ogled him a moment and motioned him to stand to our right, but he would not move. Bahwahgun gave him a violent push which sent him flying head over heels in the sand. With a war-whoop Jack jumped up and rushed at Bahwahgun with uplifted hatchet. The chief caught the hatchet and snatched it from his grasp. Though disarmed Jack tried to renew the combat by getting hold of Mr. Westman's cutlass.

"Jack, stop!" I shouted. "If you are not careful you will lose your life."

Replied he, with the same indifference, "Maybe so, and maybe not."

Bahwahgun glanced at the Esquimau contemptuously, turned round, and came to me. On pointing toward the mountains, he made motions by which I understood we were to go thence shortly. Then he went through our effects, with the exception of my medicine chest. I was glad he did not, for he might have destroyed its contents. Espying Mr. Sanborn's razor, he opened it and drew his thumb across the keen edge, cutting it to the bone. With a howl he cast the razor in the sea. The bright blade flashed through the air as I had seen it do when Mr. Sanborn stopped it, after the manner of a tonsorial artist. Bahwahgun held his thumb in the palm of his right hand and blood trickled from between the fingers. I opened my medicine chest, and motioned him to come. He did so. I applied a salve, and bound it up. He was well pleased with my rude Æsculapian skill. He called a warrior before him, who laid aside his arms. With a swing of his powerful arm that would have vanquished John L. Sullivan, he brought his sledgehammer-like fist against the subject's nose, knocking him over Mr. Anderson's head about the height of the length of a rifle. A stream of blood gushed from the victim's nose, smashed flat to the face, in which the chief wet a bluish stone and made this mark on my forehead—a mark of great honor. When the victim rose to his feet, he was admitted to the body-guard. About this time I began feeling hungry, and not knowing when I might get another meal—that is, should I live to get hungry again—I mentioned the matter to Mr. Anderson, who gathered up some driftwood, plenty of it strewing the beach, and started a fire. I ordered Lib, who stood at my side leaning on my arm for support, as he was nearly frightened to death, to cook, good as circumstances would permit—do his very best, that he might win Bahwahgun's good will. This nerved him a little, and he began preparing a meal. I motioned to Bahwahgun, to find out if his warriors were to dine also. He shook his head in the negative. I was very glad, for we had not half enough provisions to go around. I ordered Lib to cook double the

amount we consumed on full rations, for I was sure our distinguished guest would eat as much as the whole of us put together. My calculations proved correct. Just after Mr. Anderson started the fire, he saw a large flock of geese feeding up the beach, about one hundred yards away. He took the shotgun and crawled toward them. Presently I heard him discharge both barrels, and he returned, bringing twelve large, fat fowl—one goose and eleven ganders. Bahwahgun now looked upon Mr. Anderson as a magician. He immediately inscribed upon his forehead with the bluish stone the same sort of mark as he did upon my own.

"Good for you, old boy," said I to Mr. Anderson, as he stood grinning with the last quid of tobacco between his jaws. "If there is anything soft in the future, we will be sure to enjoy it."

Mr. Buncom assisted Lib in dressing the fowls, which were baked in the sand heated by the fire. When ready to dine, Jack and the Esquimau came to take their accustomed place, but Bahwahgun motioned them to keep away.

"Old Bahwahgun is very high-toned," said Mr. Anderson. "Once, while working for a certain rancher in California, I had to sit at the same table with Chinese and Indians."

Lib placed some fowl one side for Jack and the Esquimau. Jack would not touch it, for his dignity was hurt in not being permitted to eat at the first table. Before Bahwahgun lay six fowls, the largest ones, three large fish, ten pounds of bear meat, and five gallons of coffee stood in a bucket. When our distinguished guest began the repast, I noticed that instead of picking the bones, he devoured them; his jaws came together like those of a steel trap. He ground the bones fine as quartz is crushed beneath the stamps of a battery. The six fowl disappeared while I was stripping the leg of one, and next went the fish. The bucket of coffee was half drained at two gulps. Then he gulped down the bear-meat in such large hunks that I feared it would choke him to death. He drank the remainder of the coffee, and leaned back against our boat, by which he sat. He smiled good-humoredly while we finished our meal. Lib, in the meantime, sat by the fire, eating from the bucket the bear-meat was cooked in. After we finished dining, Bahwahgun rose and stepped toward Lib, who

thrust his head in the bucket he was eating from and began to howl.

"Lib, stand up," said I, "Bahwahgun wants to confer a favor on you for your excellent cooking."

I had to hold up the frightened Mongolian, who kept his hands over his cue fearing he would lose it. Bahwahgun made a hideous looking mark on his forehead, extending from the eyebrows to the top of the head, high up as the hair was shaved off. When the ceremony was over, Mr. Wilcox spoke, saying, "By George, I had rather have that brand on me than bear the Victoria Cross!"

Mr. Morrisey, a little gone on the Golden Rose question, spoke thus: "I'll be hanged if that don't beat the Golden Rose from the Pope!"

Bahwahgun spoke to his warriors. They came and devoured the remnants of our meal, struggling and fighting over it like so many half-starved swine. Bones of the fowl trampled in the sand they devoured, sand and all. They resembled so many devils instead of human beings. They would have devoured our entire supplies had Bahwahgun permitted them to do so. It was all he could do to keep them back, and one in particular, whom he struck over the head with his club. I saw the victim drop, and started toward where he lay to see if my Æsculapian services were needed; but Bahwahgun motioned me back. At length the victim got upon his feet with blood dripping from the end of his long hair.

CHAPTER XIV.

SLAVERY.

THE object of Bahwahgun's visit to the beach as I learned erstwhile, was to ascertain whether his enemy, of whom I will speak anon, had come to attack him. The enemy were liable to come at this particular time of the year, as winds were favorable. We walked down the beach, except Mr. Westman and Jackson, who rowed the boat along. After going about one-fourth of a mile, we came upon six canoes that lay, bottom up, on the beach. Bahwahgun ordered my men, those that had not received the mark on the forehead, which I call the Purple X., to pick up the canoes and carry them. Among the unfortunate, was Mr. Buncom, who, at my solicitations, was emancipated by receiving a Purple X. Now, for the first time, I saw we were enslaved; and to make the matter more odious, our master was a savage. Mr. Sanborn, with the alacrity his race is noted for, in circumstances like ours, was the first to enter upon our new epoch. He took up one end of the bow of a canoe and asked Mr. Levy for assistance.

The Jew, instead of obeying said, "Before Mr. Solomon Levy begins a job he wants to be positive there is money in it. As he does not see anything in this job, thinks he will not undertake it."

"Mr. Levy," said I, "you had better assist Mr. Sanborn. I have your coin, and will keep it for you till your good conduct wins the Purple X., then you like myself, will be your own master. We will explore those mountains. If Bahwahgun's signs are correct, we will certainly find something that will abundantly reward us for all our hardships."

"I will do so," replied Mr. Levy.

He and the carpenter took up the stern and went on. Mr. Wilcox, Jackson, and Morrisey did likewise with the next canoe, Jack was ordered to assist Mr. Harry and Westman in carrying the next one. I could not persuade

him to do so, and asked his reasons to which he replied, "Heap tired."

I knew better than that, for he had not exerted himself in the least since our descent from the iceberg, and then all he had done was to slide down the rope.

"Jack, you now have a severe master who will not let you loaf as I have done, and if you disobey he will certainly kill you."

"Maybe so, and maybe not," was his reply, which had now become chronic with him.

Bahwahgun pointed out the canoe, and Jack ignored him altogether. At length Bahwahgun pushed him up to the canoe and tried to make him take it up, but his obstinacy predominated over the fear of death. Bahwahgun, on seeing that his efforts were fruitless, spoke to a warrior, who bound Jack's hands behind him, threw him on his back, tied a rope made of grass, round his ankles, and began dragging him along. Sometimes he was face downwards, then face upwards, and then on his side. Those of us having the Purple X went on with the first and second canoe. On ascending a mild declivity we came to a very clear stream flowing from the mountains. I named this stream Anderson River. When our boat was carried over, it took all hands; and on getting over the remainder of the canoes we embarked. Our boat was ahead, in which were all hands except Jack, who was in the second canoe. In Jack's stead was Bahwahgun, who sat in silence at the bow, probably meditating upon what he intended to do with us. The current was hardly perceptible and we made good progress. On both banks were fertile meadows sustaining a heavy growth of grass, tall as my head—grass need not be very tall to reach that high. I wondered why we transported our boats instead of following the beach to the stream's mouth, and thus ascend. I looked round and saw that after passing the point at which we embarked, the river ran parallel with the beach for several miles—as far as I could trace it. A flock of geese was just ahead of us. Bahwahgun turned partly round, placed his club in the same position as he had seen Mr. Anderson the gun in taking aim, and motioned for him to shoot. Mr. Anderson took up the shot gun and motioned for Bahwahgun to step back, which he did, and then discharged both barrels. I

counted fifteen dead and five wounded ones. A wounded one with a broken wing swam up alongside our boat. I took out one of my revolvers (Mr. Anderson having returned them on seeing he was not likely to need them against the savages) and aimed at its head, but did not fire. I waited till it opened its mouth to quack. I thrust the muzzle in its mouth, fired, and carried away its entire head. Bahwahgun seeing this marvelous display of marksmanship, shouted something in his nasal tongue, which, if translated, undoubtedly would be, Bravo! Well done! The fowl, unaccustomed to firearms flew but a little way, and lit in short range.

Our boat erstwhile was loaded down with ducks and geese, and so was the first canoe. Every canoe could have been loaded down. I looked upon the affair as wanton slaughter, but changed my opinion on arriving at our destination, seeing the numbers there were to eat them. On ascending the river about ten miles, we came to an abrupt bend. Before us lay an artificial channel; that is, I concluded it was such, for I saw fragments of a stone wall forming a portion of the bank, first on one hand and then on the other. This channel was about two miles long. In passing up it we encountered a rapid current, making our headway slow and laborious. The canoes did not reach us till an hour after we had passed through it. The savages were so indolent that it is strange how they overcame the current. While waiting for the residue of our fleet, I saw that this canal was cut across a neck of land round which the river originally flowed in the shape of a mule shoe, thus shortening the distance fully twenty miles. "Who excavated this canal, and for what purpose?" I asked myself.

Certainly these savages could not have done it, for they were almost too indolent to use it at all. A pre-historic race, no doubt, excavated and used it for commercial purposes, was the conclusion I came to. Across the old channel, just below the new one, I saw a great stone dam filled in behind for about ninety yards with earth. The stones under water had not crumbled away much, nor had those above, but those at water level were quite decomposed. We were in the old channel again, which we ascended in the neighborhood of three miles, when we came to a small

cataract. I say *small*, though it was about fifty feet high, and round it was another canal. The current being so strong, we could not ascend it with our oars. We disembarked, with the exception of Bahwahgun, and dragged our boat up with a rope. On getting our boat up, we sat down to rest. Those not having the Purple X were ordered back, whence a great deal of jabbering came. My men had to drag up every canoe, while the great, lazy savages lay in the shade of a tall tree laughing at them working with all their might. I was much provoked, and had I been one of the unfortunates, am almost inclined to think I should have done the same as Jack. Next to Bahwahgun in authority over the unfortunates was Mr. Levy, with his tyranny augmented after having laid dormant since we were frozen in. The men declared him a harder master than Bahwahgun himself. After the last canoe was drawn up, we proceeded on again. The stream was quite rapid, and continued to grow more rapid each yard we advanced. Presently Bahwahgun motioned us over to the right hand bank (we were hard against the left), whence he pointed, I saw a pile of stone wet with spray—here the river dashed down a series of rapids. We landed and I wondered how we were going to get round them. Bahwahgun motioned for the boats to be unloaded. By this time I saw that this was the end of the navigable part of the river. Through the rank grass I saw a path, perfectly straight, running almost parallel with the river. I stepped into the path and found it solid. On examination, I saw it was paved with stone not unlike the streets of some of our cities. Up between the paving stone, this species of rank grass grew. The canoes came up, and after much gesticulation and jabbering, they were pulled out upon the bank and turned bottom up. The grass protected them from the sun. Our boat was dragged up into the grass and turned up also. Now came the "tug of war," as it is often termed—the transportation of our effects and game. Bahwahgun placed almost a donkey load on my men, and Mr. Levy insisted on their bearing a mule load. While he was trying to increase their burden, Bahwahgun placed over two hundred pounds of game in a heap and motioned that it was his burden.

The Jew looked at it and said, "Does that old savage think Mr. Solomon Levy is a beast of burden?"

"That is what you think we are," remarked Mr. Hannah, staggering beneath his burden.

If under any other circumstances, I would have pitied Mr. Levy, and carried a portion of his burden, for it nearly broke him down. He, like the rest of us who never have borne a burden, knows not its weight till resting upon his own shoulders. The Esquimau was detailed to drag Jack along. I told Jack he had better get up and walk, for he looked like a swine drawn to market with a rope round its hind leg, and he obeyed. The savages had no burdens at all except their weapons, and walked behind, pricking up with the points of their spears the fagging burden-bearers, among whom was Mr. Levy. The path grew wider, and after two hours' travel, we saw in the distance a stone wall, and on reaching it we halted for a rest. The wall was of granite, with a two-foot layer of marble on top. It was thirty feet high and of that number of feet at the bottom, and at the top twenty feet wide. The wall was perfectly straight, extending up to the mountains. On each side the wall, over its mossy bed gushed a brook. As I stood admiring this wonderful display of labor, Bahwahgun on top the wall motioned for me to come up also. At first I wondered how I was going to get up. On going to one side, the right hand, I think, I saw a broad stairway leading thence. I ascended and beheld another stairway on the other side. The land on each side the wall was more suitable for agricultural purposes than grazing; grass much shorter; here and there clumps of gigantic trees dotted the valley. As we passed along the top of the wall, I noticed several grass-grown mounds on each side, a few of them showing fragments of granite and bits of pottery. By this I decided they must be ruins of dwelling houses. Perchance here stood capacious buildings, homes of many a happy family. Round the door children gathered and sang their little songs of glee. At the hearth, when the hours of labor were ended, assembled the happy family, enjoying to the fullest degree the pleasures of home. Long rows of such mounds were at the left, which I took to be the ruins of a city. I pointed them out to Bahwahgun and the only satisfaction he gave me was to point to his mouth and grunt. On doing this he spoke to his warriors, and motioned me to take my men to a cluster of

large trees to the right, about four hundred yards from the wall.

"How are we to get down?" I inquired of Mr. Anderson, who was ahead several paces.

"Captain, do you see those?" replied he, pointing out steps just in front of himself.

We descended them, and on reaching the trees, our camping place, stretched ourselves out for a short nap. Lib picked up some small branches, the ground was covered with both large and small ones, started a fire, and cooked supper while we napped. In the meantime Bahwahgun led his warriors to another cluster of trees, close at hand, about thirty yards to the right. Presently he came in our midst, opened his mouth, in which I longed to thrust the muzzle of my rifle, placed therein the fingers of his left hand, and roared "Bahwahgun" in a hollow voice. I knew what meant he, and ordered Lib to cook him twelve fowls, the largest he could select from a superabundant supply, ten pounds of bear meat, fry six fishes, and also boil a five gallon bucket of coffee. Mr. Anderson, Buncom, and myself were assistant cooks in the preparation of our guest's repast. In one hour's time our distinguished guest as well as ourselves attended the wants of the inner man. Mr. Levy, so fagged out, did not count his money, which I restored to him after supper; he dropped off to sleep with the bag in his arms. Shortly after supper we all —my crew and myself—lay down together, and slept the sleep of the weary. I was awakened by Bahwahgun beating his chest and shouting his name. He would, I think, have made an excellent foghorn, for his voice resembled one minutely. I could see Jack nowhere about, and soon learned he had departed in our slumber, taking a Winchester rifle, the Esquimau's spear and Bahwahgun's sandals. He and his warriors wore sandals instead of moccasins like our own savages. Bahwahgun was enraged on discovering his loss. He took up his spear and war club, and started in pursuit of the fugitive. He had not gone far before cutting his foot on a sharp stone. I was summoned to dress the wound—quite a deep cut in the hollow of the foot. The wound was painful, according to his groans and deepest bass shouts. He limped back and ordered his warriors out, with the exception of ten to watch us, for he thought

we might be inclined to run away also. It took half a day to discover Jack's tracks, for he had covered them carefully. A white man could never have discovered them. I saw the warriors depart in a southeasterly direction, and presently they disappeared in the tall grass. I hoped that Jack might escape, for if caught I was sure it meant death —and a horrible one too. I cared not if the pursuers were gone for a whole week, for their absence meant rest for us. At length I concluded to take a nap, which was a dreamless one. Mr. Sanborn, humiliated at the loss of his clothes, with only a coarse cloth about his loins to palliate his nakedness, continued to lament. His lamentation, Bahwahgun's groans, and the sighing of a soughing wind made me melancholy. Mr. Levy, on counting his money, also took a nap. Mr. Anderson paced back and forth beneath the trees with the diligence of a sentry, smoking his old briar-root, now and then uttering a round oath. In the serene air, high above us, I saw several large black birds soaring majestically. Round and round they circled gradually contracting the circle. I noticed that the savages got beneath the branches of the trees sheltering them, and poised their weapons. They shouted to Bahwahgun, and he stopped groaning. I wished they had shouted hours before, providing it would have had the same effect. He crawled along on his hands and knees close up to the body of a tree, and motioned for us to seek a similar place of safety. I could see no danger at all and wondered what was going to happen. The next moment I heard something coming from above, which sounded like the descent of a meteor. Down dropped the object, knocking off a small branch which just missed striking me on the head. On recovering from the little fright the falling bough gave me, I beheld before me, hardly two yards away, a gigantic bird of prey—black as night in Hades, fully ten feet tall, with a hooked bill like that of an eagle, and with talons that almost took away my breath. Before me stood a fudyick, the most ravenous, fearless bird of prey known. Here I sat looking at it and there it stood watching me. On lowering its head it stretched out its long neck, opened wide its mouth, and began hissing, a preliminary to seizing its prey. Soon as I saw its mouth open, all fear vanished Courage came forward, and whispered in my ear, "Captain

John Digger Kiddle, here is a chance for further display fn your remarkable marksmanship."

I grasped a revolver, and held it at arm's length. The fudyick protruded its neck a little further; I thrust the length of the pistol barrel, eight inches, down its throat, and fired. Here let me say that, somehow or other, I have a peculiar weakness for putting things into an open mouth. Once when riding in a railway coach, I beheld a man across the aisle with his head thrown back on the seat and with mouth wide open. I dropped several pea-nut shells into his mouth. The poor fellow strangled terribly in swallowing them, and then remarked: "Why, how curious in me leaving my teeth in, when I knew I would fall asleep."

He actually thought he had swallowed his false teeth. On learning differently, he began investigating the matter, and the result was, I had to get off as best I could and foot it ten miles to the next station, where I waited twelve hours for the next train. Well, I must resume my story. The shot of course killed the fudyick instantly, tearing away the head and neck. Soon as the carcass fell to the ground, the savages rushed forward shouting tremendously, and smote the air with their weapons. At first I feared they manifested hostility over the killing of the bird. Around the carcass they formed a circle, danced, and bowed; bowing lower than a fond couple in a quadrille when the prompter calls, "Honor your partner," and shouted ear-splitting shouts. I was obliged to hold both hands to my ears, for the noise was terrific. One more zealous than the rest took me up in his arms as if I was a child and ran around within the circle. Now I became aware they were expressing gratitude for my having killed the bird. Why should they be glad the bird was dead? When Colridge's Ancient Mariner shot the albatross with a cross-bow, there was lamentation among the men. Soon after this I learned that the fudyick hesitates not a moment to attack either man or beast. The word "fudyick" translated into English means "bad woman." According to tradition, a chiefess ruled over these savages who was such a tyrantess as to immortalize herself as the bad woman. She had laws enacted by which a husband was put to death each new moon. Her notoriety as a husband

slayer would have astonished King Henry VIII. as a wife murderer. This species of birds first made their appearance in the early part of her reign, and hence they derived their name. Through ignorance I killed a fudyick. Ignorance often prompts the coward to commit an act that the gods shrink from. The next time I tried to get in one of my remarkable shots on a fudyick I came near losing my life, and after a while I will relate the incident. The fudyick at my feet measured *thirty* feet from tip to tip of wing, and weighed not less than three hundred pounds. I wanted to cut off a talon and keep it as a memento like my bear-skin, but Bahwahgun prevented me, for which I thought him selfish and unjust. However, he was preserving the carcass whole to take it home, when I received an ovation which so augmented my pride as a hunter that I was vain. The warriors ceased their strange manœuvres. Even Bahwahgun forgot to groan and Mr. Sanborn lament about his clothes. The wind that shook the boughs overhead bore to my ears a faint sound, which, on hearing again, I decided was the report of a gun.

"Captain, you heard that, didn't you?" inquired Mr. Buncom, who also heard the same sound.

"I did."

"And what did you take it to be?"

"The discharge of a gun. Jack's, undoubtedly."

"That is what I thought."

"Poor fellow! they will certainly slay him."

"And so he will some of them."

"I care not how many, for that is what I think they intend to do with us all on arriving where they live."

"You adaw my worst fears," continued I, for the same thoughts were constantly on my mind.

Presently I counted fourteen reports in quick succession, about as rapid as a Winchester repeating rifle can be discharged.

The rifle that Jack had carried sixteen shots. When Bahwahgun heard the reports he sat up, grunted, and then laid down again on a blanket I had spread out for him. Half an hour after the firing of the shots came low, mournful cries from somewhere in the tall grass. Bahwahgun jumped to his feet, hurt his disabled foot, and sat down with a howl. Presently three savages were seen coming

abreast. The one in the middle was supported by the other two, and he could hardly stand upon his feet. On coming closer I saw blood gushing from the right breast, in which was a bullet hole. They had brought him for me to cure, but he expired the moment after arriving. There was a wild jabbering among them, and then they all ran back fast as their long, powerful legs could carry them. Being so long-legged and powerful they ran with nearly race-horse speed. Bahwahgun, having no sandals, could not follow, though he wanted to badly. I took the sandals from the dead savage's feet and gave them to him. He meditated on the matter. His dignity was hurt as ours is when circumstances compel us to seek a second-hand store and buy a pair of shoes, after having been accustomed all our lives to the best foot-gear the market affords. Finally, however, he concluded to wear them. They were considerably too small, at which he found fault. Had he been reared amid the elevating influences of civilization he would have been glad instead, for civilization only can make a shoe fit a foot a size or two larger than itself. He did not proceed, as he could not bear any weight upon his sore foot. By Mr. Buncom's permission I gave the illustrious savage his crutch. It was too short and he looked extremely awkward on it. This incident reminded me of a friend of mine, not taller than myself, whose mother was short as himself. He married a tall girl. Now then, this girl's mother-in-law, contrary to the universal custom, sickened and died. The young husband, being indigent as well as indolent, was not a good provider.

About two months after his mother's obit, his wife came out with one of the old lady's dresses on, reaching hardly down to the knees. In it how awkward she looked!

Mr. Anderson and myself were the only ones who followed after the savages. The ground we passed over was ridgy, like a plow makes in hilling up corn. There being so many ridges running parallel with each other induced me to believe that this land was once tilled. To further substantiate this theory, we came across a ditch along whose edge was a ridge from three to five feet high. We crossed over this ridge, and presently came upon another one almost like it, running at right angles, extending till reaching another ridge running in the same direction as the first one. I

saw that these ridges and the wall encompassed a tract of about forty acres. Now I was positive it had once been a field. We crossed over several more such ridges before reaching a flat covered with that rank, tall species of grass of which I have spoken. The grass was so rank and tall that I could make but little headway. Bahwahgun was worse off than myself, for the grass caught his crutch and tripped him frequently. At length he turned round and went back.

"Mr. Anderson," said I, "I am going back, too."

"Captain," replied he, knocking the ashes from his brier-root on the palm of his hand, "during my long and intimate acquaintance with you, this is the first time I ever remember of your not going through with anything that you undertook. You have been my pattern and I have finished everything I undertook, so far as my abilities and circumtances would permit."

As for myself, I could not remember whether I had made a failure of anything I undertook since Mr. Anderson was with me, but I do know that he completed everything he undertook. His words cheered me, but they did not clear my path. At length I became jaded out, and said, "Mr. Anderson, I can go no further, and for what are we going? On a wild-goose chase, chasing a pack of savages."

"Captain, get upon my shoulders," said Mr. Anderson, kneeling.

I mounted his back. My head was above the grass and I had a good view of the surrounding country. We were following along the river. Its bank was almost as marshy as the banks of the river Styx. On and on we went, and ere long I thought we would come upon the beach. After a while, however, a short distance before me I saw the grass move. Around a little clear space, where the grass was trampled down, I beheld the savages standing in profound silence. Within the circle I saw the bodies of fifteen savages, just as each had fallen before Jack's deadly rifle. My surprise was above the power of my tongue to word it.

"Jack, noble Indian," thought I at length, "who would have thought him so brave?"

At first I thought they had slain him; yet, not knowing why, I called, saying, "Jack, are you alive yet?"

"I am," replied he, unconcerned as if he had killed so many coyotes.

He came from behind the savages with hands tied behind him. From his belt dangled fifteen bloody scalps from the heads of his victims.

"Jack, you have done an awful thing."

"Maybe so, and maybe not."

"Where is the rifle?"

He pointed to the grass behind where he had stood. I motioned for a savage to get it, but he was superstitiously afraid. He gave a shout, trying to imitate its report, and then fell over, making me understand that it would kill him if he touched it. Mr. Anderson picked it up; the savages gave a howl, and fled. I cut the thongs that bound Jack's hands, and he came along with us. I was sure they would not molest him again, for he had taught them a fearful lesson. When emerging from the grass I saw several fudyicks soaring high in the air. With almost the rapidity of a thunderbolt, one of them descended where the slaughter took place, and shortly it rose with a body in its talons and flew towards the mountains. Down dropped six more. After screeching, and fighting among themselves for several minutes, each one rose with a body. When well on their way to the mountains, eight more descended; and I saw them all rise except two which I concluded were devouring their prey on the ground. It was not long before four more descended and not one of them ascended till after we reached camp. I was surprised on seeing two of them rise, each bearing a dead fudyick, killed in controversy for the prey.

Presently another one arose with two human bodies, followed by a preyless one, and ascended high in the air; as high, if not higher, than when I first saw them circling around. They came directly overhead. The one that did not succeed in procuring prey began fighting one of the others. It was not long before I saw something drop which struck the earth with a heavy thud, and blood flew in my face. Before me, not three yards off, lay a human body crushed in a shapeless mass. The fudyick, in fighting had let it drop. I never saw such a fearful sight but once before, and that was the body of a balloonist which fell from the balloon at the height of five thousand

feet; almost one mile. Not only did I see it, but thousands of others, many of whom fainted. To return: while beholding the ghastly sight, I heard a noise above me which I recognized as the descent of a fudyick. Scarcely had I dodged beneath the branches of a friendly tree before it landed right where I had stood, looking rather foolish at my escape. I intended to kill it with one of my remarkable shots, but Mr. Anderson requested me to stand aside, which I did, and he killed it with my favorite rifle. This was his first off-hand shot since Dutch wounded him in the hand. Before the report ceased echoing among the trees, down came another fudyick which Mr. Anderson killed the moment it lit. Then four more came down, one right after another, and he shot them all but one.

"Mr. Anderson, why don't you finish this one also?" inquired I.

"I want to experiment a little," replied he, "This bird will, I think, try to get away with all it can possibly carry, and I am anxious to ascertain its full strength."

"A wise plan," added I, demurely.

The fudyick viewed the carcasses a few moments, and then seized them all in one talon. It arose to the height of the trees, and on seeing it might bear a heavier burden, it descended and took up the human body in the other talon. It started upwards, though slowly. The five carcasses weighed at least ten hundred pounds, and the body two hundred and fifty pounds; making in all twelve hundred and fifty pounds. It was the largest fudyick I had yet seen, and carried four times it own weight or thereabouts. It was one of the most marvellous displays of power I ever witnessed in any living object. On ascending high as the tallest tree in the cluster beneath which we were camped, it remained almost stationary for about five minutes, though striving desperately to rise up and onward. Its strength was becoming exhausted, and it began to descend.

"I will help you down a little, old fellow," said Mr. Anderson, on taking aim.

He fired. Down came the fudyick and all. One of the carcasses fell square on Mr. Sanborn's head.

He looked up and said, "Hi, up dar; don't fro down any more trash!"

I ordered Lib to prepare a meal, for I heard Bahwahgun giving a few hollow groans. Shortly after dining I rolled up in my blankets for a good nap. I do not know how long I slept when something heavy upon my stomach woke me up. On opening my eyes I beheld a savage, whose face was strange (I recognized all of Bahwahgun's warriors at first sight) standing with one foot upon my breast and ready to transfix me on his spear. I shouted out in terror, which woke up Bahwahgun. He sprang upon his feet and said something to my would-be slayer in angry tones. The savage thus addressed fell upon the ground beside me, and protruded his tongue. Then he lowered his head and shook it. I thought he wanted to bump skulls with me. I was aware how little my own could injure his, and pointed out Mr. Sanborn. I knew that Mr. Sanborn would give him all the skull cracking he wanted. Afterwards I learned that the savage meant forgiveness. This savage was a new arrival—one of a band of five hundred that came in quest of their chief. They were delighted at the killing of the fudyicks, but appalled over the fate of those Jack slew. Bahwahgun ordered the journey resumed, and the new-comers assisted my men in bearing their burdens. Mr. Levy was relieved of his entire burden, and carried his bag of coin. Jack was somewhere in the rear among the warriors, and I did not see him till after finishing the journey. I noticed that the carcasses of the fudyicks Mr. Anderson and I killed were carried along. We kept upon the wall, which went over a hill, and down into a valley which is almost round. Here the wall seemed to have crumbled away entirely.

CHAPTER XV.

THE FIERY FURNACE.

THIS round valley is in the neighborhood of ten miles across it. At the north the great mountains rise abruptly; south, small hills; the wall passes over the lowest one. On the east rugged foot hills, and the same on the west. In the centre almost close together as shucks of grain in a harvest field, were mounds grass-grown, some perfect as if constructed by the Mound Builders. At first I thought it the work of this prehistoric race, but on examination I found them composed of debris—once comprising a city of remote antiquity. Within these mounds dwelt the savages, in small chambers they had hollowed out. I named this place Bahwahguntown after the chief. When we arrived here the entire population, consisting of about three thousand souls, all told, gathered around us. The women, perfect Amazons, were as scantily clad as the men, while the children were not at all elegantly attired—having on nothing more than nature endows us with. The carcasses of the fudyicks astonished them, and when Bahwahgun told who killed the birds, I thought that Mr. Anderson and I would be stared to death. Women thrust their great greasy faces close up to ours, and jabbered something, maybe, for all I know, denouncing us as rascals and cowards. I wished that Mr. Sanborn had been in my place. He said that when a person stared at him it was to admire his beauty. Poor Mr. Sanborn! he stood at the left of Mr. Buncom, trying to cover his black skin with the lower portion of Mr. Buncom's shirt that had come unceremoniously out of his pantaloons. I looked toward Mr. Anderson to ascertain how he was standing the ordeal. There he stood with hands behind him, nodding, smiling and nodding. Nothing in the world makes me more nervous than woman's scrutiny. I can face the ocean in every mood it is capable of assuming without the least timidity. Mr. Anderson on observing my nervousness said, "Brace up, Captain! This is more pleasant than

facing a stormy sea, hungry bears, or ravenous fudyicks."

"Give me the sea, bears or fudyicks everytime," replied I.

I saw him bow profoundly and smile imperially. Before him stood a damsel (my heart beats so I can hardly talk at all); she was beautiful. Her skin was much whiter than mine before I took to the sea. They all tell me I am one of the whitest men that ever lived—probably meaning white-livered. Her long, dark, heavy, wavy hair hung below the knee. Her eyes were black as a fudyick's plumage, and Mr. Sanborn's skin included; eye-lashes, long and dark as her eyes, cheeks red as Mr. McFadden's just after painting; nose, fashioned to embellish her countenance, and mouth to do the same. Such perfect features I never saw before or since—beyond the pale of the sculptor's chisel or poet's pen. She spoke, but I could not understand. Her voice was low and musical as Apollo's harp when first attuned to speak of love. My gaze was fixed upon her. I could not see a great, greasy face close to my own, before the nose touched my cheek. The touch would have been more pleasant had the nose known the use of a handkerchief. If old Satan himself had stood before me I would have ignored his presence. Beauty in woman is the fixed pole around which man's soul revolves. As the moon is queen of the heavens, so is woman of the earth. We follow, we obey her. If she is a mundane angel, we become as an archangel, but if otherwise we degenerate accordingly.

Said Mr. Anderson, I was glad he spoke for I was becoming almost enchanted: "Captain, what do you think of my girl? Isn't she a beauty?"

"Indeed she is."

He motioned for her to look at me. On casting her eyes upon me, the color left her cheeks and blanched as if beholding a Gorgon. Was she so afraid of my insignificance? Turning back to Mr. Anderson, I saw the color return. Presently the crowd dispersed, and a fearful howl rent the air. Bahwahgun had just made known the fate of those Jack slew. The unfortunate ones' wives and relatives were bemoaning their fate. I could not find Mr. Anderson amid the tumult. I was anxious to find out, if possible, who this beauty was. At last I came upon Mr. Buncom, leaning upon his crutch, who said he saw Mr. Anderson and the girl in question go past a few moments before.

"Oh," said I, "Mr. Anderson is already in love."

I was not willing to admit that I was desperately in love with her myself. My conscience kept saying, "Captain John Digger Kiddle, you little Bantam rooster, you are not large enough to be more than a mote in a woman's eye. How can you expect she should care for you at all?"

Amid the shrieks and lamentations, I heard the voice of Mr. Sanborn, and thought he was mourning for the dead also.

Said I, "Mr. Sanborn, is your love for those savages so great that you mourn like that? Were you among the slain, the living would laugh over your fate."

"Oh Massa, dem clothes ob mine."

"Well, what of them? Within a month or such a matter, I will have to appear in the same sort of rig you have on, for my clothes will be worn out."

"Cap'n, de trufe is, I'm in lub, an' want dem to shine up a little in."

"Impossible! what can you see in any of these great coarse faces to admire?"

"Massa, I sees one face lublier dan my Emma Lila's, way down Souf."

I had to laugh at his misfortune, but the object of his adoration, Mr. Anderson's and mine also, was afraid of him, as the most superstitious are of a black being blacker than Mr. Sanborn. After a while I found Mr. Anderson, who was whistling—a thing I never knew him to do before. Then he began singing thus:

"O spout ye whales,
O blow ye gales,
Breakers! sound thy warning;
I feel just as gay
As the birds of May
That sing in the morning."

If Mr. Anderson ever felt an exhilaration before, he manifested it in blasphemy.

Said he, after a grin, something also exotic: "Captain, if that was not an ovation, tell me what is? And how did you enjoy it?"

"I felt as uncomfortable as at a banquet on having just dined, trying to force down food."

"It was altogether different with me," replied he, with a broader grin and several small ones coming after.

"Perhaps you can stand being stared at; I never could, for I am exceedingly modest."

"Captain," he went on hesitatingly, "I request a favor of you. Were you to grant it, I will guarantee you another ovation in honor of your remarkable marksmanship."

"I think that my reputation as a peerless marksman is fully established, of which I am aware without being reminded by another ovation. Well, what is the favor?"

"You know that heavy bed-quilt of mine?"

"Yes, certainly."

"I should like to exchange it for your purple blanket."

"I may need it to cover my nakedness before long."

His countenance grew troubled; he heaved a sigh and I saw he was miserable.

"Mr. Anderson, you can have it," said I at length.

"Oh, Captain, you are so good!"

He grasped my hand, shook it, and I felt every joint in my body crack. On taking up the blanket, he departed, but returned after a while. Bahwahgun showed us, the Purple X members, about town, though there was not much to be seen, and then took us to a mound, the largest one among them. We entered it by crawling in the same manner as we used to our ice-house. We soon found ourselves within a chamber twenty feet square. The walls were smooth, so was the ceiling, which seemed one solid stone supported in the center by a column. The floor was of stone, smooth, and highly polished; one could almost see himself reflected in it. This ruin was in the best state of preservation of any in town. There were two windows, one at the west, facing the street, probably at one time Main street. And the other at the north, facing perhaps an alley-way. This was Bahwahgun's headquarters, or royal palace. He showed us great respect in giving up the royal castle. The furniture, etc., had been removed before we took possession, and I could not learn how he had it furnished. The quilt I got of Mr. Anderson made me quite comfortable, in keeping my bones from the hard floor. Upon it Mr. Buncom reposed also, and congratulated me on the acumen I manifested as a trader. Had it not been for my bearskin, which was ripped open on this event in question, we would have lain cold. Mr. Anderson rolled himself up in a tattered quilt and blanket, all the

bedding he now possessed, and was soon asleep. I could not go to sleep. Something, I hardly knew what, agitated my mind. I tried to think what it was, but could not. Then I tried to think of nothing and then it came to me. Ah, that face! The floor became harder every moment. It, like the world, was no feather bed; but like the world, cold and hard as a granite-paved street. Mr. Buncom began snoring, which made me more uncomfortable. I was wretched indeed. As the old saying is, "Misery likes company." I woke up Mr. Buncom, who inquired if anything was wanting.

"I want you to keep me company as I am much agitated.

"I am troubled also, and the trouble came even in my sleep. I am glad you woke me, for I was in the first stages of nightmare. I do wonder—"

"Wonder what?" interrupted I.

"Whether," continued he, his voice trembling—"whether Imp has any kidney medicine, nowadays."

"Is that all that troubles you?"

"Is not that enough? Poor Imp, she has often said if it was not for that medicine, she would have gone up into the sky long ago."

"If she ever goes that way at all," thought I. "she will have to take along a large supply of kidney medicine to make herself at all agreeable to the angelic hosts."

"Captain, what is it that worries you?"

"You know of my loss in the wreck."

"I do, and it is wonderful how you bear up so well. Many a man with body large and strong as my own would have gone insane enough to end his life. Did you notice that beautiful creature with Mr. Anderson?"

"For heaven's sake do no mention the matter!" replied I, rather hotly, for I thought he had discovered the cause of my trouble and was trying to tantalize me.

"Did you notice her perfect form?" continued he.

I made no reply.

"Well, Captain," he went on, "she reminds me so much of my daughter Hattie. I am sorry for the poor thing, having to go clad the way she is, but I can do nothing for her."

He said nothing more. I wished I had let him dream on

of his Imp and her medicines. I did not get any sleep at all. Just as I began to doze I heard something grunting at the door. Raising my head I saw Bahwahgun kicking and grunting his way into our presence. Why he did not make the doorway large enough, I do not know. After much exertion, the first I had seen him put forth, he got through.

"Good-morning, Bahwahgun," said I.

He nodded and grunted as he approached Mr. Anderson who was sound asleep. Bahwahgun rolled him over and shook him.

"What in the name of the evil one do you want," growled Mr. Anderson, half asleep.

Bahwahgun smiled, ambrosial as if addressed in words coined for the addressing of potentates only. He made a motion which Mr. Anderson understood, but I did not. Mr. Anderson left with a smile radiating his face, and then it became apparent that he was on his way to see the beauty. Bahwahgun had come after him to marry them. Had I been aware of this I would not have committed such blunders, of which I will speak shortly. Lib had been up an hour and called us to breakfast. Mr. Buncom and I enjoyed a plate of mush and milk, we also had sweet potatoes, corn bread, and coffee. Indian corn grows on this island in great abundance, yielding more to the acre than any place else in the world. The milk was from cows of a small, inferior breed, the only inferior species the island contains. Such large sweet potatoes! I saw one three feet long, two feet in diameter, weighing above one hundred and fifty pounds. This was a delightful change after having subsisted almost entirely upon meat and fish. I took so heartily to vegetable-eating that Mr. Buncom called me a vegetarian. When we had finished eating, down the path came Bahwahgun, grunting a few hollow grunts; behind him was Mr. Anderson and his bride. She smiled and nodded at me. I thought her a little proud of her new attire—my blanket with a hole cut through the center, through which was her head. It hung down her back almost to the heels and in front just below the knee. It was girded at the waist with one of the groom's web suspenders. The red lining of the groom's felt hat was on her head, resting lightly upon the hair. This simple attire

made her more beautiful than ever, and I dared not look upon her. She and her husband both ate from the same plate (we had two dozen tin plates among our effects) and besides they drank from the same cup—Mr. McFadden's shaving mug, which I claimed on his decease. I left them smiling on each other and sought my men who were in bondage. I found them divided in two gangs, one to follow agriculture, of which Mr. Sanborn was foreman, which made him feel so good that he forgot about how he looked and greeted me with a broad grin. Under him was Mr. Wilcox, Westman, and Hannah. The other gang with Don Leguna, foreman, was to follow masonry and carpentering. Under him was Mr. Morrisey, Jackson, Harry, and Levy. This gang began clearing away the rubbish for the foundation of a structure—Bahwahgun's new palace. I did not see the Esquimau or Jack anywhere about, and inquired of Mr. Sanborn concerning them. He said they had left with one hundred warriors about two hours previous. Just then Bahwahgun came up and pointed to the foot hills lying at the east, toward which he began limping. His foot was better and could bear part of his weight upon it, thus dispensing with the use of a crutch. I followed on and after me came Mr. Anderson and his bride, on their wedding tour. I wished she had been "ten thousand miles away." They conversed and seemed to understand each other. Mr. Anderson spoke a language of which I could not understand a single word. I knew it was neither Swede nor Norwegian for I have a fair command of both of these languages. I stepped up beside Bahwahgun, and began talking to him, and he to me. I could get as much sense from the roar of the ocean as from his jabbering, and probably he could the same from mine. I began telling what a beautiful country he had. I thought by the way he looked down, that he was making fun of me. This angered me, and I shouted, "Bahwahgun, you old villain!"

This pleased him; thinking, probably, I was extolling him.

"If I had such an ugly old pate as yours, I would sit upon the mountain-top for a scare-crow."

He laughed; it was not a hollow laugh this time for he had just dined.

"Just the sight of your face is enough to frighten away

all your wives. How many wives have you, anyhow?"

This made him roar so loud that the ground seemed to tremble beneath us. Our course was up a broad "wash," that is, the dry bed of a stream flowing when the snow melted in the mountains. On both sides was a high bank of gravel, looking exactly like the fabulously rich auriferous gravel beds I saw along the Sacramento River the first time I came to California.

Mr. Anderson, on glancing at the banks, said, "Captain, if there is not gold here the Treasury building at Washington contains none either. Some day I will come up here and prospect this gravel. Don't you think it a good idea?"

"What would you do with the gold if you got any?"

"Oh, spend it on tobacco, grog, and have a good time, like I used to when mining along the American River.

"Remember you are not in California now."

"That's so; I forgot where we were."

He resumed conversation with his companion. I ran to overtake Bahwahgun, who had limped round a bend and was out of sight. I scrambled up an abrupt ledge, where bed rock cropped out, and saw something yellow between two large boulders. I paid no attention to it and passed on. On ascending the right hand bank, which was about twenty feet high, I came upon quite level ground. The stream coming down the wash, sank in the sand several rods above where we left the bed. At the north, probably not more than three miles distant, rose the highest mountain, almost perpendicular, piercing the clouds that hovered around its crest, as if weary of their flight. Snow, the accumulation of thousands of years, coruscated in the sunshine. Towards the right a spur ran out, clad with dense forests. From this spur ran another one, the backbone of which was broken. Instead of a forest, great granite boulders lay strewn over it. We reached the base of this spur after an hour's walk from the wash—distance about four miles. A flight of stairs lay before us. It was ten feet wide; each step a solid stone two feet broad and eighteen inches thick. Up the flight we went, and on ascending one hundred steps, there was a level place of one hundred paces, three hundred feet long. We ascended four hundred steps more and stood upon the summit of the

spur. A more desolate looking place would be hard to find. Granite boulders, each weighing hundreds of tons, lay over the ground, and where they failed to cover the ground, it was strewn with fragments of limestone and slate. I was exhausted in coming up the stairs, for I tried to keep up with Bahwahgun, who went up most of the way two steps at a time. I sat down by the roadside and waited till Mr. Anderson and his bride came along. He carried something over his shoulder, around which was tied his other web suspender.

Just before reaching me, he dropped his burden and said, "Captain, would you come here?"

I attempted to rise, when he took up his burden and laid it at my feet. It was a nugget of gold weighing fully one hundred pounds.

"Where did you find this?" exclaimed I, in amazement.

"In the wash, upon the reef where bed rock crops out."

It was the same yellow object that I saw. His bride had her hands full of gold—all she could carry. It was in lumps of about the size of a hen's egg. She offered them to me and I placed four of them in my wallet, which lately had been taken with a sort of a financial cramp, brought on by emptiness. We followed the roadway, as broad as the stairs. It descended a small hill, and I looked for it in vain on the opposite side. It seemed to end in the hollow.

Said I, "Mr. Anderson, probably the company that began this road broke up about this time, and the road was never finished."

He was of a similar opinion. I heard a roar like the blower to a blast furnace, coming from the hollow, and the next instant a lambent, smokeless flame shot up in the air one hundred and fifty feet strong. It was three feet across it. The sight startled me. On the ocean I had beheld a great column of water shoot up, and here on land a pillar of fire ascended. What next? Probably I would behold myself going through the air borne by some mysterious force of nature. Bahwahgun stood on the brow of the hill, motioning for us to come. A thought of horror crossed my mind, believing that the old fiend had brought us up here to cast us in the fire.

Mr. Anderson, on seeing my reluctance, said, "Captain, what is the matter? You tremble; are you ill?"

"That fire makes me uneasy."

"Never mind that. In the mysterious hereafter, if you see no worse fire than that, you and Mr. Buncom will be the only fortunate ones of the *Boreas*' crew.

Evidently Mr. Anderson did not place much faith in himself, nor did he consider his comrades much better off. An evangelist who can make a success at converting sailors would soon flood the market with converts. The gospel does not suit sailors, or the sailor does not suit the gospel.

We advanced. Round the pillar of fire, close as the intense heat would permit, stood Bahwahgun and his warriors, leaning forward slightly upon their spear-shafts. Jack, with hands tied behind him, stood next to Bahwahgun. Opposite to Bahwahgun, behind the circle, was an incline shaft like that to a mine. I noticed steps going down it, cut in the foot-wall. This excited my curiosity, and I was desirous to learn the purpose it once had served. I descended carefully as possible, for the rock was rotten. On reaching the seventy-fifth step, I found a station hewn out. From it a tunnel extended to the right, through which I saw the glare of the fire, I advanced till the heat compelled me to stop, and found myself in a cavern made by man. The roof was supported by numerous pillars of original rock. The cavern was eight feet high, and, I should think, about one hundred feet square. Upon the floor was a heap of shining dust. I took up a little and discovered it to be lead-silver ore. I dug in the heap to the depth of about one foot and took out several lumps. Originally it was all lumps, but the lapse of centuries had decomposed it. Around the pillar of fire that shot up through the centre of the cavern, were a few stones, one upon the top of another, forming a wall of about three feet high. Now I saw that this mysterious flame had once been utilized for smelting ore. A first-class furnace it must have been—nature furnishing both fire and blast. Opposite to the ore pile, piled up to the roof, the length of the cavern, was a pile of metal as it came from the furnace, in bars of about the size of an ordinary bar of lead. The metal was bright. The heat from the fire had kept the cavern dry, preventing it from corroding.

Beyond I saw a tunnel which I would have explored, but the heat would not allow me to pass by. I returned to the station and looked down the shaft, and beheld two small round objects that glowed like an electric light. Two great jaws were wide open, from which came a forked tongue. I gave a howl, and ran up the stairs, most the time clearing two steps at a bound. When I got upon the surface my hair stood on end. Bahwahgun, seeing me in this condition, laughed, and so did his warriors. Their laughter sounded above the roar of the flames.

"Captain," said Mr. Anderson, as he came up to the stone against which I leaned, "by what little I can understand of this young lady's language, these savages regard that hole as the abode of the devil, from which they claim to have descended."

"The proof of their descent seems so positive as to be wholly unquestionable," replied I.

The flame that had played for three hours suddenly died away, as the extinguishing of a lamp with a blast from one's mouth. Bahwahgun seized Jack, tore his shirt from his breast, a warrior lifted his spear, and with a quick thrust ran the blade through the right breast, along the bone. Jack never flinched or groaned. The warrior took hold the end of the spear-shaft, lifted him up and stood him in the hole, suspended on the shaft where it received the blade. Another warrior piled stone on the end of the shaft, counterbalancing Jack's weight. His silence surprised the savages. They threw small stones at his head to make him speak. After the first stone struck him, he spoke thus:

"You burn me to death. I die happy, for I have killed many of you and taken your scalps to show my father, when I reach the happy hunting-ground, that his son was brave like his father, who died in the white man's stone-house (prison). My father burned many men at the stake. Most of them groaned and cried like a squaw. I am no squaw and can face death like a true Piute.

"Captain," continued he, turning his head toward me, "you are a good, brave man, fit for Indian heaven, and I will meet you in the happy hunting-ground."

He began a wild war song. I heard the rumbling of advancing flames, and just had time to say, "Farewell,

Jack," when they shot upward. I smelt cloth and flesh scorching, saw something curl up like bacon rind in a camp fire. A few puffs of smoke shot out one side the pillar, and that was the end of Jack. The flames consumed him instantaneously. I covered my face, that Mr. Anderson should not see my tears. He may have been sadder than myself, but did not show it. Laying his hand upon my shoulder, he said: "Captain, by George" (instead of swearing he substituted this by-word), "wish I had this fire at home. I could soon make a fortune out of it."

"Yes; I suppose you would make a furnace of it, smelting iron or lead."

"Not much. I would smelt nothing but human bodies. Why! don't you understand me? It would be a crematory. Did you notice how nice that Indian cremated? That was the slickest thing I ever saw."

"You should not make light of it, for it was an awful thing."

"I should like to die, when my time comes, as easy a death. If that was not euthanasia, what is?"

"You and I may be brought here for the same purpose, for all we know."

"Well, if we are, we will go up like that Indian, and that's all there is to it. If it is not our predestined death, we could hang in that fire and be as comfortable as the Hebrews in the fiery furnace."

"They were protected by a superhuman power."

"And so are we till our time comes. Till then we are proof against fire, flood, famine heat and cold."

He engrossed his attention with his bride, leaving me to my reflections. Speaking about being proof against fire brought to my recollection a certain church deacon named Daniel Moses Rooter, who was a genuine hard-shell Baptist. So hard was his shell that people looked upon him as a fire-proof safe. In those days this class of safe was scarce. Some of the brethren had such faith in the deacon's ignipotent qualities, that they gave him their valuables for safe-keeping. I almost believed him fire-proof myself, for I saw him rescue two children from a burning building that the firemen would not approach. From the date of this event his reputation of being fire-proof was

fully established. Not long after the fire burglars entered his house, and made way with only his pants containing a dunning letter for the amount of two dollars. Now, he had a reputation of being both fire and burglar-proof. Doubt entered my mind, and I wanted positive proof that he really was fire-proof. It was a long while before I got an opportunity to settle this question. At last it came, as it will to all who wait, though the waiting may exhaust the patience of Time. It was on a Sunday evening, at a revival in the church to which he belonged, that I experimented for myself. The church was crowded, and the deacon entered just as Brother Mason, celebrated for his one and two hour prayers, began to pray. Down on his knees beside the stove at which I sat went the good deacon. A voice whispered in my ear, which must have been Satan's, saying, "John Digger Kiddle, make hot the poker and decide the matter for thyself."

I opened the stove door carefully and laid the poker upon a bed of coals. When it got red-hot I withdrew it. When nobody was looking I thrust the poker up under the deacon's coat-tails. I really began to think him fire-proof, when suddenly he sprang upon his feet shouting, "Lord, God Almighty!"

Some thought it an ebullition of his religious zeal, as he was very zealous.

"Fire, fire! I am all afire!" he shouted.

At this moment I disappeared through the door. A panic ensued, for many thought the building was on fire. The result of my experiment was that the deacon lost all fire-proof qualities. Soon afterwards Dutch, the identical individual I court-martialed and shot, burglarized his house and got away with most all the valuables entrusted to his keeping.

About as long as I have been narrating this incident the fire burned. Soon as it died away a savage grasped the Esquimau, intending to cremate him. At that moment Mr. Anderson snatched a revolver from my belt (I had them both with me), and took deliberate aim at the savage, and shouted, "Let him alone or I will fix you."

The savage, seeing the weapon, which he greatly feared, in readiness to end him, shrunk back. Bahwahgun frowned and manifested hostility.

Mr. Anderson stepped before him and said: "Why are you going to murder this man? What harm has he done?"

Bahwahgun made motions by which I understood that the Esquimau was considered of no account. It is the custom of these savages to put to death in the same manner as Jack all those incapable of sustaining themselves and going to war, including the old, cripples, deaf, dumb, and blind. It seemed cruel, but the ancient Greeks did the same, probably deriving the custom from these savages.

Said I to Mr. Buncom, who had not yet understood the motions: "Bahwahgun considers the Esquimau of no account. Put that nugget of gold upon his shoulder and tell him to run around within the circle."

The burden was placed upon the would-be victim's back, and he ran around six times within the circle. Then Mr. Anderson took it from his back and gave it to Bahwahgun, and motioned for him to do the same. Bahwahgun gave him to understand it was beneath his royal highness to do such an act. Bahwahgun ordered a warrior, the one who thrust his spear into Jack, to carry it around. The savage shouldered it with a tremendous grunt, started, and fell down when half way round. Bahwahgun scolded, and his warriors roared a roar of derision and scorn. Another took it up and let it fall from his back on his second step. These savages, so large and powerful, are as useless in bearing a burden as a minister from the pulpit would be in trying to carry Pat's hod to the top of a four-story building.

CHAPTER XVI.

MY INTERVIEW.

WHEN we arrived home, I went to see how the men were getting along with the foundation of the new building. They had a trench, three feet deep and two feet broad, dug along one side the flat. Their tools of native manufacture were rude, and it required a great deal of exertion to make any headway with them. The men were in good spirits except Mr. Levy, who lay in the trench. face downward, weeping.

"What are you doing down there, Mr. Levy?" inquired I. "Surely you have not found a fragment of Zion's walls to weep over."

"No," moaned he getting up out of the trench. "It almost kills me to be enslaved. If there was any money in it, I could wear the galling yoke, which would at length become comfortable as a collar to the shoulders of a steed."

"I shall see that you do not work in vain."

"Then I can toil on with a good will."

Mr. Anderson came up with his hands full of gold, followed by the Esquimau bearing the big nugget.

Said Mr. Anderson; "I am informed, Mr. Levy, that you have some tobacco for sale."

Replied Mr. Levy, brightening up, "I have; and very cheap too—only its weight in gold."

"All right; bring it along."

He brought forth about four pounds of tobacco, tied in the sleeve of a shirt. In exchange, Mr. Anderson gave him gold to the weight of about eight pounds. Mr. Levy hefted the gold and then the tobacco. Said he: "The tobacco is by far the heaviest."

"I say it is not."

"Very well, we will leave it to the Captain."

Of course my decision could not have been otherwise than in Mr. Anderson's favor. At this Mr. Levy frowned, and at

length said: "I meant that I wanted twice its weight in gold."

"You have that already."

"Well then, I meant three times its weight in gold. I must have it before I can let the tobacco go."

"No. I made you a liberal offer, an exorbitant one; keep the tobacco and I will the gold."

Mr. Anderson turned round and went his way. Mr. Levy followed calling, saying, "You can have it at any price, take it."

Mr. Anderson was invincible, and replied, "I would not have it now under any consideration."

Bahwahgun was coming up the path and smelt the fragrant weed. He stopped Mr. Anderson thinking he had it, and Mr. Anderson pointed out the Jew. Bahwahgun moved on, and Mr. Levy fled, shrieking, "My tobacco, oh my tobacco!"

He had not gone far before Bahwahgun overtook him. A scuffle followed. Mr. Levy trod on the chief's sore foot, which enraged him. On securing the tobacco he grasped Mr. Levy by the heels and flung him as far as he could. Mr. Levy struck where the ground chanced to be soft, and then rolled over and over. Bahwahgun filled his mouth with tobacco and went on his way, limping badly. I ran to where Mr. Levy lay, and found him unconscious—bleeding at the mouth and nose. I considered his case as hopeless; but, however, I managed to bring him to. He rolled his eyes and gasped, "I want my money."

I called to Mr. Anderson, who helped carry the unfortunate one to my apartments, which I had named, about this time, Purple X House. When we got there, I made an examination, and found no bones broken, except that of the nose. This did not surprise me much, as the patient had one of the largest noses to be seen outside the walls of Zion. Mr. Anderson brought in his bag of money and held it before his eyes.

He whispered, faintly, "Open the bag and place the coins where I can look at them while dying."

Mr. Anderson put them close to his face, and said, "Now, Mr. Levy, behold your idols."

"Farewell, eternal Hope," said Mr. Levy. "You have been my greatest comforter during the severe trials I

have passed through. Hands that know not what they mayest do may fling thee into the mud, or worse still, thou be handled by greedy money-sharks, or hoarded by some niggardly old wretch whose soul is wrapped up in the accumulation of the like of thee. Alas! good coin, thou wilt never help thy generous-hearted possessor, Mr. Solomon Levy, scatter his benevolence abroad, and—"

He would have gone on in this strain it is hard to tell how long, had he not fainted away. I replaced the coin in the bag, hoping he would say nothing more about his *generosity*. He came to pretty quick, and said in much stronger tones, "Captain, my race is nearly run. My last request is, bury my money with me. To me it was sweet in life, and I know it will be my comfort in that long sleep. When the long-promised Messiah comes, He will command me to come forth and start in some sort of business. With the money I have it would not be long before my fortune was made."

"Mr. Levy, you are not severely injured, and you need not apprehend any fear of dying."

"I have made up my mind to die, and what would you give if I agree to live?"

"A good Gentile funeral, should you die."

"Rather than have my remains thus disgraced, I will live, anyhow."

I was going to say something, but Mr. Anderson prevented me by addressing Mr. Levy, thus: "If you will agree to faithfully perform your duty till circumstances set you at liberty, I will make you a present of this."

He placed at Mr. Levy's side the large nugget of gold.

"I will agree," replied Mr. Levy, jumping upon his feet and taking up the nugget.

"Those are rather strange symptoms for a dying man," said I.

"Ah, Mr. Solomon Levy forgot about his injuries."

He called the nugget his bride, and had he been as devoted to a bride, he would have been a doting husband. Mr. Anderson helped carry his gold to his quarters, and I went to where the agriculturists were at work. The field was about one mile back of town, to the left upon a small tableland. The soil, a rich, black loam, was several feet deep, moist and warm. Vegetables of almost every variety

were growing in a garden. Beyond the garden was a patch of wheat, just heading out, about as tall as Bahwahgun's head. Beyond the wheat was a field of corn in roasting ears. The stalks, two and three in a hill, were one foot in diameter at the top of the trace roots, and forty feet high. Each stalk bore four ears apiece. An average ear was four feet long and three feet in circumference, and when shelled, filled a bushel measure heaping full. Mr. Sanborn was delighted with his task, which he understood perfectly; he was raised on a southern plantation. There was also a patch of tobacco which he took most interest in. I saw that the ground was clear of weeds. The land was free from this curse. All the attention a crop needed till ready to harvest was to keep the ground stirred up a little. The land needed no fertilizing; if anything, it was too rich. Is this one of the Isles of the Blest which the ancients supposed lay at the West— the jumping-off place of the world? These islands must be somewhere, and if ever to be found I think I discovered one of the group.

As I stood admiring the grandeur of the scenery, I declaimed thus:

"I glean from the bards of old
There are islands in the West;
The abode of happy souls,
Islands of the Blest.

"Islands of the Blest,
On thee the sun ever shines;
No storms gather in the West
To chill the amaranth or eglantine.

"Hearts that have grown sear
With miseries of old age forsooth,
Eyes that are dim with the tear
Partake of the boon—perpetual youth.

"Oh! Islands of the Blest,
Thou art heaven indeed;
A haven for the weary to rest
Where no broken heart e'er bleeds."

Indeed, I was working myself up to quite a poetical pitch, when Mr. Sanborn came and said, "Cap'n, I's in lub."

"The deuce you are."

"I lub dat ar gal Anderson has wib him all de time."

"Remember, Mr. Sanborn, you are black; and for this reason she may not care for you."

"No difference, Massa. In heben de blacks and de whites all get round dar Massa's throne, sing songs and play. De white trash play de harp, and de colored folk de banjo."

"And what about the Chinese?"

"Oh, da all shout 'de Chinaman must go'.

"I believe you have heard Dennis Kearney speak."

"Yah, I hab."

"What about these savages?"

"Oh, da go to mule heben."

I returned home to post my memorandum, in which I had not written a word since we landed. It bothered me a little to post it accurately. I did nothing for the next three days except to cut Mr. Anderson's hair, where it was not scorched off, and shave him. My hair had grown out enough to remove the wig. On the third afternoon Mr. Anderson came in, and expressed a wish that I should make him a visit. Since we went to the furnace he had not put up at the Purple X House, and I thought he stopped with Mr. Levy, for they were now fast friends. In the evening, I went calling. I called upon Mr. Levy, expecting to find Mr. Anderson here, but neither of them were at home. Mr. Leguna informed me that he knew not the whereabouts of Mr. Anderson, but was positive Mr. Levy was at my place. I saw Mr. Morrisey and Westman going up the path, and without thinking what I was doing, followed them.

Presently I heard Mr. Morrisey say to his comrade: "It is a pity I can't go out unless you tag on after me."

"You followed me," replied Mr. Westman, hotly.

"It is a lie."

I heard a thud like when a pugilist gets in a square blow, and something fell upon the ground. The next moment the air was full of curses. The combatants rolled over and over upon the ground. They pounded each other for dear life, and with difficulty I separated them.

"What does this mean?" I demanded, with stern mien.

Replied Mr. Morrisey: "I started to call on Koo Koos and this dog followed me."

"Who is Koo Koos?" inquired I, seeking information.

"One of those Amazons I suppose."

"Why don't you know?" inquired Mr. Westman, surprised at my ignorance.

"Certainly not."

"Why, the girl that Anderson swells around with. I am going to fix him," continued Mr. Westman, shaking his fist at his adversary. "I was going there too, when this miserable hound smelt my tracks and came sneaking after me."

"You had better go home, both of you. For all you know she and Mr. Anderson may be married."

I heard nothing further from them. Presently not very far ahead of me I heard Mr. Sanborn's banjo ringing on the calm air. He began singing, and this was his song, near as I can remember:

"When de ebenin' breeze began to blow
An' it was gettin' dark,
I would take down dis ole banjo
An go out for to spark.

CHORUS:

"O, how I lub to spark,
Wheber it be light or dark.

"I went for to spark a colored gal,
She was a most lubly maid;
Her name was Emma Lila Pall,
Black as de ace ob spades.

CHO.

"She painted her face all white,
Dat made her look so fine;
An' in de hours ob night
Her eyes how da did shine.

CHO.

"I would hab made her my bride,
An' been happy wibout measure;
But her ole fodder stood by her side,
A' wouldn't gib me de treasure.

CHO.

"I just 'cluded to let her go,
An' now she am foreber gone;
And in de sea dat flows
Am as good fish as eber born."

CHO.

He was doing things up in fine style—serenading the lady. Soon as his song died away I heard Lib singing something which might have charmed a maiden of the Flowery Kingdom. His song ended in a screech, and he came flying past me with the Mexican at his heels.

Said Mr. Leguna, "You little pig-tailed heathen, if I ever catch you in these quarters again it will be the last of you."

Mr. Sanborn began shouting to the Mexican, saying: "You Greaser, lebe dat ar place."

"You black nigger," replied the Mexican, enraged at being called 'Greaser.' "You place yourself on the same level as the rest of us whites."

"I's better than you, you Injun."

"Gentlemen," said I, "what does this mean?"

Replied Mr. Sanborn, whose skin shone like a black snake's, for he had just greased himself from head to foot with bear's oil, "Dat ar Greaser is after de gal I lub."

"And this nigger is after the girl I love," replied the Mexican, more angry than ever.

At length I found the whereabouts of Mr. Anderson, who was with Koo Koos, near the upper end of town. I paused at the door similar to that of the Purple X House, and heard Mr. Levy conversing with Mr. Anderson. Thinking I might interrupt the conversation by crawling in, I remained out doors, though not intending to listen to what was said, for I detest eavesdropping. Mr. Levy spoke rather hesitatingly, which he did whenever slightly embarrassed. "Mr. Anderson," he went on, "I am Mr. Solomon Levy, an honest, circumcised Jew, of the chosen of God."

"And also of the deniers of our Redeemer," interrupted Mr. Anderson.

This silenced Mr. Levy for several moments; then he resumed by saying, "I am of the tribe of Levi. I have a lawful heritage in Zion, in all the greatness and sincerity of heart."

"Nose and mouth included, eh?" put in Mr. Anderson, in a jocose sort of way.

This vexed Mr. Levy, and he stammered, "I am Mr. Solomon Levy."

"Well, what of it?"

"An honest, circumcised Jew has come before you, a Gentile, to ask of you the hand and heart of this young lady in marriage. I hope you will grant my request."

Mr. Anderson whispered in his ear, and he came forth immediately. Soon as he took his departure, which he did on bidding me a good-evening, I crawled in.

"Is that you, Captain?" inquired Mr. Anderson while I was down on all fours.

"It is," replied I, kicking my way through the doorway.

"We have waited for you a long while, and at length concluded you were not coming."

I sat on a low stool near the door, and cast my eyes about the room, not to be ill-mannered but to see if it was similar to my own quarters. The interior was about eight feet square; the walls decorated with different colored grasses, which gave it an artistic appearance. The floor was covered almost completely with wolf skin. Against the wall furthest from the door was a bed. The spread was of green, red and white grasses, which looked very well. Mr. Anderson sat beside me, and upon one of his shoulders leaned the lady attracting so much attention.

"Captain," said he, "it may seem strange that I can speak Koo Koos' language quite well."

"Why did you not tell me this before? And can she speak Bahwahgun's?"

"Yes, but not very fluently."

"What language does she speak?"

"It is a dead language; extinct more than a thousand years ago; spoken last, I believe, by the Fins. My ancestors, kings of Finland, learned this language, and when overthrown, they returned home to Sweden, bringing of course this language with them. It has been kept in the family, but has become much corrupted. Koo Koos; the name of this young lady, was given her by old Bahwahgun, meaning, in his tongue, "White Goose."

"I think it a dreadful ugly name. If it was White Swan, how much better it would sound."

"She is a captive, taken when very young, together with a brother two years her senior, who was put to death several years ago in the same manner as Jack, for attempting to escape to an island south of here where her parents reside, if yet alive. She warns us not to try to get away,

for we would all be cast into the fiery furnace. You know the monster that swallowed us,—well it was one of its old tricks. It has swallowed up her ancestors for hundreds of years back, stopping them from retaking possession of this land formerly theirs. They were in possession of it, according to her statement, long before the oldest tree was planted in the garden of Eden. Her race, as she avers, had a wise, good man, who lived long, long ago, even before the creation of man, as we are taught to believe. Before this philosopher came, they, like the ancient Greeks, believed they never had an origin. The philosopher taught them that the earth is mother of everything on its face and in the waters, that man sprung from the earth as do the forests, grain, and flowers, and like them he returns to earth again, while his soul seeks mysteries beyond. Woman, of more refined nature, rose from a beautiful lake, like Venus from the sea, occupying the basin in which this ruined city now stands. They were happy, happy as those on the Isles of the Blest. According to tradition, here were the fields of Elysium. The Fountain of Youth, which Ponce de Leon searched for in vain, is in the foot-hills at the west. In this fountain the inhabitants bathed, never grew old, and knew no sickness or death. An earthquake came, threw up these snow-covered mountains, drained the lake, and covered over the fountain. It also sunk hundreds of square miles of land lying at the south."

"Has she said anything about that great stone wall?"

"Yes. A king had two sons, twins; and on his death they both ascended the throne. All went well, till one fell in love with a beautiful girl whom the other brother also loved. Great trouble seemed at hand. The philosopher bade each brother take an equal portion of the kingdom and set up a government of his own, which was done. The wall was the dividing line, and while it was being built, the philosopher married the lady in question, and the brothers consolidated their kingdoms."

"Has she said anything concerning that stairway leading up to the furnace?"

"Nothing explicit."

"Then please ask her regarding it."

He did so. She leaned upon his shoulder a little heavier, and smiled sweeter. In a low, musical voice, the clearest

I ever heard, she spoke rapidly for several minutes. The language makes the tongue much effort in saying a little. Once or twice I heard her utter something that sounded Roman like—full of s's and z's. She paused, and he began: "The stairs were made many years after the earthquake by a strange people who came in boats. They dug over the ground, taking out much gold. After a while, when the ground was all dug over, they mined silver. They all had a large nose and mouth, and looked a great deal like Mr. Levy. While a greater portion of them worked, the remainder got upon a large rock or something of that sort, and watched the sky, whence they expected to see a king descend, who would teach them goodness and wisdom."

"Ah, I have it now; these men were Jews and came here to dig gold. According to the Old Testament, King Solomon sent men somewhere after gold, some think to South Africa. I have the best proof that they came here."

Continued Mr. Anderson: "When Koo Koos' people saw that these metals were valuable, they ordered these strange people to leave, which they did, with ships loaded down. Then her people began working the mines, took a great deal of gold and silver to a country far to the south, and brought back silks and merchandise. The trade became enormous. Many crossed over the mountains and began a city there, where the mines were richer, and land more fertile. She wants to know what scared you so the other day, when you went down the shaft."

"I saw something that looked like a snake's head."

He interpreted my reply, and thus she explained: "There is hewn out of the rock the shape of a snake's head. The tongue is merely a division in the stairway—one to descend and the other to ascend by. The two bright objects, serving for eyes, near as I can understand, are diamonds."

"What! diamonds?"

"Yes, diamonds."

"Why, they must be large as an ostrich egg."

"She says there is a long tunnel deep under the mountain, which a person can pass through to the other side. None of these savages have ever been through it. She further says that, should we ever go across the mountains, for us not to touch a certain pool, as it would turn us to

stone at once. What I was thinking of before you came in is, that, after a while, we might try to escape by the tunnel to the opposite side of the mountains. There we could build a boat and get away in safety. I am going to restore Koo Koos' people to their lawful heritage, and avenge the death of Jack."

"It would be well to explore the tunnel before trying to make an escape, for it is as liable to be caved full as not. You know that two thousand years or more is a long while for a tunnel to stand. In California, I have been in mines worked in early days, and the tunnels and shafts were more or less caved in, and what would they be like in two thousand years?"

"Your suggestion is a good one."

He changed the subject by asking what that "nigger," as he always called Mr. Sanborn, was howling so about. I replied that he was serenading Koo Koos, because he loved her.

Said she, through Mr. Anderson, "Captain, I am horrified at his sight, he is so black and ugly-looking."

I requested him to ask what she thought of me. He spoke and she sat beside me. Though I felt decidedly awkward, there was something about her that soon made me perfectly at ease. I took her hand; she was not very willing that I should do so, nor did she offer to withdraw it. I looked into her beautiful face; she smiled and blushed. I smiled too, and tried to make her understand that I loved her. I whispered to Mr. Anderson a message to translate. I shook so that my mouth bobbed up and down past his ear, and he did not understand me.

"Captain, repeat your message."

"I did so. He whispered something in her ear which caused her to smile. I could stand it no longer. I fell upon my knees, looked into her face with a lover's tear in the corner of each eye, and said, "Koo Koos, I am Captain John Digger Kiddle, the great North Pole discoverer; will you marry me?"

Said Mr. Anderson: "I am sorry to say that Koo Koos is a married lady. She and I were married by old Bahwahgun just before we started for the furnace. I gave him the hand-mirror I got of the nigger, to perform the ceremony. Had it not been for the mirror, he would not have married us."

CHAPTER XVII.

NARROW ESCAPES.

"O LOVE, thou art a dreadful thing!
Ye set our brains a spinning,
Our tongue some ditty to sing,
And our countenance broadly grinning.

"Ye put our hearts in a flutter
As if we had heart's palpitation;
And our lips to only mutter
Her name, the dearest in creation.

"Though ye make our evenings short
By ushering us in the presence of our fair one,
There perchance to yawn and court
Till out the east comes the sun.

"Ye make us hoard every dime
To buy her ginger cakes and candy;
And to make us look sublime
In eyes that may deem us a dandy.

"Ye make us spend lots of cash
In preparing for our wedding;
On us ye frown—then a crash
And we divide furniture and bedding.

"O Ladies! I love thy winsom smiles
But deemest me not at all stupid;
For I am well schooled in thy wiles,
Away! vain deceiving Cupid.

"I should not care to change my sober life
For, long in Bachelorhood I've tarried;
O, ye who are soon to take a wife
'Tis social suicide to get married."

I had several more stanzas of this sort of lingo on my tongue, when Mr. Levy stepped before me and remarked in slightly sarcastic tones, "I hope, Captain, you will bear your disappointment like a Jew pack-peddler does his pack."

"What disappointment have you reference to?" inquired I, trying to feign an indifferent mien.

"You know as well as myself. I saw a little man get down on his knees before a beautiful woman, with a tear in the corner of each eye, large as a green pea, and ask her to have him."

"And did you not do the same?" inquired I, indignantly.

"Yes, but I stood up like a man."

"And got rejected like an unworthy suitor."

"I noticed you did not meet with any better success. What will you give if I keep this to myself?"

Replied I, deeply chagrined at my conduct: "If you tell it, I will give you away also."

"Ah, ah," replied he, laughing the first hearty laugh I ever heard him, "Mr. Solomon Levy has told on himself already. He thought there was money in it, for he heard she knows the location of some very rich mines somewhere on this island. But you thought there was love in it, ah, ah. If you will promise me another bride" (the gold nugget) "beautiful as the one I now have I would never mention the matter."

"I will," replied I, for I would not have had my men get hold of it for anything in the world. It is as hard a task as I ever undertook to propose to a young lady. Now I had completely outdone myself, proposing to a married lady.

"Captain John Digger Kiddle, why did you do this?" I asked myself many times; and each time more abashed at my inept conduct.

I went on a few steps, and from somewhere came Mr. Sanborn's voice wishing for a razor. I thought him desperate, wanting to kill either himself or Mr. Anderson. I passed on to where the carpenter lived, and saw Mr. Harry and Hannah each with a red bandanna handkerchief over an eye; they had been fighting.

"You idiots, fighting over a woman, and a married one at that!"

"We are idiots," said Mr. Hannah to Harry, "and let us make up; here is my hand."

Mr. Harry took it, and they agreed never to fight again over a married woman. I tried to make them stipulate not to fight over a single woman, which they would not do. The sailor is a brave, kind-hearted, good-natured fellow,

full of fun as the sea is of drops of water, but soon as woman appears at the meridian or horizon of his mortal sky, he becomes like an Apache warrior, to all who interfere with him. I went on, more disgusted than ever. When almost home Bahwahgun met me. He stopped to admire himself in the hand-mirror he got of Mr. Anderson, with the admiration of Dutch. Presently he placed the mirror before my face. I shut my eyes so that I might not behold my features, which I knew were pallid.

"Take that horrid glass away," I shouted.

If it had not been for it I might have been one of the neogamist pair. I further despised it on account of the remembrance of its donor—my sweetheart, who gave it to me the Christmas previous to my first whaling cruise. I hoped to find tranquillity at home, but before reaching the door I heard Lib lamenting and saying, "Me lovee girlee allee samee as Melican man."

When I crawled in he ceased for a while, and began again.

"Lib, if I hear another word, I will put you among Bahwahgun's wives."

He was much afraid of these women, and I heard nothing more from him. After a while I went to sleep and slept pretty good. However, I dreamed of being henpecked by one of Bahwahgun's consorts, who had left her lord and he compelled me to marry her, ending her widowhood. It is the custom of these savages, on marrying, when one of the party dies, the survivor, on the day after the obsequies, either chooses to marry again or death by the furnace. I learned that only one ever chose death in preference to wedlock, and he was considered insane. After breakfast, of which I ate but little, disappointment having taking away my appetite, as it does invariably, I proposed to take a walk. Mr. Buncom said he would go along to exercise his broken leg a little. His leg had now mended so that he could bear most his weight upon it. We started; he took along his harpoon and I my revolvers. We went toward Koo-Koos' hut; the sight of it made me sad, and I decided not to go past it. Mr. Buncom went on straight ahead, and I chose a circuitous route. On passing over a knoll I saw a clear, beautiful sheet of water, and in it swam two savages whom I took for males. I

walked down along the water's edge and watched them swim, as they were excellent swimmers. Presently one began wading ashore, and I saw it was a female. I walked rapidly away, and one gave chase. Then I ran at full speed. She soon overtook me, and struck me in the back with her great fist and knocked the wind out of me. When I got up I intended to fire a shot at her, but she had disappeared over the hill. Mr. Buncom came up and I told him what had happened. He remarked if they were that modest out of water, he would have a more favorable opinion of them. I leaned upon his arm till recovering from the effects of the blow. We passed up an old roadway cut in the hill-side, a few rods above a small stream.

On our right were vast lava beds rising to the height of above one thousand feet, forming what is known as foothills. Granite boulders, larger than those round the furnace, covered the ground. Up between them, here and there, grew a large tree resembling California redwood. The road, on running one mile, crossed the stream, spanned by an elegantly constructed stone bridge, yet in good condition. At the further end of the bridge lay a dressed stone, polished smoothly as a tombstone. The size of it astonished me. Length one hundred feet, width thirty feet, and thickness twenty feet. If it had been mounted upon some sort of a contrivance for transportation, the conveyance had rotted away entirely, and the stone lay flat upon the ground. Whether the bridge was not strong enough to bear up this enormous weight, or the stone could be got no further, we can only conjecture. For what purpose was this stone intended? If for a building, it greatly exceeds any used in our own times. If for a prison, it would be proof against the most expert jail-breaker. If for a fortification, it would resist our heaviest siege guns. How helpless would have been a surging host, trying to force a breach in a wall of stone like this one. The centuries of exposure had marred it not a particle. Undoubtedly it had been left there centuries before man conceived the lofty idea of ascending up into heaven by a tower. On spending years at tower building, man concluded that his aspirations were more lofty than what his hands could perform. Centuries afterwards, he called on the assistance of Nature to bear him up like Romulus, who was taken up into

heaven by a whirlwind, or Elijah in a chariot of fire. The modern thinker renders ascension more simple by taking the spirit up on the wings of an angel. The man with the golden slippers, I believe, intends to "go up in a chariot in the morning." Probably the near future philosopher will send the spirit up, touching it off with electricity. Well, whatever way Nature intends for our body and spirit to go, it will do so. Not all the philosophers or preachers can change the matter one iota. As I stood admiring the stone, Mr. Buncom, who had gone on ahead, called, saying, "Captain, here is something to marvel at."

I hastened forward and beheld him standing before a great round object, extending four feet above his head, resembling a huge redwood saw-log, On coming closer I saw it was a column stone, fully ten feet in diameter. I paced the length of it along the ground, and it was two hundred feet in length, and polished like the stone. This exceeded anything I ever saw, heard of, or read about. This was something new, though it did not surprise me much, as the stone convinced me we were in a land where great things were done once. We left the column stone, and came upon the quarry whence these wonders were taken. There partly finished columns, the same dimensions of the one completed, lay in the yard. Next to them were four large stones as they came from the quarry. The quarry itself was buried beneath a mass of stone are dirt, washed from the steep hill above.

"Are not these stones wonderful?" said I to Mr. Buncom.

"Yes, and a wonderful people must have taken them out."

"What do you think—what is that noise?"

"I hear nothing."

Again the noise sounded, resembling the bark of a dog.

"It must be a dog," continued I.

This seemed impossible, for I had not noticed a single canine since we landed. These savages have no dogs among them, and therefore know not the deliciousness of a dog stew as deemed by our own savages. Again the yelping came, much nearer, and another yet came from across the creek and still another upon the hill pretty close to the top.

"It must be wolves," said Mr. Buncom; "and I wonder if they are bold enough to attack us. Should they do so, I think we can stand them off, for you know, Captain, that you are a *remarkable shot* and I am pretty handy with an harpoon."

"Should not like to face them," replied I, trembling a little.

"What! a man after killing four bears, a goose, and a fudyick surely ought not to be afraid of a few wolves."

There was a continuous yelping now; from every direction it came. Not four rods ahead of us stood a great lank, black creature with tongue lolling, showing a set of long sharp teeth.

"They are black wolves," remarked Mr. Buncom, "the same as I have seen in Russia; dangerous animals indeed. Captain, give him a shot."

I drew a revolver, leveled it, and fired; at the same time saying, "Take that, old wolf."

I heard the ball strike a rock about twenty rods in front of us, and one hundred feet above us.

"There goes my reputation as a remarkable shot, and Mr Buncom, keep this quiet."

Four more creatures came up beside this one. I could stand it no longer, though Mr. Buncom urged me to stand my ground.

"Run for your life!" I shouted, turning round and flying down the road.

A fearful yelping rent the air, and I heard Mr. Buncom's crutch go pumpty pump, and knew he was coming. I heard him shout. I looked round and the wolves were scarcely two yards behind him. He faced them, thrust his harpoon through one and started on. The carcass was instantly seized by the ferocious beasts, and soon devoured. This made them more bloodthirsty. I heard Mr. Buncom shout again, and thought they were devouring him. It is impossible to tell how bad I felt. I knew while they were devouring him they would not be after me. He, being so large, would occupy them for quite a while, till I might possibly reach some place of safety. The hopes of escaping palliated the horrors of the death I thought had overtaken him. Again he shouted. I glanced over my shoulder, and saw that he was safe on top the rock. How he ever man-

aged to get up there I do not know. He said he jumped up, but a spring of twenty feet perpendicular is a pretty big leap, and a much more difficult one for a person with a broken leg. The wolves were around the rock trying to spring upon it. One leaped so high that its forepaws came on top, and Mr. Buncom harpooned it the next moment. The carcass fell to the ground and was devoured. Instead of running as I should have done, I stood watching Mr. Buncom trying to jab them as they sprung up against the rock. One of the largest, the leader, scented my tracks, yelped once or twice, and came after me, followed by the entire pack, eleven in all. Lord! how I ran.

"Run, Captain," shouted Mr. Buncom, "they are after you."

Of course I knew it without being told. When they were about to seize me, I threw away my hat, over which they began fighting. One was bit in the leg and soon as blood began to flow it was devoured. The leader devoured the hat and almost choked in swallowing it. The remainder were inclined to pitch on to it, but showed fight, and sprung on after me. As I glanced over my shoulder seeing them come, I beheld several fudyicks in the air almost overhead. How I hoped they would descend and seize my pursuers. I tried to take off my coat to cast it away, but could not doff it. Mr. Levy cut it so that it fitted almost tight as a dressing glove. Thanks to the ghost of Mr. Levy, for the coat saved my life, not many minutes afterwards. On came the wolves, yelping and raising a great cloud of dust. They were not ten yards behind me, when I gave a shriek of despair and stumbled headlong in the dust, and my heels flew up in the air. I felt my right foot seized before it struck the ground. I closed my eyes that I might not see myself torn from limb to limb. The next moment, the beast which had hold of my foot yelped as if in pain. I managed to free my foot with only the loss of a boot heel. I rubbed the dust from my eyes, and saw a fudyick rising with my would-be devourer. Two more rose with a wolf in each talon. Having seized them round the neck they were soon strangled to death. Five yet remained; they squatted upon their haunches and began howling, trying to keep off the four fudyicks hovering over them. Before I can tell it, three fud-

yicks darted down upon their prey. Two seized two wolves apiece, and the third the remaining one. The last fudyick, seeing there was no other prey but myself, at once began to attack me. I drew a revolver and tried to shoot it in the mouth, but could not do so. Mr. Buncom, still upon the rock, called for me to hazard a shot. When on the point of doing so, the fudyick darted down, fastened its talons in my coat over the shoulders, and soared away. Its claws went through to the skin and my shirt collar nearly choked me. The suspenders drew up my pants so tight as to be very uncomfortable. Up I went, feeling like a balloonist must on his first ascent. The fudyick, instead of going to the mountains as the others had done, circled round over town, at about the height of five hundred yards. My men and the savages were much excited. I saw Mr. Anderson with rifle in hand, and by his side stood his wife weeping. Why should she cry over me? She was a woman with all the tenderness, affection, and modesty that characterizes true womanhood. Mr. Anderson aimed at the fudyick, and I shouted, "For God's sake do not shoot; you might hit the wrong bird."

I had called myself a bird. Yes, I must have looked like a bird, with my legs kicking and hands clawing the air.

"What in the name of God can we do for you?" shouted Mr. Anderson.

"Give my body a burial should I happen to be dropped."

"Hadn't you better lash yourself fast to its legs?" inquired Mr. Westman, famous for lashing himself to a spar when seas were rough. "For you may go overboard."

This was a good idea. I happened to have a small rope in my pocket, which I tied round its legs and then to my revolver belt. Now I was safe from falling, unless the bird fell too. Around and round the fudyick circled, gradually getting higher.

"Follow me, should I chance to be carried up in the mountains," I shouted.

"We will," came a faint reply.

The men below grew short—no longer than a broom handle. I looked again and they were the length of a match, and were soon out of sight. It grew chilly, and I began shivering. The wind generated by the bird's wings augmented the cold. I began pulling feathers from its

legs, doing something to keep warm. The fudyick did not like this at all, and tried to pick me with its beak. In doing so it got overbalanced, and fell downward. I do not know how far we descended. I brought up with a jerk when not very far above the earth. The claws tore loose from my clothes, and had it not been for the rope, I would have been precipitated to the ground. I was now above Mr. Buncom; I saw him place his hands to his mouth and shout, but could not understand what he said. I dropped him my wallet, knowing that the contents would buy Imp many bottles of kidney medicine, should he reach home and thus spend it. I had now given up all hopes of life. If the cold did not chill me to death, the fudyick would certainly devour me on reaching its eyrie. The foot-hills lay beneath, and among the boulders I saw something running, but could not make out whether it was man or beast till bringing my field-glass upon it, and I beheld Mr. Sanborn. Behind him, rifle in hand, came Mr. Anderson, followed by at least twenty wolves. He did not take much notice of them till they were at his heels. He leaped upon a boulder and quick as he could discharge his rifle, a sixteen shot Winchester repeater, the carcasses of the same number of wolves were thrown among the boulders. He finished the remainder on reloading. Then he started on northwesterly, the same direction as I was being carried. Some of the savages, among whom was Bahwahgun, came up as far as where Mr. Buncom was, and assisted him down from the rock. Then they all laid in the shade of a tree. What cared they about my fate? If it had been one of their kin, they would not have gone to hardly this much trouble. Afterward I learned that when a fudyick seizes a human being they consider it a hopeless case, and pay no further attention to the matter. Instead of trying to rid the land of this bane, they feed the fudyicks to prevent themselves from being devoured. The sea was now almost beneath me, and I was afraid of being carried out to sea and devoured upon some iceberg. Presently, out to sea I was rapidly borne. Around me circled two fudyicks, much larger than the one carrying me. Pretty soon they began struggling for my possession. I think they are the only objects that strove desperately to gain possession of me except two policemen, who mis-

took me for a ten year-old burglar. I did not care much about being arrested, but mistaken for a boy of that age made me desperate. I called them everything bad on the way to the police headquarters, and shook my fist in one's face. One of the fudyicks gave mine a blow on the head, with its beak; blood began spurting as if an artery was severed. Down I went, slowly at first, and at length descended as fast as being dropped from the sky. I managed to grasp hold a wing where it fastens on the body, turned the bird sort of edgewise, and it struck the waves on its side with me on top. The bird was dead, and upon the carcass I floated while the other two hovered round me, trying to pick me out from under the wing. A fudyick seized the carcass by the head. I placed my revolver under its wing and fired. It fell dead among the waves. Thus I made another remarkable shot. I secured the carcass of the one just killed, and bound it to the other one with the rope with which I had fastened myself to the fudyick, and they made a first-rate raft. The wind was bearing me landward, and I took as much comfort on my raft as Noah must have in his ark. A shark, the first one I had noticed in these waters, made a rush to swallow me, raft and all. I let it have a bullet in its open mouth. Its carcass came to the surface before long, belly up. The surviving fudyick tried to carry it away, but could not raise it entirely out the water. Then it began an attack on me and my raft. It swooped down, intending to pick me off. I escaped by dodging under a wing. Then it lit upon my raft. Its heft and my own began to sink it. I saw that the fudyick or I must get off, and I resolved to bust it with a shot. When ready to give it a shot the raft upset, throwing the fudyick into the water. It was a good swimmer for a bird of prey. I thought my best and quickest way of reaching land was by mounting its back, It was about ten feet from me when I gave a spring, and struck square upon its back. I believe that this was the best jump I ever made. My sudden landing upon its back frightened it, and it rose from the water. I laid down between its wings, in a hollow which reminded me of the time I used to cuddle between Mr. Buncom's shoulders. This was a comfortable place, soft as feathers could make it. Up it flew, almost straight in the air. Its wings made

the air fairly roar. I looked over, and saw that land was beneath me. Up and onward I went. Soon the summit of the highest mountain was hardly above me. How cold it was! My breath made the feathers white. The feathers would not quite cover my shoulders. I pulled out a handful at the root of the wing, which blew away soon as out of my hand. Upon the mountain top the fudyick paused to rest, and whetted its beak on a mass of ice. No doubt it would have liked to devour me, but I stuck fast to its back with the tenacity of a porous plaster. It was intensely cold up here amid perpetual ice and snow, and the weather was modified not at all by a gale. After resting a few minutes, I pricked the fudyick with the small blade of my pocket-knife. It hissed and flew onward toward the south, at the same time descending to where the air was more comfortable. I saw the valley beneath me, and when over town I dropped a piece of gold-bearing quartz that I had carried for quite a while as a specimen, and also a gold coin that happened to be in one of my vest pockets. The coin fell at Mr. Levy's feet. He thought a shower of coin was about to descend and stood ready to pick them up. After waiting for six hours he remarked that the shower must have blown over. I was being carried directly south, going faster than I ever rode in a lightning express. Something blue lay beneath me and one look told that it was the sea. At sea again, and liable to be shipwrecked—rather birdwrecked. I tried to turn the fudyick about by striking it on the side the neck with my hand. This frightened it, and it flew more rapidly. Wherever it was going to take me, while on the way I might as well take a nap. I took off my suspenders, fastened one around the root of each wing and then to my revolver belt. I was now safe so long as the bird remained right side up. I could not sleep well for it was chilly. When my nap was at an end I looked over and beheld land beneath me. The land was level and covered mostly with snow. A smoke ascended from a bare spot, and by the aid of my glass I saw it was inhabited and that the people looked white. At first I wished myself among them, but the land presented such a dismal aspect, I was thankful for being thus far from it. I believe the fudyick intended to alight, for it began circling. I jabbed it on the

rump with my pocket-knife. It turned about and flew homeward. I had discovered something very important: a way of steering the bird. When I wanted to turn it round, all I had to do was prick its rump. Faster than the wind I went. After five hours' time the mountains came in sight. At the end of another hour I was over town again. The land I saw, according to the flight of the bird, which flew at least eighty miles an hour, lay over four hundred miles to the south. I was now close to one thousand feet above town, and could hear the shouts of those below. I heard Mr. Buncom's voice ring out, saying, "Captain, are you aboard that bird?"

I put my head over in front a wing and shouted, "I am, and am captain of this aerial ship. I am about to make a voyage to the moon."

The fudyick, now almost exhausted, flew to the foothills at the west, and lit upon the crest of the next highest hill. This hill, cone-shaped, was very precipitous. Not a shrub grew upon its bare sides, too steep for loose stone to remain thereon. I gave the bird a jab, but it did not move. To my surprise, I saw it was dead, having flown till it dropped here to expire. How I was to get down I did not know. On the south side was a small gully, more like a groove, made probably by a cloud-burst or something of that sort. At length I concluded to slide down it. I rolled the bird over on its back with head pointing downward, then I got upon the bust and held up the huge neck. I pushed myself off a small flat rock, and glided down like a tobogganer on a good cruise. The friction caused by the descent singed the feathers, engendering a disagreeable odor. Think it was close to fifteen hundred feet that I descended, the incline being of about forty-five degrees. Then I came to a narrow place where the carcass stuck fast, and here the incline ended. I looked over the brink and beheld a perpendicular descent of five hundred feet. I could not possibly ascend to the summit again. Even if it were possible for me to get up there, my situation would not have been ameliorated in the least. To drop over the brink into the chasm meant death, and to remain here meant death also. While wondering what I should do I heard Mr. Sanborn calling, "Oh, massa!" I leaned forward to see his whereabouts, and slid off the fudyick.

Fortunately my hands, holding on the neck, did not relinquish their hold. There I swung to and fro like the pendulum to a clock, with jagged rocks five hundred feet beneath me, holding to the neck of a bird. In front of me (I faced the south) upon the end of the horn of a large anvil-shaped rock, fifty feet below me and about the same number of feet in front of me, sat Mr. Sanborn with arms outstretched, saying, "Jump, Massa."

"I can never make it."

"Dat am your only chance, Massa."

I could not hang this way long, for my strength was fast giving way.

"It is life or death," said I, "but one hundred chances in favor of the latter."

I began swinging back and forth, and when going forward the third time I sprung with my utmost strength, letting go at the same time. The next instant Mr. Sanborn grasped me by the shirt bosom and exclaimed, "Bress God, Massa am saved!"

I heard a thud on the rocks below us; the carcass had fallen and was dashed to pieces. Had I swung back and forth a single time more I would have gone with it. The horn was so narrow that I became dizzy. Mr. Sanborn turned round and bade me get upon his shoulders, which I did. At the height of four hundred and fifty feet, with a course not one yard wide, and with myself upon his back, Mr. Sanborn walked along with as much ease as if upon a street. Our descent from the Anvil, as I call this rock, was slow and dangerous. There was a slide of about ninety feet, not very steep. I slid down it, feet foremost, and reached the bottom minus the seat of my pants. Mr. Sanborn came down head first, and struck his head against a rock at the bottom. He scratched his woolly pate and remarked that his skull was hard. We reached the base of the hill in safety, where we found Mr. Anderson with the carcasses of fifty wolves piled up before him. I gazed a moment upon the ghastly heap, and said, "Mr. Anderson, I am agreeably surprised at your success as a hunter."

"And so I am at yours as an air navigator. Yours was one of the most remarkable flights ever made by man. You have outdone Icar."

"Thanks for the compliment. I think you have excelled Nimrod."

"To-day I have killed one hundred wolves, and I think there are not many left."

"I must have visited the land of your wife and her ancestors, and I do not like it half so well as this."

"Well, some day we will compel old Bahwahgun and his gang to leave here or give the fudyicks a feast on their carcasses."

While we were conversing Mr. Sanborn began skinning wolves, and after taking off six skins we started homeward. He tanned the skins and made an excellent suit of them.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BUNCOM FALLS AND KIDDLE'S TREE.

DURING the week following my Icarian flight I was bedridden most the time, suffering from nervous prostration brought on by the perils I passed through. Ever since we landed I wanted to visit a waterfall. As you will remember, I stated of hearing its roar before setting foot upon land. By special permission from Bahwahgun, Mr. Sanborn was to be one of the party to visit the falls. The party consisted of Mr. Buncom, Anderson and wife, Sanborn, myself, Lib as cook, Bahwahgun and three wives. I believe I have not yet stated the number of wives he had —eighteen—one more than Brigham Young. He believed in moderation in all things, and therefore was moderate in his number of wives. His father before him was more like King Solomon, and counted his by the thousand. It was a beautiful morning when we set forth. Birds of song sang like those of a tropical climate. Flowers from out the bosom of the earth bloomed on every hand. We passed up the same gulch as on the way to the furnace. I named this gulch Anderson's Gulch, in honor of the discoverer of gold in it. We followed the same course till reaching the stairway to the furnace, and then turned due east, among the sylvan foot-hills, and at the upper end of them is the cataract. By motions I tried to get Bahwahgun to tell me something about this wonder. He made me understand that neither he nor any of his tribe had ever been there. Mrs. Anderson knew nothing about it, except that it was a mighty waterfall. I knew that much myself by its roar. She stated that tradition placed its origin at the time of the great earthquake. These foothills, as I have stated, are forest-clad. Tall, luxuriant species of grasses covered the ground where the forest did not shade it. The forest itself was gigantic and old. The ground was literally covered with dead and decaying tree trunks. Soon as we entered it I saw that it abounded with

game. Deer were plentiful, large and fat. A drove, numbering above one hundred, sprung up at our feet and dashed through the forest. One, however, was brought to the ground by a ball from Mr. Anderson's unerring rifle. He cut out a hind-quarter, which Lib carried along to prepare for a meal. No sooner had we left the spot before a bear, a sort of cross between the polar and grizzly, made off with the remainder of the carcass. I ached to get in one of my remarkable shots, but no opportunity presented itself. By the levelness of the course we followed, I saw that it was once a roadway. Great trees were now growing upon it, nearly obliterating it. We crossed a small stream, dammed by rock, fragments, no doubt, of a stone bridge. Against the rock driftwood and rubbish had lodged, making a watertight dam. Just below it we crossed over upon the trunk of a tree, of about nine feet in diameter, worn flat by the crossing and recrossing of wild beasts that did not care to ford the stream. Then we ascended a steep hill, round which the road ran. In doing this we cut off at least three miles. At one time there was a foot-path over this hill, but now wholly obliterated except where it wound round a large rock. On reaching the roadway, we beheld two bears beside a great hollow, from which they had egressed on hearing our voices. Mr. Anderson leveled his rifle to bring one of them down, but Bahwahgun motioned for him not to shoot. Bahwahgun laid down his arms in the roadway and went straight up to the bears.

"What does he mean?" asked Mr. Anderson of me.

"Perhaps he wants to die, and has chosen this way of ending himself."

"It is rather a strange way of suiciding."

"Every nation has its own favorite way of seeking death."

When Bahwahgun was close upon the bears, one of them rose upon its haunches and growled savagely. He smote his breast and shouted his name, the same as when we first made an acquaintance with his royal highness. The bear thrust out a paw, and I thought Bahwahgun intended to shake hands with it. He seized bruin by the nape of the neck and jerked it flat upon the ground. With the other hand he grasped hold of its rump and held it above his

head as high as his arms would reach. The bear growled and clawed at the air. The grim old savage's herculean strength astonished us. I never thought it possible for a human being to hold aloft such an enormous weight—fifteen hundred pounds, at the least calculation. He walked up to the other bear that had moved on about twenty-five yards, and was squatted upon its haunches ready for fight. With a whoop that echoed through the forest, he brought the bear down on the other one, crushing the life out of them both. Thus he killed, as it is termed, "two birds with one stone." This wonderful display of strength and courage made Mr. Sanborn turn an ashy color under his black hide. Mr. Sanborn took off their skins, hung them upon a sapling, and took them home when we returned. The roar of falling water was now so loud that we had to shout in order to make each other understand a word. On following the road for a little over a mile and one half northerly, we came in sight of the falls, half a mile further on. I was astonished at the first sight of Niagara Falls, amazed at the Yosemite Falls, but at the sight of these, which I named Buncom Falls, I was both astonished and amazed. Over a perpendicular precipice of purest marble, finer than any Italian marble, one thousand and six feet, leaped a clear sheet of water, one half mile wide and six feet deep. The deep, heavy roar shook the earth, and iris-colored spray drenched the ground and forest for a mile every way. Down fell the water in an unbroken column. There was no swaying of it by the wind, as the water of the Yosemite Falls is swayed, breaking it up entirely. Below, where the column fell, mighty billows rose, boiled, hissed, foamed, rolled over each other, broke asunder, collided their fragments together, sprung into the air, to boil, roar, hiss and foam with renewed energy. It almost made me believe that some fire, fierce and extensive as those of hell, which the Reverend Henry Ward Beecher has sort of quenched by his new-fangled way of reasoning, lay beneath a great kettle holding this water, to deluge the earth with hot water. After this awful leap, in which the water seemed to murder itself, it lay dead in the channel. The tide came up to the foot of the falls, high tide claiming twelve feet of water here. A pleasure party in perfect

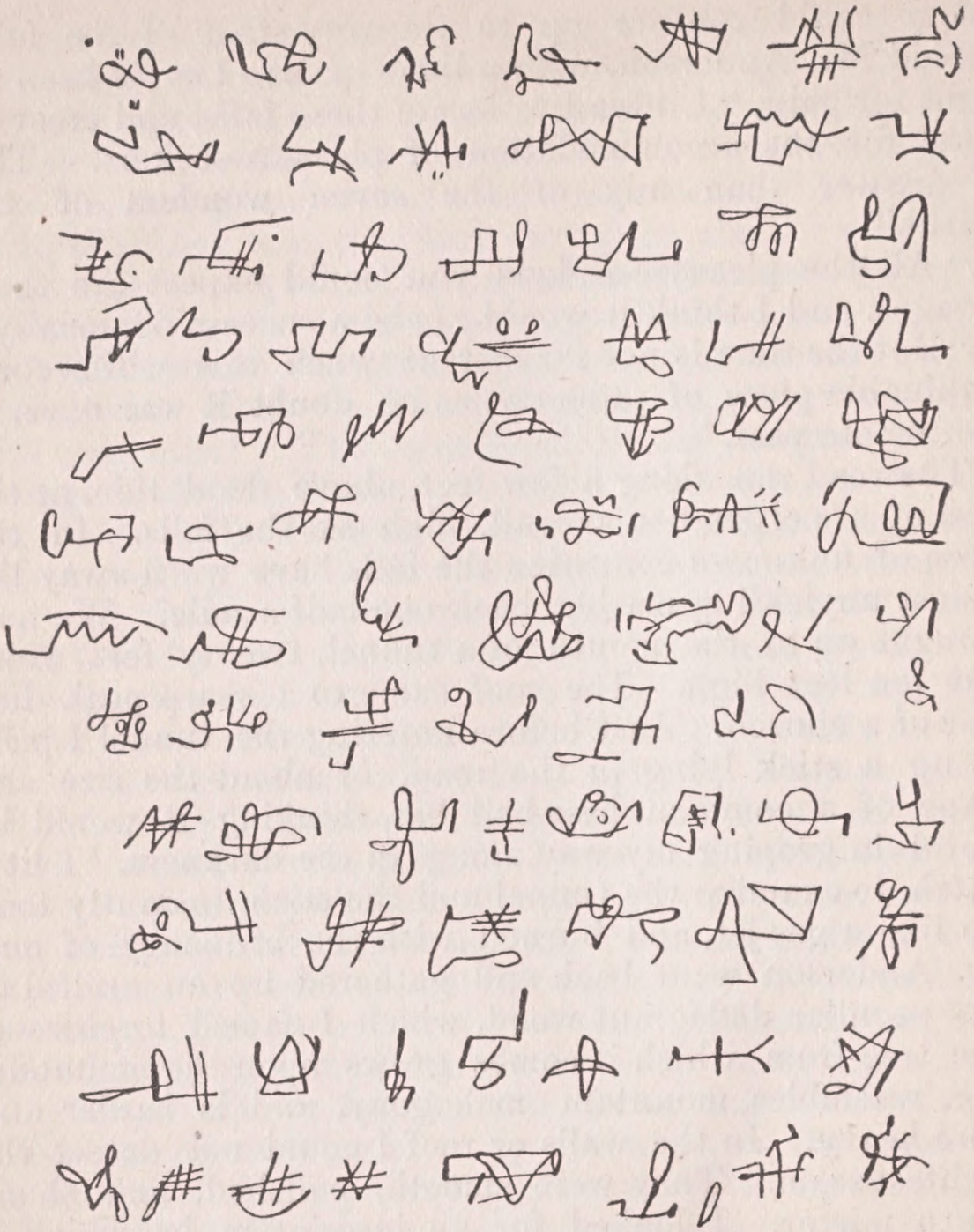
safety could venture up to the very foot of the falls.

Said Mr. Anderson, with a little of Mr. Levy's keen insight for gain, "I intend to locate these falls, and erect an hotel for the accommodation of pleasure-seekers. This is greater than any of the seven wonders of the world."

"All the pleasure-seekers you could expect are these savages, and I think it would not be a success financially."

"But the time is not far distant when this will become a valuable piece of property, as no doubt it was once, in the remote past."

The road ran along a few feet above flood tide, at the base of a perpendicular wall, high as the falls. In the lapse of unknown centuries the falls have worn away the almost unyielding marble, back one half a mile. We now brought up to the mouth of a tunnel, twenty feet wide, and ten feet high. The roof came to a sharp peak like that of a church. Just before entering the tunnel I picked up a stick lying in the road, of about the size and shape of a common base-ball bat, thinking it would be useful in groping my way along in the darkness. I lit a match to examine the tunnel and the stick instantly took fire like a gas-jet, and burned with the brilliancy of one. Mr. Anderson went back and gathered up an armful of this peculiar deflagrant wood, which I named torchwood. The tree from which it comes grows upon the mountain-side, resembles mountain mahogony, and is harder and more heavy. In the walls or roof I could not detect the slightest seam. They were smooth, polished, and shone like a mirror. I looked for an inscription by which I might conjecture what sort of a people excavated it, and to my joy I found one about midway the tunnel on the left-hand wall. I called Mrs. Anderson's attention to it, hoping she might translate it, but it was as unintelligible as Chinese to me. She said it was inscribed by one of her own race, whose vocation was to make inscriptions, intelligible to only a few, as knowledge was attained by those only selected to perpetuate their most important events. The below is a fac-simile of the inscription, one-tenth its original size.



I hope that somebody may be able to translate it. The tunnel is little less than half a mile long and ends behind the descending column of water. The water in falling does not strike the face of the precipice at the bottom within one hundred feet, and there is a space in behind similar to that of Niagara Falls, where a person can pass along in safety.

Said Mr. Anderson, "I have a good mind to try to reach the other side by going under the falls."

"I do not think it could be done, and I advise you not to try it."

"I am going to try it, anyhow; and if you like, follow me."

Mr. Anderson started and I after him, and after me came Bahwahgun who soon turned back. When in one hundred and twenty feet we entered a tunnel. Originally it was all a tunnel, but the water had worn away from it the number of feet I just stated. I was glad to enter the tunnel for the spray had wet me to the skin. This tunnel was precisely of the same dimensions as the one we had just passed through. After a ten minutes' walk we came out on the other side. I could not see what use these tunnels were. On this side there is a broad roadway extending down stream to level ground one mile below. We went down this road and where the gorge ends we saw that a city once stood here.

"This," said Mr. Anderson, "must have been the main thoroughfare from Bahwahguntown to this city."

This solved the tunnel problem, but I thought it strange they did not bridge the river. This soon became obvious. The water in falling had furrowed out a channel of unknown depth, making it impossible to put in stone piers. In this remote age the suspension bridge was unknown.

Amid the ruins that extend back for miles grew large forest trees. Here and there grew a live oak. A species of pine resembling Oregon pine, excellent for ship-building, grew in abundance.

"Captain, here is a first-class place for ship-building. Suppose that we try our hand at building a boat?"

"You will need a boat," replied I jocosely, "to bring tourists here after your hotel is finished."

"No, I have not got that far along yet. How are we ever going to escape unless we make an effort?"

"You are right. I will manage somehow or other to get the carpenter liberated, even if I have to enslave myself."

"No, Captain, if it comes to that I will stick my head through the yoke."

"Your services are as important as the carpenter's. He knows not how to begin a boat and I am equally as ignorant."

Mr. Anderson was as good a workman as Mr. Leguna,

and besides he had a first-class knowledge of ship-building. After we concluded to open a shipyard here, we turned back. At the edge of the precipice over which the water fell I noticed a deep cut resembling a stairway. On getting closer I saw it was a stairway. When we reached it I measured it, and it was fifty feet wide, twelve inches to the step, and at half pitch. We began ascending the flight and it took a long while to reach the top. When we got on top, at our right I saw a tableland of about seven miles square. Above the falls the water was comparatively still, and looked deep and sullen. There was something treacherous about it, and it reminded me of a desperado planning a bloody deed. We went up the river three-fourths of a mile, and here there was quite a current, and we heard the roar of rushing waters.

"Another waterfall, I suppose," said Mr. Anderson.

"I do not think so, for we could see it."

One mile further ahead rose a foot-hill, lying next to the great mountain. The mountain's granite face rose to about twice the height of the waterfall, and was almost perpendicular. Here and there upon a little shelf grew a cedar, and ferns peered out from small crevices in the face. The forest was gigantic and I saw a tree close to the water's edge of about twenty feet in diameter, nearly two hundred feet tall, with scarcely a limb on its smooth trunk. While I was measuring this tree Mr. Anderson turned off into the forest, and returned as I was about to call him.

"Captain, I wish to show you something that beats the big trees of California all hollow."

I followed him; we went down a ravine, descending probably five hundred feet. The descent was easy as there were no abrupt places. At the bottom on a small flat, towering like a mountain was a tree that I almost took to be a ligneous mountain. I could not believe my eyes. Mr. Anderson began pacing round it and I followed on. It seemed to me I had started out on a walking—rather a pacing match. It was fully half an hour before I reached the starting point. I counted four hundred paces, but could not believe that I had made a mistake, and I asked Mr. Anderson how many paces he made of it.

"Three hundred and ninety-nine," replied he.

He was long legged, and may have stepped an ace fur-

ther at a time than myself, but that was near enough. Therefore the tree was twelve hundred feet in circumference, at the top of the ground. It stooled considerably. Thirty feet above ground it would measure nine hundred feet round it. If felled at this point, the stump would be three hundred feet across. It was at least one thousand feet tall, perfectly straight, with hardly any limbs at all.

"This forest Titan ought to bear the name of some distinguished person," said I.

"Yes, and I have a good name for it."

"What is it?"

"Captain Kiddle."

"Pshaw! what is there remarkable about that name?"

"Something very."

"Well, what is it?"

"Discoverer of the North Pole."

That was a fact, and my pride rose a little, for I imagined I heard a fair schoolma'am ask a class of urchins, beginning the study of Geography, who discovered the North Pole. They all answered in concert, Captain John Digger Kiddle."

There is something in a name after all.

"However, we will call it," continued I, "Kiddle's Tree."

Then we ascended the ravine, and when up on level ground said I to Mr. Anderson, who had started homeward, "Let us see where this water comes from."

We followed a road up the river, and it began getting quite steep. The river was foam-covered and had a strong undercurrent. The stream was not one-fourth as wide here as at the falls. From the top of a small hill, we beheld this mighty stream shooting forth from a round hole at the base of the perpendicular wall. The hole did not look more than two hundred feet across it. The water came forth with terrific force. I never saw anything to compare with it. A stream from the nozzle of the largest mining hydraulic giant resembled it on the smallest scale. It was my opinion there must be a huge reservoir thousands of feet up in the mountains, supplied by never-failing springs, feeding this mysterious river. Or did it come from the bowels of the earth, borne up by some mysterious force? My first theory was correct, and I will tell anon how I demonstrated it. Mr. Anderson cast a stone in the water,

and the next instant we got a glimpse of something whirling through the air which lit in the forest below the falls. I could not believe it was the stone, and cast one in myself, and I saw an object go straight over the falls.

"This would make a first-rate siege-gun," said I.

"Yes, and we may need it for such. A person cannot tell what may turn up.

True enough, after a while we *did* need it, and it did splendid execution, of which I will speak later on. We rolled in a boulder weighing about half a ton. It also went straight over the falls and fell, as near as I could judge, one mile below them. We rolled in one more; this weighed nearly a ton. It shot into the forest and fell in the neighborhood of Kiddle's Tree. There was an abundance of boulders here and I should not have wearied in spending hours experimenting with the siege-gun, as we called it. We turned homeward and at the head of the stairway met Mrs. Anderson. She had refreshed her memory concerning traditional lore and told us the stairway was made to connect the city that stood where we concluded to start a ship-yard with the city beyond the mountains. She thought a portion of the road was destroyed, by the sea washing away a bluff round which it ran. She was right, as afterwards I passed over this road. I asked her concerning Kiddle's Tree, and she said it was a large tree when the mines were first opened—more than three thousand years ago. She said that the city below us was where all the ships were made, and it was the first place that the savages took. I asked if she knew anything about the siege-gun. She replied it was used for hurling stones at the enemy when the city was taken, and that a great many boats were sunk by it.

"The enemy considered it the work of an evil spirit," she said, in good English. I was surprised how soon she had mastered our language. Before the last sentence, she had spoken through her husband. When we arrived on the other side the falls we found Mr. Sanborn in a frightened state. He thought the stones were Mr. Anderson and I hurled through the air. Bahwahgun and his wives joined us at the end of the tunnel. When we reached the spot where the bears were killed, we saw that something had devoured the carcasses. There was a sort of a hollow made

in the ground, as if the largest kind of a saw log had been snaked along. This curious course crossed the road going down toward the sea. Mrs. Anderson on observing it began running and screaming. I followed after her and her husband did not quicken his pace the least. He shouted, asking what was the matter, and she replied in her natal tongue. I heard him remark, "Oh, is that all."

"Mr. Anderson, what is it?" inquired I, stopping to take breath.

She said that a sea-serpent devoured the carcasses and that it would attack us on sight."

"Ah, a sea serpent; and it must be amphibious."

I quickened my pace again. Mr. Sanborn, loaded down with bear-skins, imagined he saw the serpent, gave a howl, and outran us all. I did not see him again till after reaching home. On coming down Anderson's Gulch we examined the gravel and found it to be full of gold. Mr. Anderson scooped a small hole in the gravel with the butt of his rifle, and unearthed a nugget weighing ninety odd pounds. The greed of gold had taken possession of me for the first time, and I said, "We must have a mining force as well as a shipbuilding one."

"But how can we?"

"We must make proper arrangements this evening."

I did not take the nugget along, but re-covered it. When arriving home Lib had supper ready. He returned home when Mr. Anderson and I crossed under the falls. Bahwahgun and his three wives dined with us. I noticed that one of the ladies admired Mr. Sanborn, who dined with us also. His black glossy skin was much admired by the female element. When he went to the field or returned home every female was out staring at him. When he came out with his wolf-skin suit on, two days after our visit to the falls, they tried to tear it off. This made him angry and he butted four of them in the stomach. They waited in vain, hoping to get another look at his black skin.

CHAPTER XIX.

WE BUILD A BOAT.

THE whole crew was assembled at the Purple X House, more or less low spirited over the enslavement. The carpenter recently had trouble with Bagwahgun in building the doorway. His Royal Highness wanted it the same as all the rest. Before issuing this edict the carpenter made it after the fashion we use. At this Bahwahgun was greatly dissatisfied. Then the carpenter got it a little too low. Bahwahgun could not kick his way through at all. It was changed and made that much too large, and at last it was made to suit. According to Bahwahgun's idea of farming, Mr. Sanborn was not carrying on the farm satisfactorily, allowing the wheat to get too ripe before harvesting. Bahwahgun was a fair agriculturist with just enough ambition for a peerless Dakota Squatter. Worse than these faults was slavery. But what could we do but submit? If we attempted to escape, Bahwahgun would have retaken us, for he had a fugitive slave law, the penalty of which was death by the furnace. He was liable when in a fit of anger to take us up, one at a time, and dash our brains out like he did the bears. I believe he thus killed the bears to show us his herculanean strength, which had great influence over us, especially me. Should I attempt to escape and make a failure, I would die fighting to the last breath, for it would be death anyhow. After a silence painful to me, said I, to break the monotony, if nothing more, "Men, what is our condition?"

"Enslaved," they answered in concert, with the exception of Lib, who, enjoying himself well, replied, "Bellee good."

"That will do, you lop-eared, pig-tailed, heeless-shoed heathen," growled Mr. Anderson.

"What can we do for ourselves?"

"Nothing!" they replied, except Mr. Anderson, who

shouted, "Build a boat and leave the infernal place."

"Do you hear this suggestion?" said I, nodding to the men.

"We do."

"What do you think of it?"

"An impossibility."

"Nothing is impossible in this world," remarked Mr. Buncom demurely, "for I have demonstrated it time and time again."

"How?" inquired half a dozen voices.

"By keeping Imp supplied with kidney medicine. I always managed to get it, somehow or other, whether I had a cent or not."

We took a hearty laugh, and I think Mr. Buncom thought we were making light of him, as his face became red with anger.

I still continued to occupy the speaker's stand. "Well, men, what about a boat?"

"We will build one," said Mr. Anderson, holding his hands aloft. "With these hands I will build a boat and a good one at that."

"With these hands I will help too," said the carpenter, stretching his hands; and on drawing them in remarked, "I will if possible." I saw a great gap under Mr. Levy's nose, which grew wider and wider with grins, and from the gap came a voice saying: "Gentlemen, here is Mr. Solomon Levy, a great ship-builder, whose ancestors constructed King Solomon's fleet that sailed to the land of Ophir. He, like his ancestors, possesses remarkable skill in this important branch of industry. Mr. Solomon Levy, a great ship-builder, on account of business being rather slack at present, offers his services to you gentlemen, cheap as a second-hand suit of clothes. For one hundred pounds of gold, gentlemen, Mr. Solomon Levy, a great ship-builder, will built a boat sixty feet long, eighteen foot beam, schooner rigged."

"What if Mr. Solomon Levy should desire to leave about the time we went?" inquired I.

"Mr. Solomon Levy would just step aboard and go too."

"About the time Mr. Solomon Levy stepped aboard he would find himself in the water," said Mr. Anderson. "If you do not think enough of liberty to assist us gratis, in

the undertaking we are about to commence, you can stay here."

"We'll see that he does," said all.

He muttered something and shrunk back in a corner.

"Gentlemen, is it the understanding that we are to construct a boat for the purpose of escaping? All who are willing to give your assistance if possible, and life too, if necessary, which God forbid, in carrying out our undertaking, let them step forward and grasp my hand."

Mr. Buncom was the first to come forward; he extended both hands and said, "Captain, I want both hands on this proposition."

I gave him both hands. Next was Mr. Anderson, who grasped my hands, and gave my arms such a jerk that they cracked. The carpenter came next and shook hands as gently as if I were a donna. The sailors followed, one after another, expressing almost as much enthusiasm as Mr. Anderson. Then came Mr. Sanborn, brave soul; he almost jerked my arms out of their sockets, embraced me with a bear-like hug and then wanted to bump skulls. He thought the best way of taking a pledge was to bump heads together. Mr. Levy placed the five fingers of the left hand in the palm of my right hand and made a faint attempt to shake hands, but I withdrew my hand and said, "Never mind, Mr. Levy."

"What! ashamed to shake hands with Mr. Solomon Levy, a noble-hearted Jew, ready to spend his last dollar and even to lay down his life that you may escape! Mr. Solomon Levy is such a philanthropist that he cares not what becomes of himself so long as he is sure of making somebody happy."

Lib shook hands, rather jerked my arms, and then asked for a chicken that he might cut off its head, making the pledge insoluble. The Esquimau grasped me round the knees, and began shaking my legs. The men left in much better spirits. When the builders turned out for their daily toil the carpenter was wanting, he had remained in doors feigning sickness. Bahwahgun called on him and ascertained the cause of his non-appearance. Presently one of his Royal Highness' wives, either number twelve or thirteen, came in with a horned toad and bade him swallow it alive. The toad resembled the horned toads found in the

arid portions of the Pacific coast. The carpenter's illness vanished and he came forth to work, relieving Mr. Buncom who was at work in his stead. As the carpenter was foreman and did not make his appearance when work began, Mr. Levy took the foremanship. What a foreman he made. Never did a negro driver of a southern plantation crowd his darkies as Mr. Levy did the men. This gave Bahwahgun complete satisfaction, and I was afraid he would honor Mr. Levy with a Purple X, but the old savage would do nothing of the sort. When the carpenter went to take charge of the men Mr. Levy would not step aside. He was such a poor hand as a laborer, under the circumstances, that Bahwahgun made him understand that he had better go to bed and stay there. Bahwahgun marked him on the forehead with blood from a small reptile he killed; this was a mark of deep disgrace, though it gave him his freedom. A warrior receiving this mark invariably drowns himself. Before we could begin a boat, we had to have tools to work with. The carpenter had saved a broad-axe from his chest of tools, and this was all we had to begin with. We had five cutlasses which the carpenter said would make a saw apiece, and that he would have no difficulty in working them over providing the furnace heated the steel to the right temperature. I will remark here that the carpenter was a first-class blacksmith; one of the finest tool temperers I ever saw. He could make almost any sort of tool, and if an edged one, shave himself with it when finished. He said that a hammer was the first thing to make, though he did not make it first. One of the rifle barrels, portion of our stove, would make a first-rate hammer. The following day the carpenter, Mr. Anderson, and myself departed for the furnace, taking along two cutlasses, a rifle barrel, and broad axe. The broad axe was to beat the rifle barrel into a hammer. On reaching the furnace we found it inactive. The carpenter placed a cutlass over the fire hole and a small stone upon the handle to keep it from falling in. He tied a line to the handle so he could draw it out when hot enough. Mr. Anderson brought a hard flat stone which would answer for an anvil. We were now ready, but the fire came not.

"It would be just our luck," said the carpenter, "to come the very day there is no fire."

"Perhaps so," replied I. "When a cool spring is at our feet, with a freezing sky over us, we know not its value, but when the sky burns and we have come from afar over a desert land, we know its worth."

Then I heard a rumble, the ground trembled as if agitated by a slight earthquake, and the next instant the flames shot upward. The carpenter lay flat upon the stomach about two rods away, that was as near as the heat would permit, looking into the flames. The string began scorching, and I was afraid it would burn in two. With a jerk he drew the cutlass from the fire almost white hot.

"It is a first-class heat," said he, striking it with the head of the axe. He struck fast and with great precision. On finishing it, he had a saw blade a little smaller than that of a common handsaw, and smooth as if rolled.

"That is a beauty," said Mr. Anderson stooping to pick it up, not thinking it was hot, and it scorched his fingers. "If it was not such a perfect piece of workmanship do you know where I would wish it?"

"In a place far hotter than the furnace."

"Captain you are good at guessing," remarked he, holding his scorched fingers to his mouth, trying to cool them with his breath.

"Captain, have you a file, a three-cornered one?" inquired the carpenter.

"I am not positive, though I think there is one somewhere about the Purple X House. I heard Mr. Buncom asking for one not long ago, to file away the corner of a tooth that came down on his tongue pretty often, each time leaving its mark."

"Wasn't that before we were wrecked?" inquired Mr. Anderson. "If I am not greatly mistaken it was."

"No, I think it was about the beginning of our first starving period."

"You are right, Captain. I now remember of using it trying to fix one of my suspender buckles."

"After I have given this a set of teeth I will temper it," said the carpenter, scrutinizing his work.

The flames had died away, and the carpenter fixed the other cutlass over the fire hole. The string was about worthless.

"It might last," remarked the carpenter; "if not, I

will have to crawl up and take it out with my hands."

"Do not attempt it, for you would be consumed or roasted to death in less time than it takes to admonish you."

The flames burst forth again. The cutlass was not fastened securely. Up it went, whirling end over end. It came down between Mr. Anderson and myself, going into the ground, which happened to be free of stone, up to the hilt. I began running, and how foolish, as the danger was over. It was like jumping at a thunderbolt after seeing the lightning flash. The carpenter pulled the cutlass out, and it was bent half double.

"Wait till I go below; perhaps I can find something that will answer for tongs."

I descended into the cavern, and close to the ore pile I found a pair of tongs with slim handles twenty feet long. I shouldered them and returned.

"What do you think of my find?"

"It is more valuable to us now than a gold mine," replied the carpenter.

When the flames came again the cutlass was thrust in, held with the tongs. The carpenter held to the end of the tongs till his mustache began singeing. Then he withdrew the cutlass and beat it into a saw-blade superior to the other one.

"Now for a hammer," he remarked.

"Perhaps I can find one below. Come, Mr. Anderson, we will go and look."

We searched, but found nothing in shape of the object wanted. The rifle barrel was put in the flames, and it was longer in heating than a cutlass. The carpenter had considerable difficulty in doubling it up. After two hours of heating and pounding it was finished except the eye.

"How are you going to make the eye?" I asked.

"Punch it, providing I can make a punch."

"Do you think a hole could be shot through it?" inquired Mr. Anderson.

"Possibly, if a person could shoot accurately enough," replied the carpenter.

"Mark out the size of the eye and I will try it. Captain, give me a revolver."

"It will have to be heated as hot as it will stand."

I gave Mr. Anderson a revolver and the carpenter placed the hammer in the furnace.

"It is hot now, make ready!"

He drew it forth, a white, coruscating mass, which I thought about ready to melt, stood it on end upon the anvil, holding on the upper portion with the tongs. Mr. Anderson lay flat on the stomach ten paces off. He placed himself in this attitude so as to be on a level with the hammer, that the balls would penetrate it straight. One shot rang out, and five more in as quick succession as he could discharge the weapon.

"I will bet almost anything he never hit it at all," said the carpenter.

"I will bet he did," replied I, though I was of the same opinion as the carpenter.

"Well, I declare, if that doesn't beat the best shots on record," said the carpenter, holding up the hammer with a three-quarter inch hole through the center, smooth as if bored.

"Captain, how would you like to duel with me?" inquired Mr. Anderson jocosely.

"My chances of escaping death would be as small as if hung in those flames for twenty-five hours."

The hammer was double-faced, inch and a half across the face, four inches long, bulging in the middle, and weighed three pounds.

"Now we have a hammer, saws, and broad-axe; and what other tools are needed?" I asked the carpenter.

"Pole axes for cutting down timber, adz, chisels, squares, planes, augers, and a great many more. I could make the most of them if I had the material."

"There is plenty of iron somewhere, from which the savages make their spear-heads."

"Couldn't we get a few heads from old Bahwahgun?" inquired Mr. Anderson.

"We might possibly; how are you at bartering?"

"Pretty good."

"We will return now. The carpenter and I will teeth the saw-blades, and you see what can be done about spear-heads."

"We will have some whether Bahwahgun likes it or not," said the carpenter.

"Do not touch a single head unless he is willing, for he might get angry and make spear-heads of us."

"No danger of that," put in Mr. Anderson.

"Before reaching home we saw Mr. Buncom coming to meet us. I saw by the smiles that ran athwart his broad countenance that he had good tidings. In each hand he carried four spear-heads.

"Captain," said he, "I have been bartering to-day. I knew that these (holding up the heads) would be valuable for tool-making."

"What did you exchange for them?"

"An article that I prize almost as dearly as my life."

"Poor fellow! Have you exchanged your Purple X, selling yourself into slavery?"

"No."

"Would you tell us what?"

"Imp's photograph," said he, with tears in his eyes.

"Imp's photograph!" replied I, in astonishment. "Who could have thought that valuable?"

"Besides these," continued he, "I have sixteen more, making in all twenty-four."

I took one of the heads to ascertain its weight—about ten pounds. We were in possession of over two hundred pounds of finest steel. I soon perceived that the exchange did not suit the savages, especially those, six of them, who had almost roasted themselves in making the heads. Bahwahgun came, and by signs told me that he got the worst end of the bargain. He had Imp's photograph fastened by a string round his neck. I tried to make him understand it was the likeness of a goddess, one that never took any kidney medicine. Thinking I could impress him more favorably, I asked for the photograph, which he gave me. Then I mounted Mr. Anderson's shoulders, held the photograph aloft and repeated thus:

"O Bahwahgun, chief of Kiddle's Isle,
To thee I address this humble song;
Should it cause thee to smile
May thy mirth last long.

"To the far away south lies a land
Where benign is the breeze and serene the sky;
There dwells Mr. Buncom's lady and
To whom thou art only knee high.

"She is beautiful as a seraph can be,
Gentle as the moon in the sky;
And never was mortal lovely as she
To whom thou art only knee high.

"Angelic goodness in her soul doth quiver,
And this no mortal will deny;
That she has a disordered liver,
To whom thou art only knee high.

"The serpent in the deep blue sea,
The fudyick circling in the azure sky,
Is no comparison to she
To whom thou art only knee high

"I swear by Buncom Falls, the Fountain of Youth,
All the stars I see when struck in the eye;
By the Siege Gun and Kiddle Isle forsooth
That to Imp thou art only knee high."

This had a decided effect upon him; he rose upon his toes and shouted so loud that everybody in town came forth. I returned the photograph, which he replaced round his neck and went his way. I searched through my things and found a three-cornered file. With it the carpenter put teeth in one of the blades. This was a cross-cut saw, and the other when finished a rip saw. They needed no polishing, as the hammer had left them smooth and bright as if coming from an emery stone. The next day we made handles for the blades from a tough piece of wood we picked up on our return from the furnace. One of the backs, that of the rip saw, if I remember correctly, was as sharp as a razor. Mr. Anderson drew it across the end of his beard and cut it off square as the end of a new broom. I asked the carpenter his reasons for making it so. He replied that he made it for a weapon of defense as well as for a saw. The carpenter, Mr. Anderson, and I, and also Mr. Buncom, still grieving over the loss of Imp's photograph, went to the furnace again. We took along two spear-heads from which the carpenter was to make two axes of four pounds each, an adz, three plane bits, a square, six chisels, from one-half inch up to two inches, a brace, and, if possible, half a dozen bits and also three augurs; one two inch, another one inch and a halt and the other one inch. At the end of an hour's time an axe was completed except the eye. Mr. Anderson

tried to shoot an eye in it, but the balls would not penetrate that thickness of steel, something over four inches. However, the balls penetrated half way through, making a perfect eye so far as they went. The carpenter made a punch and finished the eye. Mr. Anderson never thought of cutting it through with a second round. After the second axe was finished, we concluded we had done enough for one day, and started for home. On reaching home we found the town in an uproar. Women shrieked and wailed the same as on the evening we arrived among them, when learning the fate of those Jack slew.

"The old Harry is to pay now," said Mr. Anderson, "and I wonder who is dead."

"It may be the fellow that old woman gave the horned toad to this morning," replied Mr. Buncom.

Instead of a medicine man as our savages have, they have a medicine woman, who, like the medicine man, on losing the third patient, is condemned to die. The furnace consumes the learned daughter of the Æsculapian art. A short distance below our quarters, where the crowd was assembled, we saw the body of a savage, one of the spear-head makers, lying on the ground nearly cut in two just above the hips. By the corpse lay the razor-back hand saw. I learned from Lib that the victim had filched it from our house and flourished it before one of his fellow-workmen, who took it from the victim's hand and swung it round to hear it whiz through the air. The saw came in contact with the victim's body, and the result was as stated. The savages were afraid of the saw and would not touch it. Mr. Anderson took it up and began whirling it over his head. Every savage uttered a howl and disappeared. Presently a fudyick descended and rose with the body. Mr. Anderson shot it. Down came bird and body on the fire, where Lib had our meal ready to serve up. The spectacle was sickening, and took away my appetite. I ordered Mr. Anderson to bury both body and bird. When he took up the first shovelful of dirt, down came ten fudyicks. One took the body and the carcass, and another our camp kettle, full of meat and vegetables.

"Mr. Anderson, you will have to make another shot or our kettle is lost."

He fired, wounding the fudyick, which came down, placed the kettle back exactly in the same position, and ran off. Not only are these birds most rapid fliers, but they can run equally as fast, with twice the speed of an ostrich. When we went to finish our list of tools, we learned that the savages had carried away every head except one they did not happen to see. From this one the carpenter made three chisels—it was not of very good material. Under no circumstances could we get any more heads of the savages, nor would they tell whence they obtained their material. We could have made all the tools we desired from gold. For the first time in my life I saw that iron was more valuable than gold. Perhaps this was the only time in the world's history, since the Golden Age, that iron was paramount to the value of gold. What if gold was plentiful as iron and iron scarce as gold? Would the railway locomotive rush athwart our continent swift as the wind, or the steamship plow the seas, unheeding wave or gale? I am afraid not. We would wear ornaments of solid iron, those who could afford it, and others brass, iron-plated. Of the other rifle barrel an adz was made. We searched the forest two days before finding a wood suitable for axe-helves and the like. Instead of a tree it was a vine of about three inches in diameter, the largest we found, and flexible as whalebone. The vine ascends trees, and has a leaf like that of the grape, and bears nuts instead of fruit. The nuts hang in clusters like grapes. The shell is red and kernel white. Eaten raw it is deadly poison; when boiled the deleterious properties are destroyed. It produces an intoxication when mixed with milk and drank. The savages consume it in large quantities. To an unaccustomed consumer, a teaspoonful will intoxicate him, and at the same time render him wholly unobvious of his surroundings as if drinking from Lethe's stream. The touch of the vine poisons like poison oak or poison ivy. With covered hands it is safe to handle, or after severed from the roots for an hour or two, in which time the poisonous properties escape. The savages used this method in procuring the nuts: one day they went in the woods and out as many vines as they thought would fill the want of nuts, and next day they pulled down the vines and gathered the nuts. One ivne often bears twenty bushels. These vines were not

very plentiful, and when Bahwahgun learned we had destroyed three of them, he jabbered about the furnace and we talked about the razor-back handsaw. Mr. Anderson held it ready to slay the old savage if ordering his threats carried out. The poisonous vine made our bodies swell terribly, I looked almost as plump as Mr. Buncom, and we were much alarmed. Mrs. Anderson told us to go to the pond, the same one I saw the women in bathing, and wallow in the mud for two hours. We did so, and never did so many hogs enjoy a mud wallow better. The swelling and pain left at once, but we had difficulty in getting the mud from our bodies. It stuck fast like so much tar. Mr. Buncom came out with a black nose, of which he was unaware. We said nothing about it, and began talking about black eyes, and even mentioned black noses. Mr. Buncom's nose was small, and being rather near-sighted, its condition escaped his observation.

When we returned to Mr. Anderson's house the women began laughing and shouting something like "Booboo."

"What do they mean?" asked Mr. Anderson of his wife.

"They are shouting black nose."

"That is meant for Mr. Levy," said Mr. Buncom looking toward the Jew and laughing.

"Mr. Solomon Levy," called Mr. Anderson, "these ladies are calling you black nose."

"It is a lie," roared Mr. Levy angrily, for it always angered him to say anything about his nose. "They are calling Buncom that."

"They are not."

"They are, for you have a black nose."

"It is untrue. If I had as large and black a nose as yours I would lease it for a fudyick roost."

"You old sanctimonious psalm-singing Gentile!" shouted Mr. Levy, more enraged; "you have a black nose and we will leave it to the Captain."

"Very well. Captain, is my nose black?"

"Indeed it is."

"If anybody else told me so I would not believe it."

"Look in this glass," said Mr. Anderson, who picked up Bahwahgun's hand-mirror, which he had just dropped.

"My stars! Mr. Levy I have done you a great injury, and ask forgiveness."

"Ah," exclaimed the Jew, "then you believe Mr. Solomon Levy, who is truthful even to a Gentile."

We set out the following day to begin a boat. Our party consisted of the members of the Purple Cross organization, carpenter, Mrs. Anderson, Lib and the Esquimau. We moved, as they say, "bag and baggage," and camped at the old ship-yard. We first built a small log cabin, twelve by fourteen feet, for Mr. Anderson. The cabin had a door and two windows and shake roof. For a while Mrs. Anderson crawled out and in on all fours. She had been accustomed to doing so for so long, it was hard to get out the rut made by the wheel, Habit. Mr. Anderson remarked it seemed like living in a civilized country, since he could go out and come indoors like a man. Then we built a cabin twenty by twenty feet for ourselves, and a homelike place it was. It looked something like an arsenal to see five rifles, a shot gun, four cutlasses, and my revolvers hung upon the wall. Such large game as bear, deer, antelope, elk and wild cattle were plentiful, and so was fowl, such as geese, ducks, turkeys, pheasants, and quail. Mr. Anderson kept us supplied in game. Lib ground wheat in one of the savages' mills—a round hole in a boulder, in which the wheat was placed and mortared up, and made good bread. With our poor set of tools, the headway was slow. To make matters more dragging, Mr. Buncom cut the knee of his sound pedestrial extremity with the broad axe, and was laid up for seven months. Having no auger to bore holes with, to pin the timbers together, or spikes to spike them together, we were at a loss to know how we could overcome the difficulty. At last the carpenter partially overcame it by making a rude auger from his punch. Boring holes with it was slow and difficult, as the live oak ribs were getting live oak tough. The hole made by the auger, no larger than the end of my big finger would be of little account to receive a pin, which must be at least an inch one.

"Why not make spikes of gold to fasten the timbers together?" suggested Mr. Anderson.

"A good idea," replied I; "we can make our gold as useful as it is valuable. And let us fill the timbers full of spikes."

On coming to this conclusion, the carpenter and Mr.

Anderson went over to Anderson's Gulch, and after an absence of eight hours returned with one hundred pounds of gold apiece. The gold was hammered into spikes and driven in the holes made to receive them. We bored holes, dug gold, made it into spikes and drove them, till there was fully one ton of gold in the timbers. I did not go to the diggings at all, for I am so small and cannot carry much of a load. The carpenter and Mr. Anderson went invariably. Sometimes the carpenter and Lib went, and at other times Mr. Anderson and the Esquimau. Mrs. Anderson wove a large amount of cloth from grasses, for sails. It was light and stronger than any canvass I ever saw. I had a suit made of the material, and it wore like corduroy—lasting almost as long as Mr. Sanborn's wolf skins. I thought it strange Mrs. Anderson did not make herself any garments from this material, but so long as there was a blanket, blue, white, brown, scarlet, gray or red, left, she managed to get it. At last, after nearly two years' time, the planks, fully seasoned, were ready to put on. We had over two tons of spikes ready to fasten them on with. I began boring holes through the planks, which were hard. Mr. Anderson, on seeing me toil, sweating like a harvest hand, said, "Captain, I have a quicker way of making holes than that. Give me your revolvers."

"The last bullets I have are in them, and there is no more lead to make any of."

My revolvers were of the old pattern Colt, cap and ball, 44 calibre, and a better shooting firearm was never made.

"To-morrow I will go to the furnace," said Mr. Anderson, "and bring down a bar of that metal."

It never once entered my mind that this metal would be first-rate for bullets. He brought down a bar of over one hundred pound weight, almost pure silver. There, in that pile, which I am sure is there to this day, are millions of dollars' worth of silver. Mr. Anderson ran the bar into bullets. The carpenter marked the plank where he desired holes through them. Mr. Anderson, with a revolver in each hand, stood a few paces from the plank, shooting holes with silver bullets to receive gold spikes. In half a day's time he had the holes finished, and then began shooting holes in the ribs. The planks went on remarkably fast, and

in fastening them on, the last spike was used. We calked with a species of fine, tough grass, the texture of hemp, soaked in pitch, which made it perfectly water-tight. The deck was put on after considerable delay. For shrouds we used the poisonous vines of which I have spoken. They were more like rope, on being soaked in salt water for a month, than anything else. We made rope of the smaller vines which were very flexible and much stronger than a hemp rope. The anchor chain was of the same material, better than iron, for it never rusted, and salt water preserved it. The anchor was of one mass of gold, weighing five hundred pounds. It was made from the largest mass we took from the diggings. It took many a strong, hard pull, and a "pull all together boys," as I used to shout when weighing anchor, before we got it to our boat. At last everything was complete, even the craft's name, which was Lucinda, in remembrance of my sweetheart. The name was on the stern in letters of gold. It took a long while to make the letters, for I am not much of a goldsmith, and in their making I used five hundred pounds of gold. Lucinda! in letters of gold, and how beautiful it looked. Bright, glittering gold, though no more daric than she who bore that name. How happy I was in the making of those letters, for my thoughts dwelt incessantly on the past. When Lucinda and I were scholars at school we used to glance at each other across the room, and exchange bits of paper with words of affection on them. One day the teacher, a morose old bachelor, without the least humanity in his heart, took from my hand one of Lucinda's notes and read thus:

"DEAREST JOHNNY:—I meant to have seen you before school called to tell you that this is my last day at school for the present. Papa has concluded to send me down to New York City, to a surgical institute, to have my lip sewed up and my foot straightened. When I return, I will not look like that big hare-lipped, club-footed lass, whom everybody seems to despise on account of her deformities, except you, Johnny. I will love you just the same, if you do come only up to my shoulders. It would make no difference if you came only up to my waist. I do not want you to walk on your toes trying to make

yourself seem taller than you really are. I will see you after school.

"Yours affectionately,

"LUCINDA B. BLACKGRINDA."

The scholars clapped their hands and laughed. Lucinda bowed her head upon the desk and cried. At first I felt like crying, too, but the next moment I was revengeful. I took up my slate, on which was a partly finished problem in long division, rose up, and brought it down with all my might on his head. He jumped and gave a shout which made the scholars laugh louder than before. The frame was round his neck, which he tried to take off, but could not until pulling it to pieces. While he was doing this I left school, and that finished my schooling. My father said if I really felt like cracking heads I might as well go to sea with him and begin upon the sailors. The only person I ever struck under me was Dutch, of which I spoke some time ago.

The boat was ready to launch on the morrow. That evening Bahwahgun and one hundred warriors came over, reversing our plans. The old savage had not molested us once during the time occupied in building the boat—more than two years and a half. Certainly he was kept posted on our doings, or he would not have known just when to come. On coming up to the ship-yard, he said, "Why build'st this boat?"

It was several moments before I could reply, as I was so astonished at the fluency he spoke our language. "Bahwahgun, great chief of Kiddle's Island, possessor of many handsome wives, it is for your pleasure to take you out upon the sea."

"It is all a lie!" he roared. "Bahwahgun is not to be deceived. You made it to escape with. The only way you cowardly dogs will ever escape is by the furnace in a puff of smoke, like that from your red-skinned brother," (Jack).

"Will you not take a ride with us to-morrow?"

"No; you mean to drown me and yourselves in that long wooden house (the boat) you have been so long in building. Since you have built a boat for yourselves, you shall build one for me also."

"That we will do. Tell us what size you want it and of what sort of wood."

"Not of wood at all."

"Of gold then?"

"No, no; all you slaves think of is gold. What good is it? Does it give you anything to eat, wear or drink, or make you sleep sounder, dreaming pleasant dreams?"

"It would if we were in our own country."

"You will never get there so long as Bahwahgun lives. I say I want a boat built, and a large one too."

"We will do so; tell us how you want it made."

"Wait till the time comes."

Bahwahgun also brought my men along, of whom Mr. Levy was foreman, and they began building several log cabins, with doors like ours, with the exception of one which was Bahwahgun's. He was prejudiced and would have no other doorway than one that compelled him to get down on all fours. This seemed a humiliating task, and it was the only thing I ever saw that brought him this low. Mr. Levy was much pleased with our boat, and thought we ought to have put more gold spikes in it. We told him we would, providing he gave up his bride to make spikes of, which of course he would not do. The sailors were delighted with it. They wanted to launch it, and try to escape before Bahwahgun's eyes. If there had been a favorable wind, we would have hazarded an attempt. The wind blew not at all while an opportunity lasted. We really did not want to try to escape without our entire number, for it would seem cruel to sail away leaving part of our comrades at Bahwahgun's mercy.

CHAPTER XX.

FABULOUS RICH PLACER MINE.

WHILE Bahwahgun was preventing our escape, we concluded to work the placer mine in Anderson's Gulch. It seems strange that those who dug gold on this island thousands of years ago, should not have dug out this gulch also. The only reason I can give that they did not do so is, there were fifty feet of aluvial deposit on bed rock. In the course of centuries, a stream formed by melting snow up in the mountains, had washed away this deposit to bed rock, three feet above which a "color" was not to be found. The gold was left in the wash almost bare. Whence came this gold? I began tracing it up on the mountain-side. Upon a bench one mile wide and three long I found old diggings; the bed rock was stripped clean. It must have taken thousands of men years to remove such a vast quantity of dirt, which was, as near as I could calculate, ten feet deep. A large stream still flowed through a ditch the miners had made along the upper side of the diggings. I crossed the ditch and ascended to another bench, where I saw a gap in the solid granite one hundred feet wide, and cannot tell how deep, as it was partly filled up with rock, extending north and south, running into the great mountain. This was a gold-bearing ledge, lode or deposit, and from it the placer gold came. I returned and reported my discovery to Mr. Anderson who named this gold bearing ledge The Kiddle Lode, after its rediscoverer, as I had named the gulch after him. Below, where bed rock cropped out, in the bed of the gulch we could not find any gold at all, and there was but little one hundred yards above it. All the precious metal seemed to lodge on this reef. We had dug the channel out in getting gold for our craft. On both sides the gulch, the right in particular, was rich. On this side Mr. Anderson began a tunnel on bed rock. At this sort of work he was very skillful, as he had placer-mined for several years, on the banks of Sacra-

mento River and its tributaries. At the end of two weeks time, he had a tunnel of one hundred feet. We had no wheelbarrow, and had to carry the dirt out in a bucket. We sieved the lower yard of dirt and the upper yard was waste. The tunnel was a little over two yards high. I thought the upper yard ought to be sieved too, for it looked exactly like "pay dirt." At length Mr. Anderson convinced me it was no account, by trying some in his gold pan, a bucket cut off five inches from the bottom, and sides made flaring, about the shape of a milk pan. He panned the dirt by placing the pan in water, giving it a peculiar shake, similar to the shaking of a victim of Missouri fever and ague. After a while he got the dirt out, leaving a little black sand which he said was a good indicator of gold. Without the gold, indications are not worth much. From pay dirt he took a panful, and when the dirt was washed out the bottom of the pan was covered with gold. A stream began running down the gulch and Mr. Anderson stopped digging. He had dug faithfully as a badger at its hole. At the ship-yard he ripped out several boards. I asked what he intended to do with them, and he replied they were for sluice boxes to sluice with. I knew as much about it now as before, and no more. I asked him to explain, so I could note it in my memorandum. He requested me to wait a few days, and I would see how it went, rendering the matter more explicit than any explanation he could give. When the "few days" were up, as he called them, there were thirty in all, I saw three boxes ten feet long without lid or ends. They were one foot wide and that high. There was nothing remarkable about them except their heft. I managed to carry one end of a box far as the falls. Then I carried something Mr. Anderson called riffles. It consisted of two thin strips of wood ten feet long, one inch wide, and a quarter inch thick. Between these, at an equal distance of two inches, were blocks one inch square, eleven and a half inches long —making the concern fit tight to the bottom of a sluice box. There were two sets of riffles. The boxes were placed one after another, making a continuous box. Between the riffles and the bottom of the box blanketing was placed to catch the fine gold. The sluice was lower at one end, so that the water flowed through quite rapidly. Mr.

Anderson began shoveling pay dirt in the sluice, and I saw a mass of gravel and muddy water come from it.

"Mr. Anderson," said I, "you will certainly lose all the gold, for everything is coming through."

"Captain, wait till evening, and I will convince you differently."

This looked so much like children's play, casting gravel in a stream to see the pebbles roll on, that I concluded it a waste of time, and got up to go home. Mr. Anderson requested me to stay, as he would need assistance in carrying the gold home. I said I would agree to carry and even to eat every ounce he saved. Mr. Buncom shook his head in doubt, and remarked there might possibly be enough gold to fill his spectacle case.

He held the open case before Mr. Anderson, and said, "Sir, will there be enough gold to fill this?"

"Yes, and I will fill it for you now."

He placed his hand at the bottom of the sluice and took out a handful of gold; the case would not hold one fourth of it.

"Captain, here is a little to begin on; you agreed to eat all I might save. It will be a hearty meal, and you might as well begin."

"I wish to acknowledge that my assertion is erroneous."

Then he threw in a few more shovels of dirt and let the water run till it became clear.

"Look here, Captain, how do you like the sight of this?" said Mr. Anderson, pointing to the sluice bottom, covered with a yellow glittering substance, which was gold.

"Where did all that come from?" inquired I, much astonished.

"Why, out the dirt."

"I could never see anything in it at all."

"Why, man, it is nearly one fourth gold."

He took up a handful of dirt, and held it in the water a moment. Few gravel and a dirty streak came from his hand; then he exhibited half a handful of gold. He turned the water through a ditch at the head of the sluice, leaving it dry. He took out the gold, and placed it upon a cloth spread upon the ground. When his task was finished, he said, "Captain, if you do not mind, carry this little heap home."

I knew it was useless to attempt to take it up, and inquired how much it weighed.

"Guess."

"Three hundred pounds."

"More than that. Mr. Buncom you guess."

"Five hundred pounds."

"Guess, Lib."

"Tenee hundled pounds."

"That is about its weight, I should judge."

"Half a ton of gold!" said I, "and how much is there in that heap yet?" pointing out the pay dirt.

"Eight or ten tons."

"Goodness that will be all we want."

"I would like to have that much myself," said Mr. Buncom.

"Eh, old chap, getting as avaricious as the Jew."

"No, not at all."

"What would you do with so much wealth?"

"Spend it in buying kidney medicine for Imp."

"Why, good man, you would corner the market, and all the victims of kidney disease would suffer."

"No; some fool would get out a quack medicine excelling all those now in use."

"If we ever get back home, I will promise you a ton of gold. Ten pounds would keep Imp in medicine till she is ready for the skies."

We shouldered as much gold as we could carry comfortably, and started for home. Mr. Levy saw us coming, and guessed the contents of our burdens.

"Alas!" said he, "why is it that you are favored so by Bahwahgun? You come home burdened with gold, while I with the galling yoke of slavery. Could I only for one day carry gold the same as you, and keep the same, this island would become heaven indeed."

"Mr. Levy," replied I, "if you really think there is anything heavenly about a back-load of this stuff, I will do all I can to get Bahwahgun to let you have to-morrow to yourself. You can have every pound of gold you might carry."

"Ah, Captain, do you really mean it?"

"Indeed I do."

He placed his arms round my neck and gave me an

affectionate hug—one that almost squeezed the breath from my body. We sought the presence of Bahwahgun, who was just kicking his way into his new house.

"Come out of that, you old ground hog," I said, forgetting about his understanding me.

"Who addresses me thus?" he growled.

I shuddered on perceiving what I had done, and to make the matter a burlesque on myself, replied, "It is that little man, your humble servant, who is hardly knee high to Bahwahgun. Not so large as your youngest child, too small to have even one wife—so small that the mighty chief can hardly see him at all."

This elated Bahwahgun who came out smiling, saying, "It is well you spoke the truth concerning yourself. When I heard you addressing me as you did, I was on the point of turning round to pick you up and dash you to the ground as I did the bear you saw me kill."

"Oh, Bahwahgun, great, noble, kind-hearted chief, your humble servant comes before you asking a favor in behalf of my friend, Mr. Solomon Levy, who is in sore distress."

"What is it, little slave, only knee high to Bahwahgun?"

"I wish you would let my friend, Mr. Solomon Levy, have a day, to-morrow if agreeable, to himself."

"Then he is sick for gold too?"

"That's just it."

On turning to Mr. Levy, Bahwahgun addressed him thus: "Slave with the big new-moon-shaped nose, to-morrow you may carry gold."

"That is it, oh great chief, kind-hearted master," replied Mr. Levy with a grin.

"Within fifteen hours' time you must make that number of trips, and should you fail to do so, you will be taken up to the furnace and you know for what purpose. Go home, slaves."

"You will find it a difficult task to fulfil his expectations," said I to Mr. Levy. "It is three miles from here to Anderson's Gulch, a round trip is six miles, over a rough road most of the way, dark tunnels to pass through, besides carrying a load. You will have to load light not to exceed twenty-five pounds per trip."

"Only twenty-five pounds? Why Captain, I must carry

one hundred pounds more than that. I have a chance to make all the money I want, and it is well worth risking my life for it."

"It is a big undertaking for a person, even without a load. Ninety miles within fifteen hours, that is the distance you will have to travel. Not one in a thousand could do it."

"Mr. Solomon Levy knows what it is to travel, and loaded at that, for he has been a pack peddler. Once he made one hundred miles with a pack weighing two hundred pounds within twenty-four hours' time, and over a rough road at that."

I doubted this statement, and asked if he saw any money ahead.

"Oh, yes," replied he, with an avaricious, bigot grin, "Mr. Solomon Levy made over two hundred dollars that journey."

That evening Mr. Levy's morrow's task was the absorbing theme.

About this time Mr. Buncom had named the hamlet at the shipyard Shipyardville. I wanted to call it Buncomtown or Buncomville. He objected, saying that Buncom Falls were buncom enough for him. Bahwahgun looked pleased over the Jew's seemingly impossible task, and a warrior sharpened a spear to suspend the supposed victim over the fire hole. Mr. Levy was the only hopeful one among us. He laughed and called himself a millionaire, but his laughter sounded in my ears like the roar of the furnace. It was late before we retired, and we advised Mr. Levy to retire at once. He sat up counting his coin and figuring up about what he thought he would be worth. In the fifteen loads he figured on a ton. At last he departed, and I was asleep when somebody rapped on the door and called my name.

"Halloo, who is there?" I inquired.

"It is Mr. Solomon Levy, who has come to inquire about the value of the gold per ounce."

"You had better inquire of your Maker the value of your soul per grain."

"Tell me, Captain; I am in a fearful hurry, and want to get to bed."

"You can figure safely on twenty dollars, and by its ap-

pearance I should judge it would go three dollars more."

Since my sojourn here in San Francisco I had a small piece assayed—the only fragment of the twenty tons we had aboard the *Lucinda*, and it was twenty-four carats fine—pure gold—the purest ever discovered. Next to this for purity was a piece from Siberia, a little over twenty-three carats fine.

Mr. Levy left on receiving the desired information, and Mr. Morrisey said he did not sleep at all that night, but sat figuring and figuring, long as there was any paper to figure on. He figured his memorandum book full.

Bahwahgun woke me up, and by my watch it wanted fifteen minutes to six o'clock. He held in his hand a half sphere six inches in diameter, hollowed out so that it was little thicker than an egg shell, with a tiny hole through the bottom.

"What time is it by your watch?" he inquired.

"Ten minutes to six."

"Before six o'clock be down by that tree," pointing out a tree that stood in front of his cabin.

I was there on hand. Here stood an earthen jar, almost full of water. When six o'clock to the second, he placed the half sphere in the jar upon the water and bade Mr. Levy depart.

"This," said he, pointing to the object on the water, "is my timepiece. It will sink precisely in fifteen hours' time. I have one that sinks every hour, another every two hours, and so on up to the twenty-fourth hour."

They reckon time up to the twenty-fourth hour, doing away with A. M. and P. M., which I think will be adopted by the civilized world in the course of time. With a small bearskin sack over his shoulder, Mr. Levy departed on a trot, often called a dog trot. With him went one of Bahwahgun's most reliable warriors, to see that he went each time to the gulch. He was afraid Mr. Levy might take a load half way, empty part on the ground, and take it his next trip. I went to the gulch, together with Mr. Buncom and Anderson, who were to sluice more gold. Before departing, Bahwahgun gave me a bag of the same size as Mr. Levy's for me to fill during his absence. We met Mr. Levy in the tunnel under the falls, and his hour was up exactly.

"How much shall I put in the bag?" I asked him.

"One hundred and twenty-five pounds," replied he, running on, as if going to a fire or escaping with that weight of coin, forced from a safe.

We walked on rapidly, expecting Mr. Levy would overtake us at the brook, but he overtook us at the foot of the hill where Bahwahgun killed the bears.

"Mr. Levy, it seems to me you are remarkably lively this morning. Is business brisk?" inquired Mr. Anderson.

"Yes; Mr. Solomon Levy will do a good business today," replied the Jew, ascending the hill and disappearing over it before we were quarter way up it. We almost ran up it, and flew down the other side. We met Mr. Levy at the brook. Mr. Buncom stepped upon the foot-bridge, and Mr. Levy shouted, "Let me pass! Do not stop me, or I shall lose a fortune."

"And your life too," added Mr. Buncom.

Before we crossed the stream he was over the hill out of sight.

"I am almost positive he will make it," I said.

"It looks that way," replied Mr. Buncom, "but he is overtasking himself. However, this afternoon will tell the tale."

Mr. Anderson sluiced pay dirt while Mr. Buncom and I filled the bag. Once we did not put in over one hundred pounds. Mr. Levy declared we had swindled him out of twenty-five pounds of gold. Then on we put in what he told us to do—one hundred and twenty-five pounds, that is, near as we could guess at the weight. By noon he had finished the tenth trip. On coming back he began to fag and his gait was unsteady.

"Did you stop for dinner?" I asked.

"No, I could not waste the time."

"Here, have something to eat." I handed him a thick slice of bread with a hunk of venison on it. He gulped it down and drank from the lower end of the sluice, and spewed out a mouthful of gravel.

"What! are you mad? Why didn't you go above the sluice to drink?"

"Mr. Solomon Levy could not spare the time."

He took up his bag, stumbled, and fell flat on his face.

His first impulse on getting up was to go on without the bag.

"I can't leave it behind," he said, with a distressing cry; "it would ruin me completely."

He took up the bag, but did not go far before falling again. He sat upon the bag and began weeping.

"Go on, and let the bag go to blazes," said Mr. Anderson. "Make five more beats so that your life will be safe, and then, if you feel like it, come back after the bag. If you do not care to do that go with half its contents. What is left I will carry home and give you one half of it."

"Wouldn't you give me all?"

"No; not one ounce now—go on."

Mr. Levy took up his burden and staggered on. It was three o'clock before he returned. In departing, he fell at almost every other step. At length he fell unusually heavy, and laid there so long I was afraid he had fallen never to rise again. I took him some water, which he drank in gulps, strangling him fearfully.

"What makes you behave like that?" I asked.

"I have not time to drink."

I saw he was exhausted, and tried to cheer him by saying, "Only three loads more and you have almost six hours left. Take courage, Mr. Solomon Levy, and you will come out all-right, with a big fortune."

"Captain, I am afraid I can never do it," he replied in husky tones.

I helped him to his feet, but did not touch the bag, so that Bahwahgun could not say I assisted him. He departed and returned at four o'clock. He sat down a few minutes, and Mr. Anderson to nerve him up said there were tons of gold in the tunnel—so there were, and that he, Mr. Levy, could have all he might carry in one week's time.

"What I get to-day," replied Mr. Levy, "will be all the wealth I want."

He took up his bag and went on. The brief rest refreshened him remarkably, and he made the trip in one hour's time. When he departed again, Mr. Anderson turned the water off the sluice and cleaned up the second time that day—sluicing one ton of gold. We went in the tunnel to examine a particular spot where Mr. Anderson

said was liable to be a pocket—a quantity of coarse gold within a small space. This spot was back thirty feet from the breast of the tunnel, and on the left-hand side. Mr. Anderson began picking down dirt, to which I objected, for I thought I would have to carry out all he knocked down. Moving dirt with a bucket is not an easy task. He worked away for twenty minutes and muttered to himself, "I thought so," and began pulling out a yellow object with his hands. It was a nugget, weighing three hundred pounds. On scraping away the dirt we beheld nuggets piled one upon another, like granite boulders in the bed of a California creek.

"We will go home now," said Mr. Anderson, on taking up a nugget of about one hundred pounds' weight.

As we started, Mr. Levy returned for his last load. He ran on ahead saying he intended to make two extra trips. When we got home we found Mr. Levy lying across his heap of gold with his bride in his arms and bag of coin by his side. I went up to him and spoke, but he heard me not, for he was dead. In that great race for wealth he overtasked nature, probably ruptured a blood vessel. Next day we buried him beneath a tree in front of our cabin with his bride in his arms and bag of coin under his head. If wealth can add to the happiness of a soul in the hereafter, I hope Mr. Solomon Levy is enjoying himself with his bride and bag of coin. He made, I think, the most remarkable time on record. Ninety miles in twelve hours, bearing burdens aggregating one ton half the distance.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

FROM the time we laid out Shipyardville, even far back as his wedding day, Mr. Anderson had more or less to say about a fountain somewhere on the island with rejuvenating powers equal to the wildest dreams of Ponce de Leon, who wandered amid the morasses, alligator, mosquito and fever infested swamps of Florida, searching for it in vain. Not beneath the long Spanish moss, curtains of death, I believe it is called, was this fountain to be found. Weary and disheartened, as if searching in vain for the philosopher's stone, this gallant old warrior returned home wounded and to die. Such a fountain would now exist in our midst had not man violated the laws of the Almighty, bringing upon himself the curse of death. Perchance it is well that it is so. Though often it seems hard, hard indeed, to part with loved ones who enter upon a more mysterious journey than the voyage of Christopher Columbus, on his discovery of America, was looked upon by the wisest men of that time. What reasons had Mr. Anderson for believing that such a fountain existed? His wife had told him so. He did not ask her if she was not spinning some idle yarn to put him in good humor that she might have a new bonnet. Like a true husband he took it for granted it was a fact. During the past two years Mr. Anderson's hair and beard had become quite gray. At his age—forty—they should not have done so. He attributed this omen of old age as the result of exposure and hard knocks from the hard-fisted world. I think strong drink had a great deal to do with it, for he drank to an excess whenever it was within reach. Several of the upper front teeth were decayed away and his lip sunk in. His mouth began to look as if it was drawn up with a puckering string. Rheumatism, brought on by exposure during our hardships, from the time of our wreck till landing on the island, made him stiff-jointed in the leg and arm. Regarding rheuma-

tism, my condition was very little better than his. I was afflicted in the opposite leg and arm to what he was. Not that I had any faith in such a preposterous declaration concerning the existence of a fountain as already stated, that I consented to assist him in its rediscovery, but to become more fully acquainted with the topography of the island, I informed Mr. Anderson I would go when our cargo, twenty tons of gold, was transported from the mine. The transportation of this vast amount was slow and tedious. On the death of Mr. Levy the carpenter was compelled to take charge of the builders, thus taking away our main prop. The carpenter could carry almost a mule load. In his native land he labored for years carrying ore out of a mine upon his back. At this vocation he performed the task of two men, receiving double compensation, and he drank a double allowance of muscal—a native drink made, if I am not mistaken, from the bulb of a species of cactus. It produces the same effect as whiskey. Our pack train, a poor one, indeed, consisted of Mr. Buncom, Anderson, myself, Lib, and the Esquimau. Mr. Buncom could not carry much of a load on account of his lame knee which had not recovered entirely from the cut of the broadaxe.

Mr. Anderson carried the most, and cursed his rheumatic limbs. His afflicted leg had a habit of sort of dragging along. I thought that I did very well, for I carried a burden of twenty-five pounds. Lib and the Esquimau, on account of their small stature, were called burros. Each carried as much as myself. Mr. Buncom and Anderson with fifty pounds apiece, myself with twenty-five pounds and the burros each with that number of pounds as myself, aggregated one hundred and seventy-five pounds per trip. We made two trips a day for the first six days, transporting twenty-one hundred pounds—only one hundred pounds more than Mr. Levy carried in a single day. We began to miss Mr. Levy, and mourned his loss. We never knew his true value till now. A warm ray of sunshine is not appreciated in midsummer, when the earth and sky are hot enough to broil us like a beefsteak on a gridiron; but let this same ray, were it possible, descend from out a freezing sky upon the frozen earth, and how delightful it would seem. The next six days I declared were all legal holidays. We put on our best clothes, called on our

neighbors, made a grand ascent up to the falls in a canoe that Bahwahgun let us take with the understanding that we would not use it in trying to escape. We pledged him our sacred honor, the violation of which was death by the furnace. We came almost being swamped in getting too close to the descending water. Then we went a picnicking in the woods. When ready to dine, a panther sprung from a bough overhead, landing in the midst of our delicacies, spoiling our dinner. The beast intended to leap on my shoulders, but jumped clear over me. I may have looked, in its eyes, large as Mr. Buncom who sat opposite to me. For the first time in my life, I congratulated myself on being small. The ferocious beast was about to attack Mr. Buncom when Mr. Anderson knocked it in the head with the butt of his rifle. We returned home with empty stomachs and the panther's skin. We resumed our task, carrying gold, and after six days' hard labor had another ton transported. We tried to let a contract for the transportation of the remainder, offering one ton of gold in payment thereof, but nobody would accept our terms. I tried to get some of the savages to assist us, but it was of no use. We had another season of rest and enjoyment.

The evening before we intended to resume our tasks Mr. Anderson called on me and said my Æsculapian services were needed at his house, as his wife was ill—the result that invariably follows marriage. A daughter was born to them. Hence, from the birth of the child, I was addressed Doctor as often as Captain. It was a handsome babe, an image of its mother. It was gentle and good-tempered. I never heard it cry at all. How handsome it looked in its little blue dress made of one of my flannel shirts. I had but two shirts left, and gave one of them to the mother. I would not have hesitated to give the shirt from my back and gone like Mr. Sanborn went for a while, rather than see the little thing suffer for want of clothing. No doubt Mr. Anderson was proud, but he never made much of it. The babe attracted much attention, and we all went to see it. Now, it must have a name. The father told each of us, those of my crew residing in Shipyardville, to suggest some pretty name. Mr. Sanborn happening to be over from Bahwahguntown,

was the first, and suggested Emma Lila, the name of his sweetheart, whom he mentioned in his song as being "Black as de ace ob spades." Mr. Anderson said damned if he was going to have his child named after a nigger wench, and would much rather have it bear the name of one of the female savages. Mr. Sanborn was much affronted at Mr. Anderson placing his "lubly maid" on a par with the savages. Lib wanted to call it Liberty, after my aunt. Mr. Anderson never liked my aunt, and said that the name was indecorous. Mr. Buncom suggested the name of his daughter, Hattie Amanda. Had Mr. Anderson ever seen the beautiful, good lady bearing this name he would have called his daughter Hattie Amanda. He disliked the daughter on account of her mother Imp. But the daughter was no more akin to her mother than a seraph is like an imp. She was like her father, possessing his noble qualities, and above them those virtues that elevate woman second in rank to an angel.

"Captain," said Mr. Anderson, "suggest a name; the name of somebody I am personally acquainted with."

The color rose to my cheeks, and my heart beat fast as I muttered "Lucinda Belinda Blackgrinda," the name of my sweetheart.

"Good enough, Captain. I do not know of a single person in the world without the child's mother, that I had rather have the babe named after. Lucinda Belinda Blackgrinda is as pretty a name as the person who bears it."

I grew nervous and trembled.

"What is the matter, Captain?" inquired Mr. Buncom, observing my condition.

"Oh, nothing," I replied with a sigh.

Mr. Anderson took the child in his arms and said, "This is Miss Lucinda Belinda Black rinda Anderson."

"Amen!" shouted a sailor with reverend-like sincerity.

Bahwahgun took the babe in his great brawny arms, and called it sweet names. Bahwahgun, though a savage, was too honorable to harm a woman or a child. A heathen, the Christian monde would call him, but he never, so far as I know, crimsoned his hands with the blood of women or children. In the name of the Lord he never murdered a single soul. What his religious views were, I never made

an inquiry, but I do know he never harmed one hair of our heads because we were of a different creed than his own. Among ourselves, especially, till after the death of Mr. Levy, there existed a religious hatred. If Mr. Levy had had the power, as I once heard him say, he would kill the last one of us because we were Gentiles. Mr. Morrisey once asked me to grant him the favor of killing the Jew, and I asked what he had done. He replied that his ancestors murdered our Redeemer, and he wanted to take revenge on Mr. Levy. I told him he was prejudiced. Then he gave me to understand he had been taught that all those who did not believe in his creed—Roman Catholic—were heretics, and ought to be put to death in the name of the Lord. Not long after this, Mr. Westman wanted my consent to his killing of Mr. Morrisey. I asked upon what grounds his murderous inclinations were based. He replied he was a Protestant, and that his religious views urged him to slay, in the name of the Lord, all those of a different creed. Lib took great interest in the babe, and neglected his cooking. For this I scolded him, and he wept. Mrs. Anderson said she would do our cooking, providing I would let Lib mind the child. I replied that she might keep Lib for a nurse. Lib was delighted, and made a first-rate nurse, good as the best Mongolian nurse to be found here in San Francisco. At length we went to work again, and got over two more tons of gold. I became fagged out, and declared another season of holidays. It was in this season we concluded to search for the wonderful fountain. Our party consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Lib as nurse, Mr. Buncom and myself. This fountain, as Mrs. Anderson said, lay in the foot-hills beyond Bahwahguntown. On reaching this town in question, we put up at the Purple X House a few days, and devoted our time to sight-seeing. The sights were thus: A new stone building, eighteen by twenty feet, eight foot wall—sod-roofed—the result of two years of labor of five men. I thought this was almost the slowest constructed building I ever heard of. The builders were inert enough for government services. An indolent laborer generally takes to the railway grade; when too lazy for this he becomes an employee of Uncle Sam, and when too indolent to serve his easy master, starves himself to death, being too lazy to

place food to his mouth. On leaving Bahwahguntown, we took the road leading to the farm. Here we beheld the noble sons of the soil in the shade of the corn, enjoying a game at draw poker. How I wished I had them aboard the *Boreas* again. As I watched the game, I saw nothing remarkable about it. It was about all they could do to draw their breath, without the poker.

"This cursed slavery is almost working me to death," yawned Mr. Westman. "I am stiffer from work than a street-car horse."

"So am I," added Mr. Hannah, lying on the ground half asleep.

Mr. Wilcox was about to say something, and observed our party. Said he," Halloo, Captain, you look splendid."

"I guess you do not have to work much, nowadays," put in Mr. Westman between many yawns.

"Oh no," replied I, "only carrying a back-load of gold about all day, making a pack mule of myself."

Above Mr. Westman hung a ripe ear of corn, the largest I ever saw, fully eight feet long and three feet in diameter.

"Captain," continued Mr. Westman, "you see that ear of corn up there?"

"Yes."

"Old Bahwahgun makes each one of us husk an ear and carry it home, constituting a day's labor which almost kills us."

"What will an average ear weigh?"

"One hundred and fifty pounds."

"How far do you have to carry it."

"Not quite one mile."

"Then a day's labor consists of less than a two mile walk laden with one hundred and fifty pounds half that distance."

"Just so and it is awful."

"What do you think of a person making ninety miles with one hundred and twenty-five pounds on his back half the distance, in twelve hours' time?"

"An impossibility; who was it?"

"The Jew."

"What did he carry?"

"Gold."

"Whose?"

"His own."

"Oh, that was an inducement. I would be willing to make that distance every day with such a load upon my back, for a single pound of gold."

"There are sixteen tons yet to move, and I will give you one ton for transporting it."

"Captain, to tell the truth, I would not move it for the whole pile. I am now living just the sort of life I travelled the world over to find. I intend to stay here the remainder of my life. I am married and am happy as can be."

Mr. Westman liked to take life easy, and besides was a great lover of female society, in which he often ventured too far, according to the ideas of a moralist. At New Orleans he entered into my service. He had come from York State, to this city in question, accompanied with a married woman, Mrs. Orlando Kildoy, I think was her name. On going through with all the money she had taken from her husband, this gay masher deserted her, and shipped with me to escape punishment.

"Captain, I will accept that offer," spoke Mr. Wilcox, "providing Bahwahgun will let me off."

Mr. Wilcox, a lad of twenty, youngest of the sailors, was shrewd and intelligent. He had entered in my services to obtain means to complete his education, fitting himself for an attorney-at-law. He would have made an eminent barrister, as he was a natural orator.

"All right, Johnny" (we often called him by his given name), "I will make the right arrangements with Bahwahgun."

We started on, going up a wash that bore off considerably to the right. It was nearly two miles across, and comparatively level. The gravel was soft, and mixed with sand, greatly impeding our headway. We kept along the right-hand bank, a mass of rock standing on end. Not a tree or bush grew along the bank. The sun shining upon the white sand—after the patch of gravel came a patch of sand—dazzled us. We began to get thirsty, and soon drank what little water we had along. On we trudged; the sand got into my boots, which were full of holes, my best pair too, and chafed my feet raw.

I sat down to empty the sand from my boots, and declared I would go no further.

"Do not go back," said Mr. Anderson, "for the worst of our journey is over."

"What fools we are, trying to find something that never existed outside of romance and poetry."

"It is rather discouraging, Captain," remarked Mr. Buncom, sinking deep in the sand.

We went on. I became mad with myself, and thought cuss words. To prevent my tongue from uttering them, I repeated:

"O who hath not heard the story forsooth
Of Ponce de Leon seeking the Fountain of Youth,
Mid Florida's many a stagnant pool?
But he found it not—the old fool.

He found it not where Spanish moss hangs
O'er water's brow, like a lady's bangs,
Not in the mud where alligators creep,
Where swamp fever its vigil keeps.

"He found it not 'mid blooming flowers
That blossom in wintery bowers,
But found it when short was his breath,
And gazed upon it through the portal of Death."

Mr. Anderson thought cuss words, too, and uttered them. Mr. Buncom began limping, his knee giving out a little, and said: "Captain, this is rather a foolish undertaking."

"I am aware of that."

"My knee begins paining intensely."

"Wait till you bathe in that fountain, and it will be supple as a ballet dancer's."

Lib with little Lucinda in his arms was about exhausted, and the mother took her babe.

"Mrs. Anderson," I asked, "how much further is that wonderful fountain?"

"It is," replied she, "if I am not mistaken, beyond that white peak," pointing out a sharp peak some ten miles further on. "It is more than thirty years since I passed over this road, which is so altered by heavy rains that I am quite at a loss to tell just how far away it is."

"You say it is over thirty years since you were along here. You do not look over twenty."

"I am fifty-five and—"

"The devil you are!" interrupted her husband. "I thought I had married a young girl, instead of a woman almost old enough for my grandmother."

"I was taken captive by Bahwahgun's father fifty years ago. Being so young I could not remember much of tradition concerning the fountain. At ten years of age I began searching for it, and did not find it till I was twenty-five."

This had a wonderful effect upon me, for it assured me that the fountain actually existed. Ponce de Leon did not figure accurately when locating the fountain in the latitude and longitude of Florida.

"Eh, Mr. Buncom, that leg of yours will soon be well again."

"Look yonder," said Mr. Anderson, pointing out three deer, not more than one hundred and fifty yards to our left. They were nearly abreast, going very slow. The one in the middle staggered along like Mr. Levy beneath his load the last afternoon of his life. Presently it dropped to the ground, lying flat upon the side, groaning. It was almost white, so gray with age. Mr. Anderson wanted to shoot those standing by its side, but I would not let him, as I wanted to observe the design of these creatures. Presently the old deer got upon its feet. The one on the right side interlocked antlers with it. The other one got behind, and boosted with its antlers. The sight was so comical that we all laughed. The deer paid no heed to our presence, and went on a little faster than ourselves.

"What does that mean?" inquired Mr. Buncom of me.

"They are also seeking the Fountain of Youth."

The deer was so old it could no longer roam the forest and hills, and in extreme old age had come to get rejuvenated in the fountain. Down fell the decrepit beast again, and we left them behind. We crossed the wash and turned to the left, and were soon upon a broad road in an excellent state of preservation. The road ran originally along the bed of the wash, and now is buried hundreds of feet beneath sand and gravel. Why it was not built along the hillside I do not know. According to tradition, when the road was built the land was level. The road itself showed an upheaval, for it leaned first to the right and then to the

left. Where one sag joined on to the other there was generally a fissure—some being fifty feet wide. Dirt and stone washed from the hill above had filled them up pretty much. Up a steep grade we ascended for about five miles and then reached the summit. The road was thrown up like the roof of a house, sloping at one-third pitch for three hundred feet each way. We got upon the summit by steps made in the rock with claws and hoofs of wild beasts. I looked behind and saw the deer coming. The one we left boosting was now on the other side rendering assistance with its antlers. They appeared about exhausted. The two younger ones left the old one lying down and came on ahead to reconnoiter. They stood at the bottom of the pitch shaking their heads, as if in doubt as to whether they could get over. They went back to the old one, which tried to get up, and on making several attempts lay still again. One got on each side, placed its antlers under the belly, and lifted it upon its feet. One helped it on with its antlers, and the other boosted. When at the bottom of the pitch the head one unlocked its antlers, dropped back behind and boosted the other one. On resting a moment, they made an effort and reached the summit whereon we stood. The boosters went down the other side and came up one behind the other. The old deer placed its antlers against those of the foremost one. The two began backing, letting the old one down gently. At the bottom of the pitch they rested as on the other side, the old one lying down. We passed them by so close that I touched one on the back with an outstretched arm. Had I not seen this with my own eyes, such regard shown old age by animals, I would not have believed it. How many young and vigorous there are who treat the aged and infirm with contempt—often doing all in their power to get them out of the way, especially if there is any property to inherit. Once I used to think that the children who laughed at Elijah's bald head, glistening in the sun, were punished too severely by the Lord, who had them devoured by two she bears. It was an example the Lord set, one that has not been forgotten for over ten thousand years, that age is to be respected. Once I laughed at an old man's bald head, and for a long time afterward was terribly afraid of a she bear in a dime museum. When I

beheld that she bear I shot on the ice, I was afraid it had come to devour me for making fun of that bald-headed man nearly fifty years previous. For four miles we descended a grade about as steep as that which we came up, and entered a beautiful valley. Birds of song filled the air with strange, sweet music, and honey bees, large as humming birds, flew from flower to flower. Exotic flowers to my botanic knowledge bloomed everywhere. The most conspicuous was a mammoth rose, about as large round as the bottom of a wash-tub and iris-colored. It grew on a bush, rather a tree, three feet in diameter and forty feet tall. At the height of twenty feet it shot out many branches. Hundreds of roses were in full bloom, and double that number opening, while the buds were almost innumerable. The air was as fragrant as if all the perfumery of a wholesale perfumery dealer had burst its bottles and mounted the breeze. A short way off I discovered the amaranth growing upon a heap of finely broken-up stone. It grew upon a stalk about the size of a sunflower, and resembled a pond lily. The fragrance was incomparable. I know of nothing that resembled it. I gathered all its flowers I could carry handy, and long as I had them in my possession, over two years, they were as bright and fragrant as the moment I plucked them. This valley is a depression in the foot-hills, or the hills were thrown up around it. A deep, narrow, rock walled gulch led off westerly, carrying off the water that fell in rains, or it would have become a small lake. I named it Paradise Valley. We rounded a small cliff and stood before a marble bluff rising several hundred feet perpendicular, and it was as smooth as if finished by a marble worker. Across the island runs a belt of marble, cropping out at Buncom Falls and here. These are the only places I noticed it on this side the mountains.

"The fountain is there," said Mrs. Anderson, pointing to the foot of the bluff.

We went on a few paces and I saw a small stream, about what would fill an inch pipe, coming from a mass of mud which seemed to have fallen from above the marble bluff, upon which lay several hundred feet of alluvial deposit. The stream settled in a quagmire, a first-rate hog wallow.

"Captain," said Mrs. Anderson, "no doubt you are disappointed, as you look, for the fountain is in a miserable

condition. It is covered up with at least two hundred feet of earth. According to tradition, it sent up a column one foot across it high in the air, and fell in a great reservoir it had made for itself in falling thousands of years on the marble. The stream is much stronger than it was thirty years ago."

The deer had now arrived; the old one staggered into the mud and went out of sight except the nose.

"That is the last of you, old fellow," said Mr. Buncom.

After five minutes time, it lifted its head above the surface and shook off the mud. Out it came, shook itself, leaped in the air exulting over its new life, and bounded away like the wind. The others started on after it, but could not overtake it.

"Wonderful, wonderful!" I said. "The Hot Springs of Arkansas are nowhere in comparison to this."

A bullfrog fully ten feet long came down the path, dragging its hind legs along, which seemed paralyzed. It drank of the water, and crawled in the mud. Presently it began croaking as if trying to sing, like the frog that lived in the spring. It then came out and drew its hind legs up in a leaping posture. It seemed in doubt as to whether they were to be depended upon. I stepped toward it. With a leap it sprung up and onward, stretching out its long legs to guide itself. It struck in the path one hundred yards away. It reminded me of Mr. Sanborn's leap from the iceberg. Mrs. Anderson went behind a clump of trees while her husband took a bath. I being a timid man, agreed to go in providing he came out safe and sound. Mr. Buncom being more timid on this occasion than myself, said he would go in after me. I could see nothing of Mr. Anderson but his nose and mouth above the muddy surface. From his upper lip I saw the hair fall as fall the bristles from the back of a scalded swine. Mr. Buncom looked frightened, and began reading his Testament. Presently Mr. Anderson stuck his head up out the mud and spit out a mouthful of something black. A portion of it fell at my feet, I examined, and lo! I beheld several badly decayed double teeth.

"Mr. Anderson, open your mouth."

He did so, exhibiting as fine a set of teeth as one would wish for. He scraped the mud from his face, and with the

mud came his beard. He washed his face, and I beheld the countenance of a youth barely nineteen. The hair on his head was thick, fine and of a light-brown color. He washed the mud from his body, and donned his clothes. His manners were so estranged that he seemed a total stranger.

"Captain," said he, in a bashful sort of way, "it is truly wonderful. You cannot imagine how young and happy I feel. My rheumatism is gone, and where is my wife?"

I told him, and he went thence.

"Oh, husband," said she, placing her arms about his neck, "I knew it would make you young again."

He clasped her to his bosom and gazed on her with eyes aglow with the love of youth. I made an attempt to doff my clothes, but decided not to do so, for the pool looked so muddy and treacherous. However, I rolled up my pants high as I could, and put in my right leg, immersing it above the knee. I felt the rheumatism leave through the end of my great toe, and then I drew my leg out. As I stated, I intended to become a dancing master; again the passions of Terpsichore seized me in this leg.

"Mr. Anderson," said I, "whistle a dancing tune."

He did so, and I began dancing. How I danced! My leg could not shake fast enough. I ceased only after my other leg became exhausted. While indulging in this frivolous sport, Mr. Buncom rolled up his pants and applied mud to his lame knee, effecting a complete cure. Had I not been so trifling, to-day I might exult in perpetual youth like Apollo. This fountain renders mortals invulnerable to disease but not against accidents, or death by violence. When ready to immerse my other leg, it began raining. We sought shelter beneath the huge rose-tree, which shed water like an umbrella. How it stormed! It was a cloud-burst more than a rain-storm. A rumble shook the earth.

"That is a land-slide," said Mrs. Anderson. "I am afraid the fountain is covered up completely, as the earth above it did not look at all secure."

After storming for six hours it cleared off quickly as it came on. We saw that the fountain was buried beneath a mass of earth that came almost up to the top of the marble bluff.

"We came just in time to see for ourselves that such a

fountain actually exists," said Mr. Anderson, "and Captain, after we get back to civilization, we will bring up a whole ship-load of laborers and put the fountain in shape, like it was originally."

"Providing we reach civilization."

We started homeward. That rejuvenated leg of mine wanted to run or dance all the while, and it was almost as disagreeable as rheumatism. A stream flowed down the wash, running from one side to the other, compelling us to wade it about every half mile. Mr. Anderson, now young and strong, took up his wife and child and carried them across the stream each time. His tongue in singing love songs was as great a novelty as my dancing leg. When we got back to the farm, we met Bahwahgun who wanted to know where we found that boy (meaning Mr. Anderson). We told him it was Mr. Anderson.

"If it is Anderson," said he, "let him show the Purple X, as you slaves call my mark of honor."

Mr. Anderson took of his hat, and the "mark of honor" was brighter than when made. Bahwahgun seemed to doubt his own eyes.

"What do you think now?" I asked the perplexed old savage.

"It must be Anderson; but what makes him so young?"

"Ah, that is a secret of the white man."

I had not much trouble in getting Bahwahgun to let Mr. Wilcox carry gold to our boat. He came on with us, carrying one hundred pounds. He worked diligently, making four loads a day, and one hundred pounds per load. After a long while, I did not note the number of days, he brought it all over. His diligence and kindness won Bahwahgun's admiration, who honored him with a Black X, a degree lower than the Purple X.

CHAPTER XXII.

MONSTROUS SEA SERPENTS.

For several days ensuing our return from the fountain I had seen nothing of the Esquimau. The last seen of him was when he went down on the marsh to gather some grass. I became alarmed, and instituted a search party, but could not find the faintest trace of him. However, one day we discovered a saw-log-like made track coming from the river and passing in the woods. This made me fear he had been devoured by a sea-serpent, that is, if a serpent had made this peculiar course which the savages said was made by one. Each savage smeared his body with a sort of pitchy substance from a vine found on the marsh, very offensive to the smell. The stench was sickening. I made inquiry why they did this, and was told it was to keep the serpents from devouring them, as the serpents shrunk from the smell. No wonder the serpents did, and the only beings that could endure it were themselves. Bahwahgun brought some of the preparation for me to anoint myself with; I told him that when I was ready to die, I wanted at least one breath of pure air. Despite the disagreeable odor, one savage was missing. A serpent hunt was now the absorbing topic. I noticed that the savages did not view it as anything pleasurable. I began to regard it as a serious matter myself. All I could learn from Bahwahgun was that a serpent, invariably a pair of them, came out the sea about this season of the year, and that the female deposited a large number of eggs in a warm, sandy soil, in the neighborhood of the beach. When the eggs were hatched, the savages preyed upon the young serpents, which they prize highly as food. The old serpents were a terror to both man and beast while out upon land. The savages generally managed to put up with the audacity of their unwelcome visitors till after the eggs were hatched, and then waged war against them in earnest. Sometimes the serpents devoured six or eight savages before the eggs hatched.

This information made me more timid than the savages, who never left home now without their arms. Mr. Buncom flew to arms, arming himself with his favorite weapon, an harpoon. Mr. Anderson borrowed my favorite rifle, which shot much stronger than his Winchester, and went everywhere. He became Bahwahgun's body-guard. At times I noticed that Bahwahgun turned pale beneath his swarthy skin, at the sight of almost anything that looked like a serpent. During this reign of terror, for such it was, I occupied the time in fitting up a room for myself in the boat. The room was midships. It was six by eight feet, and, the ceiling, like that of King Solomon's Temple, was covered with gold. The carpenter beat out the gold in ruts for me—he was also a good goldsmith. After the ceiling was covered, I covered the sides and even the floor. There was never a craft before, so far as history goes to show, with its commander's quarters finished off like this. After this was done, we launched the boat, by Bahwahgun's permission, and loaded her with gold, making a full cargo. Bahwahgun finally consented to allow Mr. Buncom, Anderson, Wilcox and myself to sail up and down the river. While we did so he placed a guard over my men so that they would not try to escape. He was aware we would not leave without our entire crew. *Lucinda* was a fine sailing craft, and outsailed anything I ever saw of her size and build. I could never induce Bahwahgun to go aboard, for he was afraid the craft would sink. In a canoe that I would not have trusted myself on water deeper than enough to float it, he would face the roughest kind of a sea. He was a first-rate canoe commander, and would not hesitate to attack a man of war with one. At length the serpent scare wore off, and I became one of Bahwahgun's body-guard. Then Mr. Buncom and Wilcox also became bodyguards. We presented a warlike appearance. Mr. Anderson, as I stated, carried my favorite rifle, and the time that Mr. Buncom and Wilcox joined the guard, added to his arms the razor-back hand saw. Mr. Buncom carried a cutlass besides an harpoon. Mr. Wilcox carried the shot-gun loaded with slugs, and a pole axe. Bahwahgun carried a spear and war club and a double preparation of that disagreeable ointment, strong enough to be a most effective weapon. I carried my revolvers and a hunting

knife, that the carpenter made from a cutlass, in my left boot leg. Sometimes I thought my heart was down there too. We marched up and down Main street, the only street of the hamlet, four times each day to see if there were any signs of the enemy. I began to yearn for a sight of the serpents, which for some reason or other, kept concealed from view. However at length my desires were gratified. About midway the river, I saw a huge head rise above the surface, a white and black striped body seemed to leap up in the air fully one hundred feet, and come down with a splash, engendering waves that laved the banks as if a mighty side-wheeled steamboat was passing up stream.

This made my heart settle down in my boot below the point of the knife. I resigned my position as body-guard, and a savage filled the vacancy till he, poor fellow, was swallowed alive, of which I will shortly speak. Our supplies were getting low; soon we must either face the egregious serpents or starvation, twin brother to grim death. If I had depended upon my own resources for food, I would have had many fasting days, far more than the calendar calls for. Mr. Buncom would have been next to me; not that he was timid, but his large stature and age rendered him inactive. Where a serpent missed me ninety-nine times out of every hundred, it would be sure to catch him the number of times I escaped. My small physique and activity would have made me a difficult fly to catch. Even if I do say it there are few men of my age, fifty-one years, more active and supple than myself. Bahwahgun was a conspicuous object for his serpentship, and he was aware of the fact. At length food became scarce, and we turned out the male populace (Lib stayed at home; he was so effeminate that I often thought of putting petticoats on him) and went in the forest for game. Bahwahgun killed four bears in his favorite way, by picking one up and dashing it down on the other. He must have practiced the peculiar way of slaughter for years, or he could not possibly have become so proficient. Mr. Anderson got six deer and Mr. Wilcox two dozen turkeys. One savage took three ground hogs, another four raccoons, another—though two claimed the honor of killing it—a wood rat, another, three bats that he got from beneath a piece of

bark hanging from the trunk of a dead tree, and lastly, one, a pole cat. With this trophy he seemed more pleased than Bahwahgun with all his bears. I thought that the disagreeable odor characterizing this animal was wanting, but the serpent repeller on the savage's body was so offensive that it was unnoticeable. The trophy I bore was a large, long-legged mosquito, larger than a Florida swamp gallinipper, which I killed while drawing life blood from the nape of my neck. We started homeward well pleased at our success. Those carrying the game Bahwahgun put in advance; should a serpent be encountered the carcasses could be dropped, giving us a chance to escape while it devoured them. Mr. Anderson, who nearly ran his legs off in hunting deer, declared he did not hunt to feed serpents and if one was met it could begin on him first. He stepped in front the game bearers. We told him he was meditating suicide, and would consider it such if a serpent got him. He replied we might consider it whatever we chose to call it. Mr. Wilcox, with clothes hanging in shreds torn by the underbrush among which he shot the turkeys, remarked he wanted the first pick of the wishbone of his game, and went to the front. Just then an impulse almost bore me to the front. It was not to protect my game, which I carried on a piece of bark in my hand, but it was a heroic impulse, such as prompts the soldier to face the cannon mouth and look down its brazen throat coolly as a physician examining a patient of diphtheria. I fell out of rank and went forward far as midway the game bearers. I saw the rat carried by two savages. They had a pole over their shoulder, in the center of which the rat hung, fastened by the tail. They made more fuss over carrying it than Mr. Harry and Morrisey, who carried a bear. The carpenter bore the turkeys. At his side was the savage who killed the pole cat. He carried it in his arms, and sniffed of it occasionally. I fell back to my old place beside Mr. Buncom and said, "What a feast we will have."

"Yes," replied he, hesitatingly, "but something else may have first choice. I should think so myself; but with Mr. Anderson ahead of me I would not be afraid to descend into the lower regions."

"Young Wilcox is also equally as brave, and what a fine statesman he would make in the future, not afraid to

lead his party anywhere, and he has a bright future, I am sure."

We were pretty close home when a scream, that of a female's voice, rent the air. Then a number of voices sounded, among which we recognized Mrs. Anderson's. Mr. Anderson and Wilcox ran on ahead. Bahwahgun started, but his courage failed him. He like myself, felt safer behind the game bearers. We saw several women, Bahwahgun's wives, he had brought them all over to Shipyardville, standing before Anderson's cabin, shrieking at the top of their voice. Something was up. Nothing but the presence of the evil one or a serpent could make such an uproar. I saw a great black and white object coming down Main street, almost filling the street. A great mouth opened; horrors! a forked tongue, fully fifty feet long, darted out and sent Mr. Wilcox rolling through the dust. Then a tail swept back and forth, breaking down every tree in its reach. The report of my favorite rifle rang on the air, then Mr. Anderson ran and jumped upon the serpent's neck (the serpent was killed instantly), and walked down its long body. We all ran forward, with the exception of the game bearers. Wonderful! in Main street lay the carcass of a sea-serpent two hundred and twenty-five feet long, girting around the body sixty feet. A ball from Mr. Anderson's rifle had taken effect in the head midway between the eyes, penetrating the brain. The serpent was black and white, with stripes running around the body instead of lengthwise, and each stripe was four feet wide. The skin was smooth and glossy. On observing the tail from the head, at first I thought it had rattles on, like the common rattlesnake. But the tail was of a horny substance, spear-shaped, fifteen feet long, and four feet wide where it joined on the flesh, coming to a needle-like point. This was its weapon of offense and defense. The savages gathered round the carcass, danced and shouted the same as when I shot my first fudyick. Bahwahgun, wild with joy, placed Mr. Anderson upon his shoulders, and ran up and down the serpent's back. Mrs. Anderson came out; he took her and little Lucinda up in his arms, and with Mr. Anderson still upon his shoulders walked up and down the serpent's back three times. When Mrs. Anderson had returned to her cabin I sought her presence to

learn something more of these sea-serpents, and also of the savages' ebullition of joy.

Said she, "These sea-serpents have infested this island ever since Bahwahgun's race conquered it, devouring many savages annually. They consider it great fortune to kill one of them. This is the first one killed for ten years. From the skin they make their canoes, such as you now see in use. They eat the flesh, and long as it lasts there is a protracted feast."

"Boat-building, rather canoe-making, will soon preoccupy us all."

"Yes, and I learn that as soon as some canoes are made they intend to make a voyage to the island of my folk. For this reason, I am sorry the serpent is dead, but, had it not been killed, it would have infested these premises till it devoured us all, or till we left them. The reason why the savages live in Bahwahguntown, as you call it, is that these serpents never molest them there."

The savages began cutting the skin down the back. It was two feet thick and very tough. When the skin was stripped from the sides of the carcass, it was stretched tight as possible and fastened to stakes driven in the ground to prevent it from shrinking. Then they began cutting up the carcass. This interested me, for I was anxious to learn if it had a double stomach like the monster that swallowed us. It had but one stomach, and I do not think it was of the same species, for this one had a forked tongue, while the monster had a straight tongue. This was all I wished to see, and went to my cabin, where Mr. Wilcox was. The thrust from the serpent's tongue had knocked the wind out of him.

"Well, Johnny, my boy, how are you feeling?"

"Rather sore, Captain."

Mr. Buncom came in and said it was a female serpent, and that we had to be cautious, for its mate would probably pay us a visit at almost any hour. When the carcass was cut up, a great heap of whitish meat lay in the middle of the street, beside which a large hole was being dug. I fet inclined to stop the work, as somebody might fall in it and injure himself. The hole was filled with the meat. The head, tail, and entrails were cast in the river. I managed to fish out

the tail, hoping to get it home and place it among my relics. The feast began. In the meantime ten earthen pots, six feet high and the same number of feet across the top, were filled with serpent meat and boiled. When cooked, it was white and tender. I tasted some and, strange to say, it was sweet and almost delicious as spring chicken. Every inhabitant of Bahwahguntown was over. I never saw human beings eat the way they did. On eating their fill they were very stupid. We could have made our escape during the feast had the agriculturists come over to Shipyardville. The truth of the matter was, they were too indolent to walk this far. I learned the fact by sending Mr. Wilcox to inform them of a chance to escape. With the exception of Mr. Sanborn, they sent back word that they were ready providing I would send some sort of conveyance to bring them over. I concluded if they cared so little for liberty, they had better remain in slavery. It was now too late for the feast was over. The ground on which Shipyardville stands contains a great deal of saltpetre. Meat was kept perfectly good by digging a hole and putting it in the hole. Water soaked in and formed a brine. Bahwahgun ordered a hut built where Mr. Levy was buried. I tried to get him to build across the street, but he would not listen to me, and began the building upon the grave. Mr. Anderson and Wilcox took up the body, which was pickled in first-class shape. We removed the remains up toward the falls, where a marble wall rises perpendicularly for nearly one thousand feet. The carpenter inscribed Mr. Levy's name, age, and date of his obit on the wall, which we named Levy's Monument. He has the honor of the highest monument, sacred to one's memory, in the world. It was a pleasant spot, and just the right place for a burying ground. Mrs. Anderson, having brought a slip of the big rose-tree from Paradise Valley, planted it at the head of the grave, and it was surprising how fast it grew. The last time I saw the slip it was one foot in diameter, thirty feet tall and just beginning to bloom. On the grave, in an old boot for a vase, I placed two amaranths. Their odor always made the air fragrant. Had it not been for the amaranths in my cabin the stench of the snake repelling ointment would have repelled me. The serpent skin was now dry, soft and pliable.

Bahwahgun measured it carefully and ordered the carpenter to cut a tree of about two hundred feet in length. What he wanted of such a tree as this, I could not imagine. The carpenter whetted his axe with a slatey looking stone on which he used oil. In no time he put on a razor-like edge. I thought it would be good for my razor, as it needed grinding, and besides my strop was rendered almost useless by sea water. The carpenter told me to be careful or I might whet my razor away before I was aware of it. I knew what the razor would stand, for I had a razor grinder grind on it two hours and he pronounced it remarkable material. I oiled the stone, and began whetting the instrument. It wore away before my eyes like ice melts over a hot fire. There was nothing left of it but the back, on which I tried to put an edge. After a few digs on the stone it wore in two, leaving nothing but the handle. The carpenter, not feeling very well, as he had eaten too much serpent meat and drunk considerable of intoxicating drink, did not go out for two days afterwards. He was not gone long before he came back bareheaded and scared almost out of his wits. Soon as he could speak, he said he saw a serpent. This created another excitement. All eyes were turned in the direction of Levy's Monument, near which he said it was. We looked and looked, but could see nothing. We considered the scare as a grand April fool, for this was on All Fools' Day. Lib, standing in front of Mr. Anderson's, shrieked and darted indoors. I ran for my cabin, and so did everybody else to theirs, except Mr. Anderson and Wilcox, who stood with their firearms ready for action. Down the street with tail in its mouth, forming a hoop one hundred feet in diameter and thirty feet broad, rolled a serpent. Swifter and swifter it came. Reader just imagine a hoop one hundred feet high and thirty feet wide formed by a sea-serpent rolling through the main street of your town, would not your hair stand on end as mine stood? When the serpent was opposite to Mr. Anderson's he fired, and the moment after Mr. Wilcox discharged both barrels of slugs at the great hoop, which swayed to the right, going straight for my cabin. I jumped from the doorway the moment the serpent struck the cabin. High in the air almost as the great hoop itself flew logs in every direction. One fell upon three savages

and crushed them to death. Another came down endwise through Mr. Anderson's roof, and struck the cradle from which Lib took little Lucinda the moment my cabin was struck. When the slugs struck the serpent it relinquished hold of its tail and straightened out upon its back. Its tail struck Bahwahgun's cabin and cut it in two as smoothly as the iceberg did our ship. One of Bahwahgun's wives had the fingers of her left hand cut off below the second joint as she was about to blow her nose in the most approved masculine style.

CHAPTER XXIII.

DEATH OF MR. BUNCOM.

A TORRENT of blood gushed from the sea-serpent's head and flowed down Main Street, Judas-coloring everything in its course, as if all the blood shed in the three days' fight at Gettysburg was spilled on this particular spot. In fact, everything seemed "painted red." Mr. Wilcox, with his deadly weapon at full cock, was the first to approach, which he did cautiously.

"By George!" said he, "I hit the bull's-eye in the center, that is, shot the serpent through the eye."

On seeing there was little or no danger, I advanced boldly, with a revolver in one hand and hunting knife in the other. As I took the knife from my boot-leg I felt my heart rise to its natural height, whereas a few minutes before it and my great toe seemed struggling for possession of the toe of my boot. I was much afraid my heart would escape through the hole whence my toe protruded.

"Johnny, then you are really sure it is dead?"

"Yes, Captain."

I advanced to its nose, and was almost appalled at its gigantic size. Its tongue, between the forks of which Mr. Wilcox and I stood, was sixty feet long and six feet through at the fork. The contents of both barrels of the young hero's gun had penetrated an eye and lodged in the brain. It was a remarkable shot, notwithstanding the eye being eighteen inches across. When he fired it was revolving so fast I could see nothing of the head. There I stood, almost transfixed with wonder, never once thinking about Mr. Buncom, who was in the cabin when demolished. I became aware of the fact on hearing a groan from under the logs.

"Mr. Buncom, where are you?" I shouted, peering among the logs.

A groan was the only reply.

"Mr. Anderson," I called, "come here; Mr. Buncom is buried alive in these ruins."

Mr. Anderson hastened across the street and began lifting the logs one side. He handled the largest of them with ease. The fountain not only endowed him with perpetual youth, but also with great strength. Shortly the *débris* was removed, except a long log, the ridge pole, which was across Mr. Buncom's stomach. When it was removed he drew several deep breaths and tried to get up, but fell back again. Mr. Anderson carried him beneath the branches of a tree close at hand. While examining him to ascertain the extent of his injuries, I heard a voice, which I knew was Mr. Sanborn's, calling out, "Cap'n." I looked in every direction, and up in the air, thinking possibly he might be on a fudyick's back.

"Cap'n," came the voice again.

This time it appeared to come from out the ground. I told Mr. Wilcox to look in the pit containing serpent meat. On doing so, he reported of seeing a female savage in there getting some meat. It was a positive thing that it was not her voice.

"Cap'n, I's in hell," sounded a voice seeming to come from the earth directly underfoot. Were I at all superstitious, I would have considered it some soul calling on me for aid to escape from the place of eternal torment.

"Cap'n, dis am hell sure."

I now located the voice as coming from behind the serpent's carcass. Mr. Wilcox went the entire length of the monster, but saw no signs of anybody.

"Cap'n," sounded the voice somewhat stronger.

"Captain," said Mr. Wilcox, "I am positive that voice comes from the serpent's stomach."

He went to the serpent's mouth and shouted down its throat, "Halloo! man, beast ghost, or what not, come out of that!"

"I's cannot, for I's in de dark," came a voice.

By this I ascertained that somebody was swallowed alive. Before I could get to the huge mouth, Mr. Wilcox had gone down its throat bearing a torch, which I beheld gleaming far down the neck.

"Another soul will soon be declaring himself in hell," I

said to myself. I was about to call Mr. Anderson to rescue Wilcox, when he crawled forth with Mr. Sanborn at his heels. He was not at all like the Mr. Sanborn of other days. His features were pinched and pale, wool and beard of snowy white; sudden fear had changed their color. After a few moments his countenance resumed its natural color, but the wool and beard, if anything, got whiter.

"Oh, Cap'n, I's ole now," he said, weeping over his premature gray hair.

Then he told how he came to be swallowed alive, stating that he was on his way to inform Bahwahgun the fudyicks were so numerous and ravenous that they attacked a person soon as he ventured out of doors, and that they had already carried away four savages. When just below the falls he saw the serpent coming, and began running for his life. When not quite abreast of Levy's Monument, he was swallowed, and knew nothing more till hearing us shout.

Mr. Buncom was considerably better now, but complained of a pain in the left groin. I examined the locality of the pain, which centered in a small hole as if made by a bullet. I could not account for it. Mr. Anderson, Wilcox, and I examined the serpent's head closely, but could not find where a rifle ball had struck it. Mr. Anderson was positive his ball did not go amiss. We examined again, and in a corner of the mouth found a little half-round nick of about the size a bullet would make. Across the horny tail was a groove of the same size of the nick, which determined the result of the shot. It now became obvious that the wound in Mr. Buncom's groin was inflicted by Mr. Anderson's bullet, after passing through the serpent's mouth. Mr. Anderson declared I was charging him with premeditated murder, and was wroth.

"I will prove to you," he said, "that my bullet, if it sped on after striking the serpent, did not go anywhere near your cabin."

He stood in the same tracks as when firing the shot, and pointed his rifle as near as he could remember as in firing on the serpent. I stood where Mr. Buncom stood, about three feet from the door, when Mr. Anderson discharged his rifle. The rifle pointed at my ribs, which would take Mr. Buncom in the groin.

"I will admit it now," said Mr. Anderson, "and it is a sad accident."

This made me much alarmed at Mr. Buncom's condition. The injuries he received from falling timbers might be serious, but the bullet wound was, as I decided, fatal.

"Shall I probe for the bullet?" I asked.

"No," replied Mr. Buncom, who had learned he was shot, "I think it would not be of any use. Now I am positive my time has come. When my leg was broken and in its worst state, my hopes of recovery never swerved at all, but I feel differently now. For a while back a voice, perchance that of fate, in which I candidly believe, has said time and time again, 'Prepare to meet thy God.'"

"Do not become faint-hearted. You know the old saying, 'long as life there is hope,' and it is a true one."

We carried Mr. Buncom to Mr. Anderson's cabin, where he was made comfortable. There was not a "lack of woman's nursing and a dearth of woman's tears," for Mrs. Anderson watched over him with the vigil of an hospital nurse, and shed tears as if in anticipation of the death of her dearest relation on earth. Under her care he improved, and there was a hope of recovery. While his condition was favorable, we thought it a good season to go over to Bahwahguntown and exterminate the fudyicks. Mr. Sanborn could not be induced to go with us. About all we saw of him nowadays was his white woolly head peering from the doorway, looking up and down the street to see whether a serpent was in sight. Before his eyes a stick lying on the ground seemed to metamorphose into a serpent larger than the one that swallowed him. He talked continually about serpents, and dreamed of them. He had serpents in the head, larger and more horrible than those seen by an alcoholic demented person.

We declared war against the fudyicks. I was captain, with the privileges of both a sea and military captain. I could court-martial for desertion or cowardice, but we were all above committing the last-named offense. As captain I could go to the rear in time of battle, and seek safety wherever I might find it. If the enemy was about to capture me, I could run fast as my legs would carry me. On arriving at Bahwahguntown, we found the savages as timid as Mr. Sanborn, in fact more so. When kicking their way

through the doorway, they stuck out their nose, and if any signs of danger were visible, got back again. While sticking her nose out, the belle of the town had almost the entire nose taken off by a fudyick. What little remained of the nasal organ was plenty large enough. We marched up and down the street singing patriotic songs, Mr. Wilcox, in particular, who had a fine voice and knew more of this kind of songs than the Goddess of Liberty. We made patriotic speeches in the middle of the street, extolling the noble cause we were vindicating, and appealed for volunteers. But nobody was patriotic enough to enlist under our gonfanon. Mr. Westman at length grew patriotic, and asked if there was any chance for a hard-fighting private to be promoted. I, the *captain*, informed him that promotion would amount to little or nothing.

"Well," replied the patriot, "I think I can play the role of a true hero by staying at home and minding the wants of Alley."

"Who is Alley?"

"Why, my dear wife. She reminds me so much of the lady you saw me with in New Orleans, whose given name is Alley, that I called my wife after her."

"Trot out your Alley," said Mr. Wilcox, who occasionally resorted to slang to express his ideas.

After several minutes, out came "Alley," an Amazon seven feet tall, of as stout build as Bahwahgun, and she was his sister. She had an unusually large mouth and nose, cheek bones higher than her brother's; in fact she was the ugliest-looking female on the island. Out came the doting husband and stood beside her, coming hardly up to her armpits.

"Come here, Bertie Frederick Kildoy Westman," called the husband. Out toddled a little half-breed of about two years, I should judge. "We are the happiest family in the world. More happy than a sheriff with a jail full of culprits, among whom is a married man whose wife bestows all her smiles upon the sheriff. Alley is a kind, good wife."

This made her smile. She spit out a mouthful of tobacco spittle (women as well as men chew) and said, "You bet I am."

This disgusted us, and we departed, leaving the happy

family to their happiness. We were about to go into quarters at the Purple X House, when we observed several fudyicks coming from the mountains. Straight they came towards us, not arching at all. When at short range Mr. Wilcox fired, killing one. Mr. Anderson then began firing, and killed the last one of them; there were twelve in all. I felt disheartened, because I did not get in a single shot. Presently a single one came along. At my request Mr. Anderson shot it through the wing, breaking it, and down the fudyick came to the ground.

"Now, Captain," said Mr. Anderson, "there is a chance for one of your remarkable shots."

With drawn revolver I hastened toward the fudyick and it came at me with open mouth—just what I wanted. When trying to thrust the muzzle of the revolver in its mouth it grasped me by the left thigh with a talon, and I escaped with the loss of a pants leg. Then it attacked me, and would have killed me, for its talon was about my neck, had not Mr. Wilcox broke its neck with a blow from his gun. What a plight I was in! minus of a pants leg, and blood running down my leg from four cuts the claws made. What if Mr. Buncom should get worse and send for me? I could not go, for my modesty would never allow me to enter the presence of Mrs. Anderson in this plight. Dearly as I loved Mr. Buncom, I could not barter my modesty. We retired to the Purple X House elated over our victory, and I began trying to mend my pants. I had taken but a stitch or two when Lib, much out of wind from running, came in and said, "Buncom alle samee as dead man, comee quick."

We started for home. On taking a few steps I stopped, for till now I had forgotten my plight.

"Captain, what is the matter?" inquired Mr. Anderson.

"My modesty will never permit me to enter the presence of your wife in this condition."

"There is no time to consider such trifles; come along."

I went on, but much against my will. We ran till becoming exhausted. When we entered the presence of Mrs. Anderson, if she saw my pantless leg she did not seem to notice it. One look at Mr. Buncom told me his end was close.

"Captain," said he, extending his hand, which fell limp before I could grasp it, "my end is nigh. I am soon to embark on a sea whose other shore is far away, almost as many miles as the number of years that have rolled in eternity. I go, though on a strange voyage, millions have made it before me, millions and millions will after me, and after them millions and millions. All must make this mysterious voyage, till Angel Gabriel with one foot on the sea and the other on the shore, proclaims that time shall be no more. It is well that I have lived, and would to God that I could live my life over. How much I could improve it, for the follies of youth are seen only through the glass—mature age. The world is beautiful, it has been good to me, far better than I have to it. And above the world's goodness is His who made it. I have tried, so far as my erring judgment went, to live the life of a Christian. The Lord in his loving kindness will open to me the gates of eternal joy. The Lord is merciful to a poor tired soul like myself, who has done so little good in the world."

Soon as he ceased speaking I nudged Mr. Anderson, and whispered, "Stand a little closer so your wife cannot see my bare leg."

He did not understand, and I was on the point of repeating my request when Mr. Buncom spoke thus: "Captain, before my breath goes out like the sun behind a mountain, I have but one request to make. I know it is much to ask but you have been my best friend—"

A big tear fell upon my knee. Heavens! there stood Mrs. Anderson, leaning upon her husband's shoulder weeping bitterly, and looking down upon my bare leg. I thought the end had come, for Mr. Buncom showed no signs of life, but presently he muttered something unintelligible.

"What is it, Mr. Buncom?"

He continued to mutter for about three minutes, then he rose almost straight up. I prevented him from falling back, and said, "Captain, if you ever reach home, will you see that Imp has all the kidney medicine she wants?"

"I will," replied I, between sobs.

"Good-bye, Captain; farewell, dear friends, I am going, and beyond is God."

He smiled and fell back in my arms, dying as he had

lived, a true Christian. At the end of his long voyage I know that the Lord welcomed him. The following day we buried him beside Mr. Levy, and by his request before dying, planted an evergreen at the head of his grave. I should have had his name, etc., inscribed on Levy's Monument, but he had expressed a wish not to mar the wall with his name. I mended my pants soon as possible. Mr. Sanborn made me a suit of buck-skin, on which I wore gold buttons of the size of a California slug. With my new suit on Mr. Anderson said I looked like a dude.

CHAPTER XXIV.

BAHWAHGUN'S MAN OF WAR.

WHILE we were off shooting fudyicks and attending to the last rites of Mr. Buncom, Bahwahgun and his warriors had skinned the serpent killed last, leaving on both head and tale. In its stomach was found the remains of the savage who took my place as body-guard. From the other serpent skin they had made four canoes, each thirty feet long and five wide. These were designed to form portion of the fleet—Bahwahgun's Invincible Armada. During the time I have referred to, they were remarkably industrious—the first industry they showed since we were among them. The remainder of my crew, except Mr. Westman, at Bahwahguntown, came over and worked in the forest getting out ship timber. We three, Mr. Anderson, Wilcox, and myself rebuilt my cabin, and put on a serpent-skin roof. It was the portion left after the canoes were made from it. It made a first-rate roof and a good-looking one too—black and white as if painted by a first-class house-painter. It shed water good as India rubber. On getting the cabin in shape again, we went in the woods where Bahwahgun was having timber cut. It was two miles away over a high ridge, but close to the beach. He intended to carry the timbers up over the ridge, which would be almost an endless undertaking. If the water was navigable at all I could tow them round with my craft. I informed Bahwahgun I could transport them all by water while he was taking a single piece on land. He replied that I might try it, and wanted it done soon as possible for he was in a great hurry to get his man-of-war built. Our trio set out in the craft, and reached the spot in first-rate shape. Here the water was deep and never rough, on account of being almost land-locked. A large rock a foot or two above high tide formed an excellent wharf. Ten timbers, each a hundred feet long and two feet square,

were lashed together and cast in the water, floating buoyantly. The trees these timbers came from were square instead of round. On taking this load over to Shipyardville and returning we made the boat fast and went to examine the peculiar species of tree these timbers came from. It was more like the long-leafed pine of the south and redwood of the Pacific Coast combined than any other kind of wood, and had a leaf like the walnut. The largest tree that came under my observation was ten feet in diameter, and not far from three hundred feet tall. At the hieght of one hundred feet it became smaller—like an eight foot square object set upon a ten foot one. Seventy-five feet above this it became smaller again—six feet square. Fifty feet above this it was four feet square. Forty feet above this two feet square, and the remainder above this, thirty feet, one foot square. It had a small umbrella-shaped top. The savages had started to cut it down, and I asked Bahwahgun why they did not fell it. He replied it was of no good for his purposes. I examined the scaf, three feet deep, and it was full of seams two inches apart, looking as if a saw had been run through it. I called Mr. Anderson's attention to it, and he thought it must have been struck by lightning. Mr. Wilcox took up the carpenter's axe, lying close by, and began chopping at the scaf to show me he was a fine axeman. He wielded the axe with such vigor, the wood being soft, that at the end of half an hour the tree cracked, leaned down hill, and in a few moments crashed upon the earth. When it began cracking I started to run, and by the time it fell I had reached the boat. It was a foolish thing I did running the direction the tree fell. Presently Mr. Anderson called me.

"What do you want?" I asked.

"Come here."

I went, expecting to see nothing more than a tree lying on the ground where it would remain till decaying away, giving nourishment to other trees. Instead of seeing what I had expected, I beheld a pile of lumber as if just coming from the saw. The top lying toward me, was the first to attract my attention; it was a timber one foot square and of the length I have mentioned. Below this were inch boards twelve inches wide. Next six by sixes then four by fours and last two-inch plank twenty-four inches wide.

Here was more plank than we had got out for our boat, with a year's hard labor. At the sight of so many feet of plank smooth as if coming from the planer, the thoughts of blistered hands and an aching back made Mr. Anderson swear several round oaths, the first I had heard him use since his rejuvenescence. On being aware he had broken one of the commandments he looked frightened as well as sorry. At my right, by Mr. Sanborn's axe, a tree crashed to the ground. I went to see if there was anything extraordinary about it. The butt portion, four feet square, fifty feet long, lay in timbers of one foot square. The next hundred feet, three feet square, consisted of shingles. It seemed to me enough shingles lay upon the ground to shingle every cabin in Shipyardville. Above the shingles were several thousand lath. A savage felled a tree, at which Bahwahgun growled. I knew by his gestures and jabbering he was denouncing his subject as being "stupid as an ass," as we often say. I went to learn the cause, and strewn over the ground was siding and flooring. The flooring, tongued and grooved, was smooth and glossy as if varnished. While figuring up the number of feet of flooring, Mr. Harry felled a tree a short distance behind me. A great number of sticks, balls, and I do not know what not, flew up in the air. A ball precisely like we play croquet with struck Bahwahgun on the head, and he dropped to the ground in a heap. A croquet mallet, for such it was, struck Mr. Sanborn on the head, and a tuft of white wool dropped which the ball had torn loose. I looked up to see if anything had marked out my fate and beheld a mallet going end over end; behind it came a handle. With the sound like the clapping of one's hands, the handle struck the mallet and dropped at my feet. Before falling to the ground every mallet was handled. However, an odd handle dropped upon the masthead and stood up straight, where it remained long as the boat lasted.

"Captain, do you ever play croquet?" inquired Mr. Wilcox.

"Yes, sometimes."

"Say that we have a game."

"All right."

He smoothed down the surface and cut a wire like vine

which made first-rate arches. We began playing. Mr. Wilcox was so superior that I was "skunked," as he called it. I would not admit it. The only person I ever thought skunked was the savage who killed and carried home the pole-cat. We played another game at which I did a little better. Am sure I should have won the next game had it not been ended by Mr. Sanborn felling another tree which sent forth a shower of billiard cues. I looked for the balls and even a billiard table to drop, but was disappointed.

"What shall we do with all these cues?" inquired Mr. Wilcox, picking up his arms full from the croquet ground.

"Nothing as I know of," I replied, taking up a cue and thrusting it in the leaves at my feet (I stood a few paces without the croquet ring.) With it I unearthed something white which I thought a deer's antlers, but found it was a tusk of ivory. Bahwahgun having got up growling over his sore head, saw the tusk, took it up, and said, "Little slave, so small as to escape the sight of sea serpents, fudyicks, balls and what not, this is mine, of which I shall make a club to slay the enemy."

Replied I, "Bahwahgun, great chief, so large that serpents crawl after him, fudyicks fly at him, and balls strike him, it is yours with pleasure."

"Captain," said Mr. Anderson, with a tusk over his shoulder, like the one I found, and a dozen cues under his arm, "let us go home and make a billiard table. From this ivory I can make balls. Here are cues, and with the help of the carpenter we can make a table of gold and have a billiard parlor aboard the Lucinda."

"A first-rate proposition."

Bahwahgun wanted the other tusk, but Mr. Anderson would not give it up.

"Captain, what do you think of these trees?" inquired Mr. Wilcox.

"If they grew not for man's use man grew not to use them."

"How much sooner we could have built our boat from material like this," said Mr. Anderson.

"Yes, and it is really too bad that we did not make use of them." As these trees grew they converted themselves

in lumber, billiard cues, croquet sets, and so on, the reason of which I am not at all able to explain. Did each saw-like-cut seam, indicate a year's growth, like the rings of an ordinary tree, or was it a freak of nature? This peculiarity adapted itself to this species of tree, and I think it is in accordance with the laws of nature, like a sour apple tree producing sour apples. We took in tow as large a load as before, and were a long while in reaching home as hardly any wind prevailed at all. Mr. Anderson, on sawing the tusk into blocks, a little larger than a billiard ball, made first-rate balls from them on rubbing them upon the stone on which I destroyed my razor. While the carpenter tried to make a table from gold, Mr. Anderson worked in the forest in his stead, and learned that on the completion of the man-of-war, I was to sail with it and the remainder of us to be left behind. This was important information, and I will tell shortly how we were benefited by it. The carpenter could not beat out the gold smoothly for the bed of the table, and suggested we ought to find a suitable piece of marble, but the legs could be of gold. We searched along the river banks for a piece of marble of this description, and at length found just what was wanted on the opposite side of the river across from Levy's Monument. In due season the slab was mounted upon legs of gold. The serpent skin was split to proper thickness and made excellent cushions. Mr. Anderson pronounced the table first class. He and Mr. Wilcox spent so much time in playing billiards I wished the cues had been so many whips in the hand of a task master. When we began towing timbers again I fell overboard and would have drowned had not Mr. Wilcox come to my rescue and swum ashore with me. Often I think there must have been a great deal of mermaid about him. He could swim, dive and tread water beyond comparison. I owe my escape from slavery through his gallantry, the circumstance of which I will relate presently. At length we towed all the timbers over and ship-building began in earnest. A hull two hundred feet long and forty foot beam was soon constructed. Over this was placed the sea-serpent skin. The neck projected beyond the bow fifteen feet and then curved upward like that of a swan's. The great jaws wide open were painted red, and from between them the tongue protruded one-third its length. Artificial green eyes

were placed in—the whole presenting a more horrible spectacle than a Chinese dragoon. The tail extended astern for twenty-five feet, and the horn stuck out of water its entire length. It was propelled with twenty five pair of oars, two men at each oar. It had two decks and several state rooms. The four canoes were carried upon the upper deck.

CHAPTER XXV.

BAHWAHGUN'S BRILLIANT VICTORY.

WITHIN a few days, soon as the final sea-serpent feast was over, Bahwahgun and five hundred warriors were to depart for the land of their ancient enemy. We, members of the Purple X organization, were busy in getting a quantity of provisions over from Shipyardville to the furnace, and deposited it in the cavern. We had a good supply of torchwood on hand, as we intended to descend the shaft and try to get through by the tunnel to the other side the mountains. Mr. Anderson with his wife and child were to embark in the Lucinda and sail thence. If we were not there within three weeks' time he was to return, and if the savages were not hostile over our attempt to escape, wait in the neighborhood of Shipyardville for three weeks. If we did not turn up in this time, or no tidings came of our whereabouts, he was to set sail for the land of his wife. Here were six weeks he was to wait for us at different points. Surely, within this period of time, we ought to show up somewhere if alive. We had transported everything needed except our arms, and returned for them. When ready to leave our cabin I gave it a prolix look which I intended for a farewell one. There was something about it, I can not say exactly what it was, that made me regret to leave it behind. It is said that a prisoner on long confinement in his cell, which becomes a sort of home, experiences about the same sensations as myself, in leaving the prison. Mr. Wilcox and Anderson passed out doors, the former singing a lively song and the latter whistling as lively an air. With rifle over my shoulder, revolver about my middle, and hunting knife in my bootleg, I stepped forward, but ere I reached the threshold beheld a great spear in Bahwahgun's hand poised at my breast. At this unexpected sight the rifle dropped from my shoulder, exploded, and the bullet lodged in the wall behind me.

"What means this, little slave?" demanded Bahwahgun, who gave a whoop at the discharge of my rifle.

"Bahwahgun, great chief, we are only going down the shaft to explore the mine."

He took me up by the coat collar, the same as when first becoming acquainted with him, and carried me to his cabin. There he tied a rope round my neck. I was afraid he intended to personate Judge Lynch, and called on Mr. Anderson for help. Then Bahwahgun assured me he meant no harm. He gave the rope to one of his wives and she held fast to it. I could go to my rope's end and that was all. The women folk—all of Bahwahgun's wives, made fun of me—especially one who opened her mouth and acted as if she wanted to swallow me. It angered me. I drew a revolver and really intended to make one of my remarkable shots, but the Amazon fled and I saw nothing more of her. The one having me in charge, number nine, went a-calling on Mrs. Anderson and took me along. I trotted on behind like a poodle and it made me feel terribly cheap. When we got to the house the lady was gone. We turned about and I went on ahead, the length of my rope. She jerked the rope once, and for a moment or two I thought my neck was broken. On returning, Bahwahgun took me aboard his man-of-war and showed me my quarters, which were astern. The room was twelve feet square. Floor was covered pretty much with small grass mats and walls decorated with different colored grasses. A running vine in one corner, growing from an earthern jar, ran up the wall and across the ceiling. The vine was aromatic; it and my amaranths made the air very odoriferous. The savages began laying in a large quantity of serpent meat, about one half the last serpent's carcass, vegetables and bread stuff. It seemed to me they never would finish. Tramp, tramp, they went, athwart the deck the night through. Then came a brief pause—they were breakfasting. I attempted to go ashore, but four savages, my guard, stopped me. Mr. Anderson stood upon the deck of our craft, which lay almost up against the man-of-war.

"Mr. Anderson," said I, in tones low as possible for him to hear, "if you see a good chance during my absence, spread sail and bid farewell to Kiddle Island."

"Not without you, Captain," came a loud reply, which reached Bahwahgun's ears. He came forward and roared, "No talking allowed!"

My guard came. I tossed my memorandum to Mr. Anderson for him to carry to civilization, that it might derive some knowledge about the North Pole. I had given up all hopes of ever returning again.

"Good-bye, Mr. Anderson, and should you live to reach civilization, give that memorandum to some responsible person interested in North-Pole explorations."

"Captain, we will stay here till you return, and I know you will soon come back all right."

The guard ordered me below, but I would not obey. Bahwahgun, on seeing my reluctance, contrary to my anticipations, suffered me to remain up on deck. My entire crew except Mr. Westman stood upon the deck of the *Lucinda*. Mr. Sanborn exclaimed "Oh, Massa," and began to weep. It was a hard parting. I have had many partings, but this was the hardest one of all. The savages set up a roar like so many wild beasts, their parting song, and pushed the man-of-war from ashore. The oarsmen began work, and we sped down stream. On crossing the bar, where the water is very shallow at low-tide, the sea grew rough. The man-of-war was headed southerly, hugging shore pretty close. The foot-hills rose straight out the sea and in many places overhung. I discovered that Anderson River empties in the sea on the eastern side the island, where the foot-hills and meadow land meet. The river's mouth is not wide, hardly wider than the length of the man-of-war, but deep. A great many geese and duck were on the river. Bahwahgun wanted me to shoot at them with a revolver, but I would not do so. I gave him a revolver and told him to shoot. He pointed it in the right direction, but on discharging it turned part way round and shot a savage standing at my side. The victim never knew what struck him. Bahwahgun on seeing he had shot something was as much pleased and no doubt more so than I when killing my first bear. He wanted me to cock the weapon again, which I did on removing the caps. He pointed it at an oarsman and pulled the trigger. The poor savage dropped out of fright as if shot dead. Bahwahgun looked disappointed on seeing the supposed victim

trying to get up, and gave the revolver back, remarking it was no good. The shooting of the savage caused a panic among the oarsmen. When they ceased working, we began drifting ashore where lie a great many huge gigantic boulders. Where the victim lay was a pool of blood. In it each savage dipped his finger, and drew it over his forehead, forming a sort of a cross not unlike the hideous mark on my forehead. This was an omen of good luck. To me it looked absurd, but it was as liable to bring good luck as the horse-shoe. When each savage had a cross upon his forehead, the body was cast overboard and those not working the oars indulged in a war dance. They consider it good luck for one of their number to die a death of violence before encountering the enemy. Generally one or more are killed, accidentally of course, like a party out hunting, when one shoots his comrade mistaking him for a bear, deer, and even a jack-rabbit. When night came on a light was placed in the head, and a sickly green glare shone from each eye. As nothing but water, quite rough, and darkness were to be observed, I went below and threw myself upon the floor mats, wondering what the morrow might bring forth. The wind was astern and we made good headway. After a while Bahwahgun came in and sat in silence, which I broke at length by saying, "Bahwahgun, great naval commander, I am sure that we will be victorious."

"Little slave, Bahwahgun is sad. Long ago his son and a company of young warriors, the same number as I have with me, went to fight the enemy, and not one has yet returned. He is afraid the sea or a monster has swallowed them all."

"What sort of a monster do you refer to?"

"I do not know; it never harms anybody in the daytime. Nobody has ever seen it, but in darkness it roams the sea, devouring everything."

He must have had reference to the monster or species that swallowed us. Like a ghost, making an appearance at night-time only, and there must be an affinity between it and ghosts.

"Your son and his braves, I trust, are safe."

"Bahwahgun knows that they are all dead. Little slave, you shall think the same as I do, or be cast overboard. If you have any thoughts contrary to mine, it

would be well not to utter them. Bahwahgun is a great man and knows all things."

I was now in a position that I could not express a free opinion. I went upon deck once in the night, and a regular Newfoundland fog environed us. The green headlight was hardly visible. On we went without chart, compass, or even a star to guide ourselves by. I was afraid we might get turned round and land upon our own island, at some inhospitable spot. I sought Bahwahgun, who was in his quarters adjoining mine, to inquire into our safety, but found him asleep. Then he began snoring, and the way he snored a Titan is nowhere. At each breath his door, of split serpent skin a foot thick, hung at the top, opened and shut, not unlike the valve to a bellows. I did not wake him, but went back to my own quarters and tried to snore also, and finally gave up in despair. I did not get up very early in the morning, as I took a nap after Bahwahgun ceased snoring, which was at four o'clock. When coming upon deck the fog was more dense, and a drizzling rain had set in. A raw, chilly morning it was. The oarsmen were keeping up the same steady stroke. Bahwahgun ordered the man-of-war to larboard, about ten points, I should think. I thought he issued this order merely to show his authority. I could not tell whether we were going north, south, east or west. The only directions I could have discerned was going up in the air or down to the bottom of the sea. It was shortly after noon when he ordered the oarsmen to slow up. I heard the roar of breakers ahead, and knew that both land and danger were at hand. Louder roared the breakers, and slowly we approached them. Instinctively I grasped an oar which was not being manned at that moment, and attempted to use it to steer from the breakers. It was so long and heavy I could do nothing with it. The breakers roared at our prow and I thought shipwreck inevitable. There were no life-preservers aboard, nothing that a person could go ashore on except an oar. I wanted something that would bear me up, and thought of the door to my state-room. I went below and tried to unhinge it, but could not do so. The hinges were of steel, made from a spear-head. I examined Bahwahgun's door, and found that the hinges were of the same material as the door itself. Two holes had

been made through the door, and pieces of skin a little larger than an inch rope were put through them and fastened about a beam overhead. I cut the hinges in two with my hunting knife. The door in falling struck my left foot, and for a while I thought it was broken. When I got over the effect of the injury a little, I tried to take up the door, but failed to do so. Not that its weight was greater than my strength, but on account of its unhandy carrying shape. An object seven feet long, four wide and one foot thick (the dimensions of the door) is not at all handy for one man to carry. I heard Bahwahgun coming. Goodness! what might he not do with me for this piece of malicious mischief. I must somehow manœuvre to evade punishment for this peccadillo. I met him.

"Great chief," said I, with a grimace of pain my foot caused, "Profound sleeper! Endymion-like sleeper! Snorer more sonorous than a Titan! Builder of a man-of-war, in your sleep your door wags like woman's tongue. Door wag too much and wore its hinges in two and fell on my foot as I was passing by."

This pleased him, but on seeing the hinges had been cut with a sharp instrument he became angry and threatened to throw me overboard. I went upon deck, and lo! the sun was shining, the sky clear and beautiful. Behind were the breakers; we had passed them in safety through a pass not as wide as the Golden Gate. Land was close at hand, a low, barren island of an area of about one mile by three. The prow grounded, and a wave lifted us over the obstruction. We entered an estuary, the river was hardly wider than the width of our man-of-war, and anchored here. Most of the savages landed, and I did likewise. I named this bit of land Arsenal Island, whose surface is covered with marble boulders from the size of a marble up to ones weighing probably a thousand tons. The savages began collecting them in piles. The smallest ones collected were of four pounds weight, from that up to two hundred pounds, and a few weighing close to five hundred pounds. I could not imagine what they intended to do with these boulders. If they had done like this in New England, it would have meant agriculture, for the first rudiment of Yankee farming is to clear the land of stone and fence it with them. At length the savages be-

gan tossing the boulders to their comrades on deck. On tossing up about eight tons of them work ceased. While they were doing this I went to the upper end of the island, a long, narrow strip, and here I was appalled at the sight of hundreds of human bodies, strewn among the rocks, cast up by the waves. I knew by what Bahwahgun had told me that these were the remains of his son and warriors. In the hand of a corpse was an ivory war-club, which I took and started back. The man-of-war was ready to depart, and Bahwahgun called for me to hasten my pace. I ran fast as I could over and among the boulders. When pretty close, I stopped, held the club above my head and shouted, "Ah, Bahwahgun!"

I placed my hat before my eyes, feigning to weep. At the sight of the club he gave a mournful howl, and before I can tell it was at my side.

"Little slave, show me whence this came."

I pointed in the direction, which was north. In his grief and excitement he ran almost due east. We had landed on the west of the island, pretty close to the upper end."

"Not there, great chief," I shouted, running on after him as fast as possible.

"Where, little slave, where?" he inquired in tones of grief.

I pointed out the direction again, but he turned, facing the south.

"Show me, little slave"; this he spoke in mild tones.

I pointed again, and he placed me upon his shoulders.

"Bahwahgun, I am real sorry about your door dropping from its hinges."

I had considerable difficulty in keeping him in the right course. On reaching the first corpse he placed me down and went to where I told him I had obtained the club. The corpse, between two boulders, was lying face upwards. The countenance in a perfect state of preservation, was very much like Bahwahgun's, and this was the remains of his son. He took the corpse from between the boulders and laid it upon a small clear spot. He knelt beside it and lamented himself hoarse. I felt sorry—quite sad—and sort of helped him mourn by shedding a tear or two in remembrance of Mat Lugent. Most all the savages had

arrived by this time. How they howled! I do not know whether they did it to give vent to grief or to test their vocal organs. It may have been both objects combined. After the howling was over they began preparations for removing the dead to the man-of-war. Bahwahgun took up the remains of his son and started back. Each savage on taking up a corpse departed. There were four hundred and thirty-nine in all. In leaving Kiddle Island Bahwahgun's son had five hundred warriors, and here were the remains of them all except sixty-one. They must have perished amid the breakers in a storm. The bodies were placed upon deck pretty close to the prow. It was a ghastly sight to behold so many dead bodies in a heap. We knew not how long before grim slaughter might add our bodies to the heap. We backed down the river, and on reaching the spot where we grounded had to wait several hours for high tide. On going through the pass we groped our way among many large sunken rocks. It was nothing short of a miracle we escaped shipwreck on entering. In a dense fog without chart or compass, to enter in safety such a port was a feat I never saw equalled. On passing the island our course was, near as I could judge, due south. The man-of-war with its additional burden rode much steadier, but our progress was not so rapid. The boulders were piled up in little heaps round the deck. This induced me to believe they were part of their ammunition, but I could see nothing to fire them from. Did the savages mean to hurl them at the enemy with their hands? This seemed preposterous. It was no use to ask Bahwahgun for information, as he was so overwhelmed with grief as to neglect his duty as commander-in-chief. Night came on, and with it the savages' grief augmented. The night was almost as gloomy a one to me as when my boy was a corpse aboard the *Boreas*. The morning, though clear, was quite cold. Ice was on the oars where spray had wet them. Ice, too, was on the sea in small fragments. Far ahead as I could see I beheld a white object which I took for a fire, but as we approached a league or two nearer I found it to be land—the land of the enemy, which I named Koo-Koos' Land. It was ice-bound and snow-clad. The further we went south the colder it grew, the reason of which somebody wiser than

myself must explain. I had seen this land three years previous from the back of a fudyick. The savages brought their arms upon deck and sang wild war songs. The oarsmen quickened their stroke and we almost flew to the scene of battle. Along the shore were several black specks that seemed to come toward us. After a while we saw they were boats full of armed men. At the sight of our man-of-war the enemy rested upon the oar, and at length turned back. The commander-in-chief harangued and the fleet, six boats, came forward, led by the commander. In the bow of the boat he stood, clad in a uniform of stars and stripes as if made from our flag. He wore a tall white hat, a regular stove-pipe. His sharp features and accoutrements reminded me so much of Uncle Sam that I named this notable personage, ruler of the Hyperboreans, Uncle Sam. When I speak of Uncle Sam it will be with regard to this ruler. In his amazement over our man-of-war the color-bearer let the colors fall. Uncle Sam held them aloft, the *stars and stripes*. Was their gonfanon like ours, or had they got hold of a flag of ours through the wreck of a North Pole expedition, or had a whaler been wrecked and drifted hence? Uncle Sam's boat was, I think, one of Bahwahgun's son's canoes; however it was the best of the fleet. The remainder were tub-like boats almost round, seeming to be made of staves from whale-oil barrels. They were wretched concerns indeed; almost as bad as our navy in comparison to other navies. Uncle Sam opened the battle by giving us a broadside from half a dozen wooden pop-guns. One of the pellets struck me on the nose and made it bleed. This was the first and only blood shed on our side during the entire battle. Bahwahgun, on seeing I was wounded, ordered me taken below, to which I objected and was determined to "Fight it out on this line." I cast a stone at Uncle Sam and knocked off his hat. The savages applauded, and we received another broadside, which rattled against the side of the man-of-war like hail-stones falling on a house roof. The savages hurled a volley of stones with their hands with terrible result. Three boats were sunk and those not killed or seriously wounded swam about calling on their comrades to be picked up. One of our canoes was lowered to pick them up, but on seeing they

were to be taken by the enemy they threw up their hands and disappeared from sight forever. Another volley was cast; two boats and their occupants were swept from the sea. Uncle Sam's boat was the only one left, and on giving us a broadside surrendered. We took him and his men, twenty in all, aboard as prisoners of war. Thus ended the memorable battle.

CHAPTER XXVI.

UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE.

THIS was a brilliant victory far beyond Bahwahgun's most sanguine expectations—not a single warrior lost or wounded. The enemy was conquered and now at his mercy. They could be put to death if it pleased him or made slaves of like ourselves. My heart grew faint on thinking what might be the fate of the women and children. Would they be tortured to death, or slaughtered for the sake of utter extermination of the enemy? On landing, we saw their principal fortification—a stone wall ten feet high, of loose stone, was built on each side the wharf. Behind this were many soldiers armed with small pop-guns. When seeing us coming they threw away their arms and fled in confusion up the street. It was a complete rout. This is a peaceful nation, though, knowing they possess an enemy which no treaty can bind, it is strange they did not fortify themselves. We entered port in complete triumph like a foreign power could New York city, San Francisco, or any of our sea-port cities. The wharf warehouses were of stone, though small, well filled with products of the island, such as grain, meats, fish, furs, etc. The man-of-war was loaded from them and Bahwahgun wanted to destroy the remainder by fire. Uncle Sam, who could speak his captor's language pleaded eloquently, and with what little I could say, managed to save the supplies. We entered a town, the capital, close at hand, which contained not to exceed two thousand souls. It was regularly laid out with wide streets, and the buildings were low, one-story high; however, there was a two-story one, the Capitol building. The inhabitants were white, men not large but well formed; women beautiful, quite small, and of splendid physique. Among the same number of women of any other race I never saw so many beautiful ones. One of the most beautiful smiled at me. I do not know how she managed to get a glimpse of me at all among the savages, but woman's eyes the world over

possess the same scrutiny. I acknowledged her smile with a low bow, and had I not been so bashful would have made myself agreeable as possible. However, since my proposal to Mrs. Anderson I am very backward. I learned that this young lady in question was sister to Mrs. Anderson. Had fortune favored me to reach this island again, I would be a married man now, if living. These people treated us with much respect, and seemed not at all surprised over their capture. I tried to persuade Bahwahgun to depart for home as we had now so brilliant a victory, but he was invincible. As tribute to spare the town, he demanded twenty men, Uncle Sam and deputies, and fifty young women for wives. First part of the demand was acceded to without the least parley, but the latter part emphatically denied. These people from time immemorial have never intermarried with other nations, so they affirm. They have not assimilated like nations of modern times, nor deteriorated like those of antiquity. Soon as a superior race intermarries with an inferior one it will deteriorate. Bahwahgun marched the twenty male prisoners to the man-of-war and secured them in my quarters. After much choosing from the young women, he got his fifty, among whom was the one smiling favorably on me. They were imprisoned in his state-room. I gave this young lady in question my hunting knife and showed her how to cut off the hinges. By motions I made her understand, soon as we were at sea, to cut down the door and escape. She cut down the door right there, came upon deck, jumped overboard, swam down the beach and escaped. Before the remainder could escape, they were jostled back to the room and guarded by twelve savages. I thought for sure we were ready to return now, but when I beheld the town in flames I knew differently. In less than an hour after starting the fire the entire town was ablaze. It was a sad sight. Old men, women and children, and even the flower of Uncle Sam's soldiery stood helpless; they could do no otherwise, watching their homes consume. Had they even possessed clubs and attacked the enemy I think they could have annihilated them. I became wroth and ached to get in one of my remarkable shots on Bahwahgun. With a dense column of smoke, serpentine-tongued flames, shower of sparks, firebrands flying about, an intense heat and a

roar the town became an ash heap. From this heap I looked for a Nemesis to rise as the Phœnix from its own ashes. It was war, not a bloody one, but of waste and havoc. When the town was reduced to ashes the inhabitants had fled southward. Bahwahgun announced his readiness to return. What a ship load! Five hundred and seventy-two souls all told, four hundred and thirty-nine dead bodies, and a great many tons of plunder. The man-of-war was loaded down completely. Bahwahgun hurried me below and confined me in my state-room. It was total darkness and almost suffocating, so many of us, twenty-one including myself, confined in so small a place. I began to asphyxiate, and many were flat upon the floor unconscious. If I had not given up my hunting knife I might have cut a small hole in the door to admit enough air to keep us alive. I became dizzy and fell against the wall astern (Bahwahgun's state-room joined mine prowward) and shook it. I tried to knock a hole through it with the butt of a revolver, but failed in the attempt. I discharged a shot at the partition and the suffocating smoke made our condition more serious. I felt a whiff of fresh air, the bullet had penetrated the partition. How invigorating that bit of air was. I put my mouth to the hole and drew several deep breaths. Then I fired again and my fellow prisoners, those having life enough left to yell, set up a howl. Irrespective of the howls I fired four more shots and had a hole through as large as my head. It admitted light by which I beheld above one-half the prisoners unconscious, among whom was Uncle Sam. His tall white hat was at my feet and I examined it. The crown was a common black powder keg painted white, and brim of tin. How did he come by this material? Certainly he must have got it from some wreck. I lifted his head; he got a breath of fresh air which revived him. Soon all the unconscious regained consciousness. The wailing from Bahwahgun's state-room had almost ceased, for they were suffocating. I must get fresh air to them also. Unless I shot above their heads some would surely be harmed. I held the revolver high as I could reach and fired its contents at the partition and made a hole through which I could thrust my head. I peered through the hole and in the opposite wall was a hole of about the same size. My

shots had penetrated both walls. A woman returned my knife; it had been dropped upon the floor. The sea grew rough and the prisoners became sea-sick. The spectacle my room presented can be realized only by a person who has crossed the Atlantic in the steerage, and it full of passengers. I kept my face up to the hole and stood it pretty well. When it became dark (we embarked early in the forenoon) Bahwahgun let me out, for which I was more thankful than for any favor he had ever shown me.

"Little slave," said the old savage, pointing out the North Star, "go by that star this night and keep the men at work."

He went below and remained there till daybreak. Throughout the night the oarsmen kept at work, and I never saw men work more systematically. Regularly as each fleeting minute passes they made a stroke. The wind was favorable, and at daybreak Arsenal Island was sighted off our larboard. The breakers were roaring their same ominous warning. I went below, cast myself upon a pile of plunder and went to sleep. It was sunset when I came upon deck. We were close to land which looked strange. I did not recognize it as Kiddle Island till seeing the glare of the furnace.

> "Far in the hazy distance
> Of that lovely night in June,
> The flaming of the furnace
> Gleamed redder than the moon."

Within two hours we passed the harbor-bar, and were soon back to Shipyardville again. A bright light glowed from my cabin, and also from Mr. Anderson's. The man-of-war in coming up to the landing struck the Lucinda and almost upset her. The noise of the collision brought out Mr. Wilcox, who thought the savages were trying to destroy her. He called for Mr. Anderson, and then everybody in Shipyardville came forth. Mr. Anderson, on learning that Uncle Sam, his father-in-law, was among the captives, demanded his release from the place of incarceration, and this Bahwahgun refused. Mr. Anderson, armed with the razor-back handsaw and my favorite rifle, went aboard and liberated the prisoners. The meeting of Mrs. Anderson and her father was very pathetic, and so it was

with several cousins of both sexes, who were among the prisoners. The women-folk were taken to Mr. Anderson's, and filled the cabin completely. Outdoors Lib prepared them something to eat. They were almost famished, having had nothing to eat or drink for over thirty-six hours. A heavy guard was placed around this cabin, and also around mine, where the men-folk were quartered. On the morrow there was to be a grand jubilee over the victory, and, besides, Bahwahgun intended to marry all the female captives. Preparations for the jubilee had already begun. Serpent meat was on cooking. I saw the woman that led me about like a poodle coming after meat. As she was taking meat from the hole, I said:

"Madam, do you know that your most excellent lord intends to marry all the women captives on the morrow?"

I had to repeat the assertion several times before she understood, and then she replied, in broken English:

"He will not; me let them go."

I went into my cabin, where Mr. Anderson was, and informed him of what the woman had said, in which he placed no confidence. Somehow or other I had confidence in her, and sent for my crew. (They were all at Shipyardville except Mr. Westman, whom I hardly recognized as one of us, for he had degenerated so.) They came in and awaited the chance to escape. The guards were tired out, having had little sleep during the campaign. Presently this woman came forth with a jar upon her head, from which she gave each guard a drink, an intoxicating drink. She carried two jarfuls to the guards around Mr. Anderson's house, and then three jarfuls to those around mine. The guards sang, rather roared, for a few minutes, then grew drowsy, and it was not long before they were all fast asleep upon the ground, snoring like their chief.

Said Mr. Anderson: "That woman really meant what she said, and has given us a chance to escape, so let us improve it."

"Of course."

"How are we to get the captives off?"

"By our long-boat and those canoes. If we were all to embark on the *Lucinda* we would sink her. They must trust to the long-boat and canoes."

"Who will show them hence?"

"Could not your wife?"

"Yes; but I can hardly bear the thought of separating from her."

"Then go with her."

"No, Captain, I will have to remain with you, for undoubtedly many dead shots will have to be made, and remember you are but a *remarkable* shot. Our ammunition is about exhausted, and every shot must do its work."

Mr. Wilcox counted the shot-gun cartridges, and there were but twenty rounds. I loaded my revolvers and put a keen edge on my hunting knife, though I hardly know what I did it for. It would be a most worthless warrior indeed that I could step up to and thrust a knife in his vitals. Mr. Anderson went home, and by the length of time he tarried I thought he had given up the idea of trying to escape. However, he came back just before daybreak, looking as if he had cried his eyes out, and said:

"It took all that time to get my wife to promise she would go without me."

"Hadn't we better postpone it till a more favorable opportunity?"

"No, under no circumstances; for the captive men-folk are liable to go up the flume, as we used to call a visit from the old pale man in the early days of California, by the furnace. The women will be made wives of."

It is a custom of these people, and a good one, too, on marrying to live together till death; divorce is unknown. A divorce mill would not have a single grist to grind. I went over to bid Mrs. Anderson adieu. In that crowd of pretty women there was not one, in my opinion, that looked as handsome as she.

"Captain," said she, placing her arms about my neck, which made me blush, for I am modest, "you have been so kind to my husband, my folk and myself, that you seem like one of the family. I am about to leave, together with my folk. Should we reach our own desolate little island, I want you to come and make your home among us."

"Tell him about your sister," added her husband.

She hesitated.

"Tell me, Mrs. Anderson," I said, having slightly overcome my embarrassment.

"I have a sister my father says is very beautiful. Do you know she cried when a certain person left?"

"Of course it was over her father."

"No, Captain, over you" (this she whispered in my ear); "were you to propose to her it would not be to a married woman."

"My last request is, never mention that I proposed to you. I made such an idiot of myself."

Little Lucinda, now quite a child, woke up, and on seeing me exclaimed, "O Uncle John" (that is what she had been taught to call me), "good-bye, I am going away."

"Come, Lucinda, have you not a kiss for Uncle John?"

"Yes, four and this many more," holding up both hands with fingers outspread.

I took the dear little creature in my arms and she kissed me several times with all the innocence and affection of childhood. Dear child! in this uncivilized land, environed by such rude elements, she was like a child of our own land whose little being is watched over and shielded from every danger by godly parents. I do ignore the doctrine that we are born into the world full of original sin, so full we would make first-rate red paint by dissolving us in a little linseed oil. The sin that impoverishes, degrades, and finally ruins the soul, if not purged "in the blood of the Lamb," is self-begot. While contemplating the above, which may seem unorthodox to some, Mr. Anderson and wife took a farewell leave of each other. There was many a deep sigh and suppressed groan.

In the first rays of morning light, as Aurora unlocked night's ebon gate and swung it open a little ways, Mrs. Anderson led the captives forth. I roused up the men and they entered our craft. I went aboard, and we were all there save Mr. Westman and Anderson. On waiting probably five minutes for Mr. Anderson, I came upon deck and beheld him sawing a canoe in two with the razor-back saw. On sawing the canoes in two, four in all, I motioned him to come aboard. He pointed to the man-of-war to which he went and sawed off the neck. I heard water rushing into it, and it soon foundered, settling down to the upper deck. Then he came aboard and said, "Old Bahwahgun cannot follow us now."

It never occurred to me to destroy his fleet to prevent him following us. We weighed anchor and were on the point of leaving when I thought of the compass, charts, etc., that were left in the cabin. It would never do to leave them behind, and I hesitated about going back, for a guard woke up from his drunken stupor and looked about him.

"Captain, are you ready?" asked Mr. Wilcox at the rudder.

"No we have forgotten the compass and the like, and I am going after them."

I trod softly as possible, and fell over a guard. He only grunted, and I thought this was an end to the mishap. I entered the cabin, took up the instruments, and, horrors! at the door was Mr. Westman, at whose side stood Bahwahgun. The chief roared in a voice which sounded like the thunder. Then sounded the trampling of feet: the guards were up. Our attempt to escape was unsuccessful.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CONDEMNED TO DIE.

I WAS much surprised at Mr. Westman's conduct—a traitor. "Mr. Westman, I did not think you capable of such treachery."

"Captain, I have an old grudge against you, and swore I would get even somehow or other. Your grandfather's first cousin defrauded my grandmother's uncle's third cousin, who died without issue, out of a valuable estate in the Connecticut valley. This distant relative intended to make my father his heir, and had it not been for this piece of rascality I might be worth something to-day."

"Little slave," roared Bahwahgun, "tell your men to come out that boat."

He led me outdoors, and I beheld five hundred warriors in a phalanx around the cabin.

"Now will you escape?" sneered Mr. Westman, pointing to the warriors.

"Call those slaves forth," roared Bahwahgun, standing over me with uplifted club.

"Men," said I, "you had better come ashore."

They obeyed except Mr. Wilcox who, with a piece of cane-brake in hand, jumped overboard and several bubbles came up near where he disappeared. I thought he had preferred death by drowning to death by the furnace. The boat began drifting out, a breeze caught the sails, and she sped down-stream.

Bahwahgun's indignation over the captives' escape was great, spoiling his fifty weddings. He had on his wedding suit: my purple blanket with the epaulettes still on, Mr. Sanborn's silk hat and a pair of new sandals. Three hundred and thirty-nine savages went aboard the man-of-war, and took therefrom the bodies found on Arsenal Island, to cremate them in the furnace. They believe, all those who fall in battle or in the cause of war, unless cremated, are forever barred from an hereafter glorious

as our heaven. Orders were given, and we started for the furnace.

"This will be a day of general roasting," said Mr. Anderson, breaking the silence, "and I suppose we will have to try a little of it ourselves. Well, man is born to die; death comes to everybody sooner or later. If in early life, we escape the miseries of existence; if in middle age, we have tasted what little pleasure the world gives; if in old age, we have forgotten the pleasures, and like a rickety old clock are glad that our weights have run down. This time to-morrow earth will know us no more. I will be forgotten by all except my wife and child. She may mourn a few months, conclude it a foolish thing, and marry again. My child would learn to call the fellow in my shoes 'father.' Well, if such should be the case, I must be contented."

Mr. Sanborn had remained silent, when suddenly he began bellowing as I never heard him do before.

"What is the matter now?" I asked.

"O, Massa, I got no clothes to see de Lord in."

Mr. Anderson laughed outright, which made the unhappy darkey cease for a few minutes. Lib, thinking we were going over to Bahwahguntown (I did not tell him where we were going on asking me), appeared happy. Mr. Morrisey, at my side, shed a few silent tears, and then said:

"Captain, there is only one thing on earth that would save us from our impending doom."

"What is that?"

"The Golden Rose from the Pope."

We passed on in silence. I wished myself in as good a grave as Mr. Buncom's, then the horrors of death by which we were to die would be over. In the morning sun Levy's Monument looked beautiful, not as if it was keeping vigil over the dead, but the living. I scented the odor from the rose-tree and amaranths. To-morrow at this time would my soul be among ever-blooming flowers in that far-away land, the home of the soul, or in the regions of dark despair whose entrance is guarded by never-sleeping Cerberus? Buncom Falls did not seem to roar so loud and deep, and seemed to be chanting our requiem. The iris-colored spray was brighter than usual. I gazed at the wonderful sight so long as it was before us, for I expected never more to behold it. Through the tunnels our torches

burned uncommonly bright. On that mysterious journey to the land of shades, would I have as bright a light to guide my weary self along? I looked upon the boiling, surging river and almost seemed to see old Charon, clad in about the same sort of attire as the savages, with long white hair and beard, with surly countenance, coming across the river in a leaky boat to take our souls to the world of shadows. The footprints of the fleeing captives were distinct in the sand below the lower tunnel, and Bahwahgun ordered fifty braves after them. Why he did not do so before I do not know. Mr. Anderson was much alarmed, and so was I, for we knew how fleet-footed the savages were. Should the captives reach the long-boat and canoes, which still might be all right, their escape was certain, as no person could penetrate the grass very far along the river banks. Here I will mention that the warriors came back without overtaking them. They would have done so had they been half an hour sooner. At the stream spanned by the foot-bridge we rested half an hour. Mr. Morrisey was foolish enough to drink a large quantity of water, hoping it would overcome the heat of the furnace and he would thus escape death. A number of fudyicks had scented the corpses and were circling above us.

Said I to Mr. Anderson, "Do not shoot any of them unless to save our own lives."

"You have your hunting-knife?"

"Yes, and 'tis sharp too."

"You with it and I with the razor-back saw can keep them off."

"If ordered to shoot, only half-cock the arms."

We had not all crossed the stream before a fudyick swooped down on a savage carrying a corpse, and rose with them.

"Slaves, kill that fudyick," shouted Bahwahgun.

Mr. Anderson leveled his rifle, Harry the shotgun, and I a revolver.

"Shoot, slaves," roared Bahwahgun.

"Great chief, our guns will not go off," said I, pulling with all my might on the trigger.

Bahwahgun tried in vain to discharge my revolver, and then tried Mr. Anderson's rifle.

"Slaves, what is the matter with them?" he roared.

"Great chief, they are angry because you are going to burn us. If you will agree to let us go they would get good-natured and go as good as ever."

"If fudyicks devoured my last warrior I would not let you go."

There were six fudyicks; five took that number of corpses and three savages. The last one came at us. I made a pass at it with my hunting-knife and struck Mr. Morrisey in the shoulder, though not inflicting much of a wound. Mr. Anderson, with a sweep of the razor-back saw, cut away its merry-thought. It rose high in the air, and from it blood fell in little streams. Presently it fell and struck a savage on the shoulder. By the way his arm hung, I thought his collar-bone was broken. At last we came to the furnace, which was unusually active, and its heat more intense than commonly. We captives stood by ourselves, with weapons in readiness to sell our lives dearly as possible. The savages also had theirs in readiness. Presently a savage departed, and after a while he was seen in Anderson's Gulch, on his way to Bahwahguntown.

The flames died away.

"Now for our roasting," said Mr. Anderson.

Not a savage stirred. The flames came forth and subsided after half an hour.

They are waiting for something," remarked Mr. Harry, who spoke for the first time since leaving Shipyardville.

After two hours' time the messenger returned, bringing along Mrs. Westman and children (there were two children now, the second one a female of about two months.) Mr. Westman greeted his wife with a grin, and said, "Alley, I have good news; Bahwahgun's son is dead, and I will become chief on the death of Bahwahgun."

She made no reply.

"Alley, are you not glad? Why don't you speak? How is Alley Nellie May?" meaning the baby.

He attempted to take the infant from her arms, but she pushed him away.

"Alley, what is the matter?"

"You are all the same as dead," she replied at length.

"Alley, what do you mean? Come here, Bertie," addressing his oldest, but the little half-breed made wry

faces and went to the messenger, who had just taken the infant from its mother's arms.

"I shall not permit such familiarity," said Mr. Westman, going up to the savage, who gave him a kick in the ribs and sent him headlong upon the ground.

Bahwahgun drew two lines in the dirt about a foot apart; the messenger toed one and Mrs. Westman the other. Bahwahgun said something in a low tone, nothing short of a roar, and the messenger placed a foot to Mrs. Westman's mark and she her foot to his—he toed her mark and she his. Then they protruded their tongues and touched them together three times.

"Captain, do you know what that means?" asked Mr. Anderson.

"Of course not."

"Well, that is a marriage ceremony. I went through the same nonsense when I got married. I rather think she has soured on Westman."

"It looks that way."

Just then Mr. Westman began calling, "Alley, oh Alley, my dear wife!"

"You have no wife," remarked Mr. Anderson. "She and the savage who kicked you have just got married."

"It is not so," he wailed, "for Alley thinks too much of me."

Bahwahgun gave him a prod with his spear and growled, "Get up you traitor."

"What! Bahwahgun, that is a hard name to call me, on doing you such a favor—betraying my comrades to you."

"There is where the trouble lies. You have made a traitor of yourself, and at the first opportunity you would betray me."

"Never!" he replied, with a wail.

"It is my custom, and so it has been of my ancestors, to put to death by the furnace every traitor among us."

Mr. Westman sprang to his feet, came to where we were, fell upon his knees before me, and begged for me to try to save his life.

"Why did you betray us?"

"Captain, I hardly know myself; it was very unjust, for which I am sorry and would not do it again for all the chiefships in the world."

"Then you did it for political honor?"

"Yes, if you consider it such."

"Away, traitor!" said Mr. Anderson, with stern mien.

"Away from here!" I ejaculated, "or I will give you one of my remarkable shots."

"Have I no friends?" the traitor moaned, as he turned from us. "My comrades, wife and children will no longer recognize me."

The flames had now died away, and fifty bodies were cast in the firehole. Bahwahgun seized Mr. Westman. A savage transfixed him on a spear the same as Jack, and balanced him over the hole. The victim's howls were terrible. I never heard anybody howl and entreat for life the way he did. He called and called on me for help. At length I went behind a boulder to get out of his sight, where I remained till hearing the roar of advancing flames. The shrieks ceased as the flames shot upward, and thus ended the traitor's mundane career. The flames roared away for an hour, and on dying away fifty bodies more were cast in the firehole.

Bahwahgun pointed to me and said, "Now, little slave, we will see how much smoke you will make."

"If you attempt it, I shall shoot the first one that stirs in his tracks."

"Your guns are of no account; they will not go," sneered Bahwahgun, getting behind a boulder and ordering twenty savages forward. Ere they took the second step Mr. Anderson's deadly rifle, Harry's shot-gun, Hannah's, Morrisey's, and Jackson's Winchesters added five to the pile of corpses. The savages howled in dismay and attempted to flee, but Bahwahgun checked them, and they came forward.

"Captain," spoke Mr. Harry, "you, Mr. Sanborn and Lib make haste for the shaft and wait for us in the cavern." My men fired another volley and down went the same number as before. To leave my men fighting looked too much like playing the rôle of a coward. "Wait till I get in a remarkable shot," I replied.

The savages had surrounded us completely. One great brawny fellow crawled up behind the carpenter, who like myself, was no fighter, too frightened to fire a shot, and

was about to thrust a spear through him, when I jumped forward with a revolver in my trembling hand.

"Don't touch him," I said, my teeth chattering so I could hardly speak, "or I will shoot."

The savage made a pass at me; the spear went over my left shoulder and he fell at my feet with mouth open. With the muzzle of my revolver well down his throat, I made another remarkable shot. At the time I thought nothing more of it than had I shot a bear. I do not consider it murder, for I killed my antagonist in fair fight. We were now in close quarters—a hand-to-hand combat. Mr. Anderson with his razor-back saw stood by himself slaying the enemy with as much ease and rapidity as if he was Samson with the jawbone of an ass. A savage slipped up behind him and was ready to bring down a club on his head, when at that moment Mr. Sanborn darted forth and received the blow on his own pate. The club flew in fragments, and the heroic Sanborn never flinched the least. Lib as usual set up his howl and crawled toward the shaft. They did not seem to want to hurt him. Certainly they had chance enough, for he crawled through their ranks. He managed to reach the shaft in safety, and slid down it followed by a shower of loose stone, which I feared had ended him. Close to the shaft was a large boulder. When the fight was thickest I crawled under an edge of it and was no sooner in my place of refuge than the body of the carpenter fell close beside the boulder. He was killed by a blow on the head. I drew the remains under where I was, and they concealed me from view. By the number of bodies falling to the ground I knew the carnage must be great. All of a sudden the firing ceased and it became quiet.

"My comrades must all be dead," I said to myself.

If I was sure they were dead, I would come out and fight till I expired, for it seemed to me to be better with them in death than all alone in life. A savage thrust his spear in the carpenter's body to make sure he was dead. I was so small that I escaped his observation. My watch ticked so loud I was afraid it would be heard, and I stopped it. My heart seemed to beat louder than the ticking of my watch. I would have stopped it also had it been under my control. The wounded groaned and shrieked around

me. Then the roar of the flames went above the cries of distress. I counted fifty wounded in front the boulder, and I do not know how many more there were. Those wounded in the body were cast in the firehole soon as the flames had died away. They consider a gun-shot wound fatal if in the body. It seemed cruel to treat the wounded so, but it was far better for those mortally wounded, than to linger for a while suffering the agonies of eternal torment, and die at last. When all the bodies, those my men slew and those found on Arsenal Island, were cremated, most of the savages left. The few that remained watched at the mouth of the shaft. It grew dark and the furnace blazed, lighting up a large area, which prevented my coming from my place of concealment. At last the flames became defunct. I crawled forth and was down the shaft a few steps when a large stone cast by a savage knocked off my hat. The next moment the report of a rifle sounded, and the body of a savage bounded over me. Mr. Harry had done a little sharp shooting.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE KIDDLE LODE.

I DESCENDED into the cavern, where I found Mr. Jackson unconscious from a blow on the head with a club. Brains oozed through the fractures in the skull. The wound was, of course, fatal. We could do little or nothing for him. Mr. Anderson had received a spear thrust through the calf of the left leg, and had the wound bound up. Mr. Hannah's right shoulder was nearly broken by a stone cast at him. Mr. Harry and Morrisey and Sanborn escaped uninjured. Lib, in slipping down the shaft, sprained an ankle and complained much.

"It is a dear victory," said I, "for two of the crew are slain."

"A dearer one for old Bahwahgun," replied Mr. Anderson. "I estimate he lost above two hundred killed and wounded. There would have been many more had our ammunition held out. Captain, I saw many chances for you to make a remarkable shot, and the best of them was on the savage who banged Jackson. I called you several times and at last concluded you had fallen."

Mr. Jackson became conscious and called for water, but there was none to give him. He raved for a short time and then became silent—silent forever.

"What can we do with the remains?" asked Mr. Morrisey.

"Why not cremate them," I suggested.

We concluded to do so. The furnace was in action now and after I read the burial service Mr. Morrisey and Harry took them up, the moment that the flames died away.

"Wait till you hear the flames coming," I said, for it seemed hard to cast the body into the firehole, which may be almost bottomless. On the return of the flames the body was dropped and consumed as all the rest had before it. The deceased was a noble-hearted man, sober and in-

dustrious. He had expressed a wish that his remains should be cremated if dying on the island, and we had done in accordance with his wish. We had enough provisions in the cavern to last for a month, and torchwood for lights about that length of time. We were safe here, but our great trouble was the want of water. The savages at the top the shaft made it too dangerous to leave the cavern. The slightest noise we made caused a volley of boulders to come bounding down. Throughout that night and the following day they guarded the shaft, and left at dusk. Probably they thought us all dead, as we had remained silent during the day. We could not have held out much longer as we were famishing for water. Mr. Hannah and Morrisey each with a back load of provisions started down the shaft. Mr. Anderson and I went next. He carried the ship's instruments, armed with the razor-back saw. All guns were left behind as the ammunition was exhausted. Mr. Sanborn and Harry came after us each with an arm full of torchwood. Lib with half a dozen torchwood sticks came on behind. Mr. Hannah nor Morrisey never noticed the snake's head—of which I have spoken, cut in the solid rock over head—or the flashing objects representing eyes.

"What diamonds!" said I. "Mr. Anderson, which one will you take?"

"This one."

He was on the right-hand side. Mr. Anderson and I stopped, and after nearly two hours of cutting and prying with my hunting knife, took the diamonds out. They were larger than an ostrich egg, the shape of one, and of the first water; far superior in every respect to the best Brazilian stones.

"They are worth millions," said I; "and what do you intend to do with yours?"

"Have it made in jewelry. And you with yours?"

"Wear it on my shirt bosom."

As I have stated, the fork representing the snake's tongue, divided the shaft in two compartments—one for descending and the other for ascending. We kept to the left, the one to descend by. On going down about two hundred feet we reached old workings; the ore was "stoped" out. The hanging wall, smooth and regular

as if the work of man, saw supported by massive stone pillars, similar to those in a Mexican mine. The ore body was over three hundred feet thick, and how miners managed to put in pillars of that height, pitching at an angle of fifty degrees, is for a mining engineer to explain. I knocked a small knob of ore loose from the foot-wall, and it was the same character as that in the cavern—lead-silver. Down we went. This vast ore chamber extended down for four hundred feet and then pinched to the thickness of a knife blade. At the right a tunnel led off, which we followed for eighty feet, and then came to the ascending shaft. Here we made a small fire and roasted some meat, which we could not eat for want of something to quench our thirst. Mr. Anderson went in search of water, returning to the descending shaft, down which he cast a stone and heard the splash of water. We were almost as glad at this discovery as at the first sight of Kiddle Island. Mr. Anderson took up a bucket to go after some water, and I admonished him to be careful. He thought there could be no danger, as the steps were in excellent condition. I went out to the shaft and cast a stone down it, and the splash indicated water within fifty feet. The steps seemed as solid as the day they were cut out. Mr. Anderson descended probably a dozen steps, when his feet flew from under him, the torch gleamed like a continuous streak of fire, and the next moment came a loud splash. I did not wait for a voice to come out that Stygian hole, but rushed back and told what had happened. Mr. Sanborn was the first to reach the shaft, and shouted "Halloo down dar, is dar any water?"

"I should think so," came a voice out of the gloom, "and cold as ice, too."

"Mr. Anderson are you drowning?" I asked.

"Not quite; water is up to my chin, and I am standing upon something solid. How am I ever to get out? The foot-wall is smooth, never had any steps cut in it."

"How is he to get out?" I asked myself; "we have no rope, and there is nothing to make one of."

"Captain, I am chilling to death."

"There is nothing I know of to help you out with."

"Take your coat" (a buckskin one) "and cut it in strips."

My coat was off my back and soon ripped apart. From the largest piece Mr. Morrisey ran out a continuous strip, which was half long enough, and the remainder was made from the other pieces. I threw down the line, Mr. Anderson tied on the bucket, which by good fortune had not sunk, and it came up two-thirds full. This gave us all a good draught. I cast down the line again, and Mr. Anderson came up. If this was water level there was no chance of escape, for the other shaft would be the same as this. On drawing another bucket we went back to our provisions, ate a hearty meal and enjoyed a first-rate sleep. The air was warm and entirely free from cold damp. After our nap and another meal, we descended the shaft very cautiously, expecting to come upon water. We were now fifty feet below water level in the other shaft. This one was dry and still going down. The reason I advanced, which I think is a true one, why water was in the other shaft, is that waste in coming down the shaft had filled it up so that it was water-tight, and this water was from the surface—rain water. We descended and descended, and at last reached bottom. A tunnel twelve feet wide and eight high led off due north. In some cases we found it caved partly full, and at other places much obstructed with waste that had come down from the stope. In one place it was so full we had difficulty in squeezing through. We came upon several picks and shovels with handles rotted entirely away. Mr. Anderson took along two of each kind of tools, saying they might come handy, and so they did before going much further. We came upon a place caved entirely full. Mr. Anderson began pulling down the waste. Hannah and Morrisey threw it back. It was a big undertaking, and on working for ten hours there were no signs of an end. Lib and I did not do much, and announced our willingness to do the cooking. This met the approval of all. We started back for a bucket of water. The way seemed endless, but at last we came to the water shaft. I lowered the bucket and drew it up, fearing to trust Lib, as he might lose it. On starting back, I carried the bucket to the descending shaft, when Lib took it. I went ahead, so his way would be well lighted. Soon he set the bucket down to rest himself. Of this I was unaware, and was down perhaps twenty steps, when I heard

the bucket strike a step, and the next moment every drop it seemed to contain dashed down the back of my neck, nearly sending me headlong. Lib was so frightened he dropped his torch, which struck me on the head, igniting my hair, scorching it off short at the base of the skull. Lib made an attempt to come down after the bucket, and trembled so I was afraid he might come down upon me. I started back and he scrambled up the shaft. It took quite a while to convince him that I considered it an accident. When we got to the bottom we found the bucket battered out of shape, and with several holes through the sides and bottom. I dreaded to return to my comrades, knowing they were thirsty, as the removing of the waste created a great deal of dust. We crept back, and it was a glad surprise to see that a way through the waste had been cleared. The men were on the other side, and I expected their first words would be an inquiry for water. Such was not the case, for on the left side the tunnel, in a trench ten feet deep and one wide, gushed a stream from beneath the waste, that had covered a subterranean spring. On the left the stream were chambers, ten by twelve feet, with seven-foot wall, hewn out the live rock. Undoubtedly these were miners' dwellings. There were one hundred of them in all. Here the formation changes from lime to granite and slate, and properly the Kiddle Lode begins here. With this change of formation the ore changes from lead-silver ore to free milling gold quartz. Here the lode is four hundred feet wide, of soft brownish quartz. I examined a large pillar of quartz, and it seemed one-half gold. I broke loose a mass of about a hundred-pound weight; it rolled down into the tunnel, and on striking the bottom broke in fragments, among which were fifty pounds of coarse gold. The quartz is free from sulphates, and I suppose the finest of any in the world. After a brief examination of the workings, I learned that the mine is not at all dug out. We went on; the lode was of the same magnitude. The stream got larger, for many small ones trickled down each side the tunnel. This was water level. As we went on, the lode presented the same condition, stoped a little here and there. We had travelled at least fifteen miles, when I ordered a halt and camped. Here was another series of chambers, and more numerous.

Just beyond the last one were the remains of a sled, on which were two round iron buckets, four feet across and five high. These were full of quartz of over seventy-five per cent. gold. It was gold properly with a little quartz in it. There were no bales on these buckets, and I wondered how they were hoisted. Mr. Anderson thought the tunnel must come out on the mountain side, and no hoisting was done. We camped in one of the chambers, and in a corner were the skeletons of two human beings almost as large as a savage's. Mr. Hannah and I took up quarters in another chamber. Mr. Anderson spread his blanket before the skeletons and went to sleep. Using torchwood for cooking soon reduced our supply to almost nothing. Heretofore we had burned two lights, and sometimes three. This had to be curtailed to a single light. We had light for only twenty-four hours more. On starting we walked as rapidly as possible for five hours, making not less than twenty miles. This entire distance the lode maintains a uniform thickness, pitching east at an angle of about sixty degrees. It seems strange how the hanging-wall supports itself—suspended four hundred feet above the tunnel's bottom. In many places the lode is stoped out for hundreds of feet square. There was no ore broken that would not yield above fifty per cent. gold. Taking the whole lode through, it will average above twenty-five per cent. gold. Almost innumerable millions of dollars' worth of gold yet remain to be taken out. If King Solomon worked this lode, it is strange his entire temple was not of gold. We came to another sled with four empty buckets upon it—going after a load. A short distance ahead we heard a roar like the flames of the furnace, and thought it another ignivomous concern. A cloud of steam filled the tunnel. By this we knew there was water connected with it. Soon the steam became so dense we had to stop till it cleared away sufficiently for our light to guide us on. After a ten minutes' walk we came to the end of the tunnel, and also of the lode, which is cut off square by a belt of marble running east and west.

"What are we to do now?" we asked each other.

"Turn about and go back," I said at length.

"That would never do," remarked Mr. Anderson. "We might as well stay here and starve to death as to

return and give old Bahwahgun the satisfaction of roasting us."

A dense cloud of steam coming forth ended the confab. A rumble followed, and we beheld a column of water, almost at boiling temperature, shoot up at our right. It was another geyser. The steam gradually cleared away. In the center of a cavern hewn out of the marble, a little larger than that of the furnace, we beheld a column four feet in diameter ascending with great force. Around it were many of these iron buckets.

"Do you know what this has been?" inquired Mr. Harry of me.

"No."

"Their hoisting works. These buckets, if I am not much mistaken, are sent up by the force of the water. Soon as it ceases spouting I am going to get in a bucket and risk my neck anyhow."

The Hoisting Works, as I named the geyser, at length became inactive. Mr. Harry rolled a bucket to the hole and it settled down two-thirds its length. The brave fellow stepped into it, shook hands, and bade us all adieu. Steam began escaping,; a roar followed, and the bucket shot upward. We were astonished, and held our breath expecting to see the bucket drop back again. At length it came down steadily as if let down by a hoisting engine.

Soon as the bucket settled to its proper place Mr. Anderson said, "Captain, we must try it next."

To this I agreed after the rest had refused to go up with him.

He lifted me into the bucket and then got in himself. This time the Hoisting Works were idle for nearly an hour. Steam began coming, and we shouted good-bye to all. Up we went as if aboard an hotel elevator, and with a rapidity that almost took away my breath. We made over six thousand feet in fifty-five seconds. We received considerable jar when the bucket came from the hole, as it went ten feet above the surface and dropped.

CHAPTER XXIX.

STATUE AND CITY OF POLARIS.

WE were across the mountains and at an elevation of about two miles above sea level, making it quite cold. Considerable snow lay on the ground. Immense quantities must have been here few months previous, for large drifts yet remained in shaded places. We were in a depression in the mountain which may have been at some remote age the crater of a volcano. Before us were great lava beds rising almost as high as the granite peaks behind us. There was hardly any timber. A species of scrubby tree, like the nut pine, grew to the height of twelve or fifteen feet and was almost all limbs. Water from the Hoisting Works ran to the left down an artificial course of cut stone. Originally it ran to the right and emptied in a small lake. Streams gushed from the granite side in many places, some fed by melting snow, but most were perpetual. The ground was full of water—sloughy. The whole at one time must have been the bed of the lake, and I think this was before water from the Hoisting Works was turned from its natural course. Undoubtedly this made the lake shrink to its present dimensions. The Hoisting Works belched forth a continuous stream forty-eight inches in diameter, eighteen hours out of twenty-four, which it averages, which would of itself in a short time form a good-sized sheet of water. When the column began failing Mr. Anderson rolled the bucket to the hole and dropped it. Mr. Harry and Anderson went toward the lake while I waited for the remainder of my men to come up. I felt the greatest anxiety about Lib. Maybe I should have remained till the last one, but, as I have said, nobody else would venture with Mr. Anderson. I left orders for Mr. Hannah and Morrisey to come up together, that is, soon as they could muster enough courage. I knew Lib would be safer in Mr. Sanborn's care, and ordered him to bring the Mongolian up when he came. I heard the hiss of steam,

and up came Mr. Hannah and Morrisey. They were much frightened, and said that the Hoisting Works needed a brake, for the speed was too fast for safety. They reported Mr. Sanborn had started down the tunnel after Lib, who ran back on learning he was to go up. I hoped Mr. Sanborn would succeed in bringing the Mongolian up, for should he be lost we would have to do our own cooking. This time the column played for a short season and resumed activity that much sooner. I heard a shout, one of Mr. Sanborn's wild shouts, and amid the steam I got a glimpse of a black object with hardly any clothes on, and then Mr. Sanborn leaped from the bucket and said, "Massa, am dis heben?"

"Why, I guess not; and why are you in this almost nude condition?"

"Massa, dem ar' clothes ob mine ar' wolf skin. De good book says so much 'gainst wolves I knew dat de Lord would not like to see me in dar skins."

'Where is Lib?"

"He runned 'way like I used to from ole massa down souf."

I had a great mind to go down after the Mongolian, but my men deemed it imprudent for the reason that the Hoisting Works were too mutable. The next time after Mr. Sanborn came up the column ascended hundreds of feet in the air and bursted as if a quantity of dynamite had been exploded in it. We were wet through, and fortunately the water was not very hot or we would have been scalded to death. The miners must have had a way of curbing the force of the geyser when it got in one of these moods. The column still ascended, and it was no use to look for Lib to come up, and we went to take a look at the lake, which is a beautiful sheet of water, three miles long by two broad, very deep, clear as water can possibly be, cold, a few degrees above freezing point. On the south is the granite mountain, north, lava beds, east, high lime-stone bluffs, and west, low, marshy ground. The lake, seemingly tranquil, possessed a mysterious current that drew various objects towards its centre. A short way ahead of us was a piece of ice moving from shore which went slowly at first, and the nearer it approached the centre the faster it went till disappearing. We beheld several fish, that must have

been large, near the centre, leaping out of the water, and pretty soon we could see nothing more of them. I thought they were on a frolic or pursued by some kind of monster that preyed upon them. Large flocks of geese were along shore, and on flying shunned the centre, either lighting ahead, behind us, or on the opposite side close to shore. Mr. Harry, an excellent stone thrower, cast a stone and broke one's wing. The flock rose, lit on the opposite side, and the wounded one fluttered along after it. Suddenly it stopped and tried to get back to shore again. Despite its desperate struggles and numerous quacks it was being borne toward the centre and soon went from sight.

"This must have a subterranean outlet," said Mr. Hannah, on seeing the fowl disappear.

"It seems that way," replied I, "and this is the first I have thought of it." We overtook Mr. Anderson and Harry, and they also had noticed the mysterious current.

"Captain," said Mr. Anderson, "do you know what this is? The reservoir of Buncom River; that is, the river flowing over Buncom Falls. I have named this Reservoir Lake."

"Those Falls must be over forty miles from here."

"That is no distance for water to flow."

This theory seemed feasible, and yet I was in doubt. I had as good reason to believe that it supplied the Hoisting Works. Mr. Anderson found a piece of driftwood and sawed both ends square (he still carried the razor-back saw) and cast it adrift, saying it might find its way to the ocean by the subterranean channel and over the falls. Having Mr. Buncom's spectacle case with me, I wrote on a leaf from my memorandum thus:

"O ye mysteries, solve this riddle
By returning this to Captain Kiddle,"

put it in the case, made the case fast to the end of a stick and cast it in the water. I no more expected to see it again than I expect to meet Adam face to face and ask him if the sea-serpents are akin to the serpent that beguiled his fair consort. Mr. Anderson left with an opinion that this was the source of Buncom River, which is correct, and I that it supplied the Hoisting Works. We gathered up some wood and made a fire; we were to remain here for

two days, hoping that Lib would come up. Mr. Sanborn, the only sensible one among us in this respect, loaded the provisions in the bucket he came up in. We kept up a roaring fire as it was cold. When the sun disappeared it grew cold so sudden that it seemed as if we were turned out of a warm house on a midwinter's night. The night was colder than any we had experienced since landing. Some time in the night wild beasts came and carried away all our provisions. They must have been bears, for bear tracks were seen almost everywhere. Mr. Anderson wanted me to go with him on a bear-hunt, but I dare not go. I made an excuse saying my anxiety about Lib's safety was so great I wanted to remain in camp watching his appearance. Mr. Harry went in my stead, and at dark returned, bringing with them four young fudyicks and half a dozen of their eggs. I was in doubt whether I should order Mr. Sanborn, now cook, to cook the birds. Mr. Harry said he would eat of them and an egg or two to get even with the parent birds for eating human flesh. The birds were nearly full-fledged, and Mr. Sanborn prepared two of them, and on roasting them till midnight, pronounced them done. They were yet tough—a barn-owl would be nowhere. The eggs were baked in hot ashes till I thought they were done hard, in fact burned up. We could hardly break the shells, and on getting one broken a young bird came forth, hissed and ran off. The fire had no more effect upon it than had it been a Salamander. All the eggs with the exception of one were in the same condition as the first. Soon as they got out their shell two of the birds began fighting. One came from an egg Mr. Anderson broke open and the other from mine. I bet a ton of gold on mine and Mr. Anderson the same amount on his. This I think is the largest bet ever made on any fighting match. At length mine vanquished his and somehow or other I did not feel much the better for my large winning. We began on the birds and on pulling out a front tooth in trying to tear some flesh from a bone, I gave up, and pretty soon they all did the same. Soon after retiring some sort of a wild beast came pretty close. Mr. Harry cast the carcasses of the birds at it, and in the morning we saw they had not been disturbed from where they fell. We had given up all hopes of Lib, and at daybreak started down

the mountain, following the stream from the Hoisting Works. Its course was like a large irrigating ditch; six feet on the bottom, four foot walls flaring, and eight feet across the top. Mr. Anderson stopped to examine it and said it was a mammoth sluice box, that the quartz in passing down it dissolved itself by illision, and that the gold was carried on further. I could not dispute this as I am no miner. However, I had an opinion but did not express it. A broad road led along the ditch. In many places it was in poor condition, gullied wide and deep. We crossed the gullies on the banks of the ditch, and presently both road and ditch were obliterated, probably by a land-slide from a spur round which they passed. About three miles further down we came upon the road and ditch again. The land was quite flat here. Passing on a little further we saw stones sticking up from the ditch's bottom to the height of a foot, and that far apart, pointing a little up stream (when there was a stream). Mr. Anderson said they were riffles to catch gold with. Between some of these riffles was a great deal of gold. We went due north down the road and on going about twenty miles in all, went into camp. A thick fog that overhung the sea and lowlands all day came over us, and a drizzling rain set in like a California mountain mist.

Here we found but little wood, and our fire went out for want of replenishing. At length we were wet to the skin, and shivered with cold. The road crossed the ditch with an arch similar to a railway culvert. Mr. Anderson advised us to seek shelter in it. This we did with alacrity, and he stopped the upper end with a stone. He remarked that this reminded him of his lodging in railway culverts in passing from San Francisco to Chicago. This did not augment my good opinion of him, for it was an almost positive declaration that he had tramped from one of these cities to the other. What little bedding we had was wet, and it did not ameliorate our condition much. At last we shivered ourselves to sleep. It was a fitful nap to me, as my rheumatic arm pained, and so did my rejuvenated leg above its rejuvenesence. It was not very long before I woke up almost strangled with water pouring down my throat. I was lying on my back, and undoubtedly with my mouth open. The next moment all hands were swept

from our quarters. A heavy rain had fallen higher up the mountain. On being swept down several rods, while in transit being rolled over many times, I managed to crawl out half drowned, though saving my bedding and ship's instruments. Mr. Anderson came in search of me, and I rebuked him severely for taking us to such lodgings. He minded it not at all, and remarked he had slept in a thousand different railway culverts and such a thing never happened him or any of his chums whose names he began calling. The fog had cleared away and stars endiademed the midnight sky. We tried to collect fagots for a fire, but what little we found were water-soaked and would not burn. We set forth, for it was more comfortable walking than to be shivering in our wet clothes. When I began to perspire freely, I did not feel very uncomfortable, and my comrades did not complain much. Just before the break of day we had ascended near to the summit of a hill above a thousand feet high, where grew many large trees. From a dead one lying upon the ground Mr. Anderson sawed several limbs, which were placed against the trunk, and in no time we had a warm fire, which dried our clothes. We took a nap, and I woke up just before noon. Mr. Anderson had been out foraging, and came in with a gobbler and two dozen turkey eggs. Mr. Harry killed the fowl with a stone while Anderson was hunting eggs. Before Mr. Sanborn began to roast the eggs I had him break one open, and it was fresh. Mr. Anderson said if he had had one of my revolvers he could have got a deer, and I told him he should have taken one from my belt. We had a first-rate breakfast. As game was abundant, we concluded to tarry here a day or two. Our camp was within three hundred yards of the summit, to which Mr. Harry and I went to see how far the ocean lay at the north, and also to take an observation. I knew that this was about the location of the North Pole. We reached the summit and beheld a sight that astonished us more than anything we had yet seen. On the crest of a hill, of about the same elevation as the one on which we were camped, a little to the west, not one half mile away, was a statue two hundred feet tall, mounted upon a pedestal of five hundred feet. We hastened thence, and on arriving at its base, I saw that the pedestal was of silver, one hundred feet

square and of the height of which I spoke. Upon this rests the statue—four female figures in one—one facing the north, one the south, one the east and one the west. The right hand of each points straight ahead, and the left hand upward. This is of gold, fifty feet across, and of the height I mentioned already. This enormous mass of gold glittered in the rays of the morning sun, and the diadems with which each figure is crowned flashed every sheen the rainbow contains. The pedestal was blackened with the unpolishing touch of time. We searched in vain, trying to find a way into the pedestal, which we thought might be hollow.

"Do you know what this was erected for?" asked Mr. Harry.

"No, unless for ostentation, a display of gold and silver."

"It was erected, I am sure, to mark the exact spot where they located the North Pole."

"That's so."

I took an observation and placed the North Pole exactly in the centre of the pedestal. This prehistoric race had a thorough knowledge of geography. As we were about to start back, the remainder of my men came up. Mr. Anderson, with an avaricious mood on just now, said we ought to build another boat, one large enough to take the statue home with us. I informed him we would need the *Great Eastern* and several more like her.

Mr. Sanborn, on admiring the statue, said, "Cap'n, dat am de Golden Calf, sure."

A fudyick lit upon the arm pointing south, and there was a clamorous noise from an eyrie of young birds in a hollow back of the heads. Mr. Anderson brought down the fudyick with a shot from my revolver, and also a diamond, larger than those we got out of the shaft, from the crown of this figure. He took possession of it and wanted to fire at the crown, but I would not tolerate such vandalism. We camped two days at the base of the statue, searching for an entrance, as within it must be sealed the archives of this prehistoric race. Had we possessed proper tools, we would have cut our way into the centre, despite it seemed a solid mass. How many thousand tons of silver it must contain! The statue, if solid, would lift

Russia's national debt, with an abundance left. The statue complete would make a banking capital that could control the money market of the world. On resuming our journey, we took a road leading north-east, which was sandy a short distance; then we came upon a course ten yards wide paved with gold. The sand we had just passed through covered up this course. The paving blocks, a foot square, were considerably worn in places, undoubtedly by the hoofs of horses and wheels of chariots. This was, I think, their race-course. It was of mild declivity for five miles, and then came a level plain, which was swampy. Water from the Hoisting Works had poured down here probably since the overthrow of the kingdom. A great many mounds like those in Bahwahguntown were visible above the mire. This was once a city of almost fabulous dimensions, above fifty miles square, and I estimate it contained a population of *ten million* souls. We would have spent a month exploring the ruins had it not been so miry. Once I fell in a soft spot and went out of sight except a hand, by which Mr. Hannah rescued me. We were trying to reach the largest of the mounds, which I considered ruins of the royal palace. The ground was so treacherous that we could not possibly reach it. A great many reptiles amid the mire kept us in constant alarm. With our brief exploration of these ruins we did not obtain the slightest information concerning those that built the city, which I named Polaris City. At the west lay several white hills of about the height of Statue Hill (this was the name I gave the hill upon which the statue stands), which sustain but little vegetation and no timber at all, being composed wholly of marble. We set out for these hills, and ascended a slight elevation, then came upon a level tract, once tilled, and more fertile than Bahwahgun's farm. A great many mounds, maybe ruins of farm houses, rose above the grasses here and there. Wild oats were as abundant as if every scapegrace had sown his here. In crossing this tract I stepped upon a sea-serpent, like those we killed, which was a young one, forty feet long. It took its tail in its mouth, formed a hoop, and rolled toward the marsh.

"Ah, if St. Patrick was only here!" said Mr. Hannah.

"What would he do?" I asked.

"Sure, he would banish every snake and reptile the same as from Ireland."

"Do you believe such nonsense?" inquired Mr. Harry.

"Indeed I do, and it is more feasible than the yarn you Americans set forth that George Washington never told a lie."

This aroused Mr. Harry's quick temper, and he wanted to fight. I settled the matter peaceably by saying that the Saint and Patriot were both great men, but doubted the absurd stories told of them both. The grasses grew tall almost like those along Anderson River, and after a while we had to cut our way through. Mr. Anderson used the razor-back saw and I my hunting-knife, on which was a sort of sickle edge, full of fine nicks. We camped at night amid this grass and none of us slept at all, fearing an attack from sea-serpents. By noon the next day we had cut our way through, and a furlong above us was an excellent roadway running the same direction whence we came. We went into camp beneath a projecting marble bluff. Game was plentiful, which was killed by a stone from Mr. Harry's hand or a shot from Mr. Anderson's revolver. We were tormented by a large species of rat, larger than a full-grown cat. It has a long tail with which it defends itself. One struck me across the hand with its tail, on trying to corner it up, and my hand was cut open as if a muleteer had struck me with a black snake. And I saw two of them fighting; one struck the other over the back, cutting its antagonist completely in two.

CHAPTER XXX.

LOSS OF THE LUCINDA.

THE rats harassed us so that we moved our camp further up on the hill, where they did not molest us at all. They must be a sort of musk-rat, for they live on land and in water. In front of where we first camped there is a slough, containing a great many of their houses, like those of the common musk-rat. Here we were to tarry for three days, and then make our way over to Paradise Valley, where we intended to build a boat if possible, and escape to Koo Koos Land. Mr. Anderson affirmed he was reluctant to leave, till after finding that petrifying pool of which his wife spoke. He wanted me to assist in the re-discovery of it. I tried to convince him it was a myth, but he would not listen. On the morning of the second day he, Mr. Hannah and Morrisey went out in search of it, passing down along the hills. Mr. Sanborn, Harry and I remained in camp. Mr. Sanborn to mend his clothes, Harry to do some laundrying, and I to rest myself. After an absence of half the forenoon Mr. Anderson returned, placed something upon my head and told me not to remove it.

"Massa am king, sure," said Mr. Sanborn, showing the whites of his eyes more than usual.

I took the object from my head; a crown! the Imperial crown of France would be as chaff when compared to the value of this one.

"Where did you get it?" I asked, holding the crown with trembling hands.

"Come, and I will show you."

Mr. Sanborn wanted to see how it would fit his pate, as he expected to wear one in the hereafter. I gave it to him and started after Mr. Anderson, who almost ran. I

had to call him to a halt several times so that I could keep him within sight. We went along the base of the hills about a mile and came upon a marble-paved square covering about two acres, in the center of which was a deep pool sixty feet across, and being so clear it did not look three feet deep. To my horror I beheld Mr. Morrisey lying on the bottom with a stony cast of countenance. I was ready to plunge in and rescue him, when Mr. Anderson seized hold of my shoulder, gave me a violent jerk as if extremely angry with me, and said, "My God, Captain."

"Mr. Anderson, I take this for a premeditated insult."

"Captain," he went on, shaking with excitement, "I meant no harm; but do you know I saved your life?"

"How so?" I asked, my rage mollifying.

"Ere this time you would be transformed to stone. Morrisey is petrified. He stepped into it and sank like a stone to the bottom, some water splashed on my little finger, and feel of it."

I felt and it was like stone; and the next moment dropped from his hand. Two drops struck him in the face, and two gravels came from the right cheek, the size of a pea.

"Where is Mr. Hannah!"

"Poor fellow," was Mr. Anderson's reply.

I gazed in the pool but could see nothing of him.

"Not there, Captain, but yonder," pointing out a pile of marble close to the opposite side the square. I went thence and what a sight! Both his hands had dropped off at the wrist; nose and cheeks were also gone. He had washed his face and hands in Medusa's Pool (this was the name I gave it). He seemed in no pain at all.

"Captain," said he shortly, "wish I was where Morrisey is. I am now a helpless cripple for life."

His amputated members were hard, like so much marble. I picked up a hand with my thumb and finger. I felt a slight sting, and dropped the hand. A thin, stony scale came from my thumb and finger, taking off the skin. Mr. Hannah, in utter despair, made his way back to the pool and intended to plunge in it. I ordered Mr. Sanborn, who had now arrived wearing the crown, to take him back to camp. The poor unfortunate fellow went back weeping. It would have been for the best had he

plunged in the pool, for his injuries soon began causing such pain that he went into spasms, and besides his death came a few days afterwards.

"Captain," said Mr. Anderson, "I am sorry at the rough way I handled you; I was so excited I hardly knew what I was doing, and hope you are not offended."

"No, not at all. Had you tried to hinder me by mouth, I would not have heeded, and that was the best method you could have adopted."

"I am not at all sorry for Morrisey. I warned him, but he only scoffed at me. Mr. Hannah was the first to arrive; he would have warned him too, but his tongue seemed paralyzed. What is to be done with Morrisey?"

"Nothing; let him soak. Should we try to get him out we might fall in or get some of the infernal water on us, and ruin us for life."

I looked in the pool again, which seemed hardly deep enough to cover Mr. Morrisey's nose.

"How deep is it anyhow?"

"A hundred feet at least."

I could not believe this. He dropped his worn out pocket-knife in it carefully, and before reaching bottom it was petrified. By the time that the knife took in descending I concluded the pool was deep as Mr. Anderson's estimate. I got on one of my experimenting fits, and dropped a pebble, which dissolved like so much salt. Then I dropped a small piece of gold, which became a diamond of great brilliancy. I dropped another piece and it also transformed to a diamond. This induced me to believe that the most essential properties of the diamond are held in gold, that on adding and taking certain parts becomes a diamond. If all the gold in the Kiddle Lode was immersed in this pool, diamonds would become so cheap and numerous that the poorest laborer could wear them large as an ordinary grindstone; while a lover of diamonds could have them large as millstones. So far as we could discover, the pool has no outlet. According to Mr. Hannah's statement the water is lukewarm. And he also stated that Mr. Morrisey's body petrified in a minute. I suppose that all others would do the same. I intended to return to camp, but Mr. Anderson desired to show me whence we obtained the crown.

We left the square by a broad marble walk and ascended a steep hill. Before us rose a marble reef, four or five hundred feet high, smooth and even as a palace wall. By erosion from ocean waves at the base it was hollowed out back for hundreds of feet. At one time, maybe late as the glacial period, it formed a part of a rock-walled coast. Perhaps the great earthquake heretofore mentioned had cast it up high and dry. As we entered this vast chamber I beheld the petrified bodies of millions of human beings standing close as they could be stood. We walked on a ways, and I beheld the petrified remains of nine hundred and ninety-nine kings, each upon a throne of gold, which rested on a semicircular body of silver four feet high. Upon their heads were crowns the splendor of which stopped my breath till I gasped. I could say nothing. Mr. Anderson ascended the semicircle, sat in a throne (there was a vacant one), took the crown from the head of the potentate at his right, placed it upon his own head and said, "Captain, who cannot mount a throne and wear a crown nowadays?"

I replied not, for I was yet too astonished to speak, but at length I managed to say, "Wonderful indeed!"

With uncovered head I walked before this throng, for each face retained that homage-demanding expression coherent to the potentate. The faces of all with the exception of two were those of mature age, all wearing long hair and beard. A cloth of gold was about the loins, and if royal robes were placed on them after being consigned here they had decayed away entirely. Before this royal throng, seated on settles of gold were the remains of the royal family, numbering thousands, of all ages from the centenarian down to the infant. About their loins was a cloth of silver, corroded, and many had fallen apart.

So far as we passed along this chamber of death it was full of petrified bodies—millions and millions are taking their final rest here. It seems rather a hard way of resting, standing upon the feet. Many a countenance bears an expression of fatigue, maybe on account of so long an upright attitude. Mr. Anderson, still occupying the throne, with an imperial smile said:

"Captain, now suppose I am one of these old petrifications in a carnal state, how would you address me?"

"I might possibly Mister you and nod."

"That would never do at all. Get up here and I will show you how it should be done."

With an awkward stride, decidedly unkingly, he left the throne, to which I ascended. It was intended for as large a bodied person as Mr. Buncom, and longer legged than Anderson. With the crown on my head I tried to smile imperially, but it was one of mirth, for I beheld Mr. Anderson advancing, kneeling first upon one knee and then on the other. At length he threw himself flat and kicked along like Bahwahgun getting indoors.

"O Your Royal Highness!" he exclaimed, in most solemn tones.

"O Your Serene Highness!" then he gave a kick forward.

"O Your Imperial Greatness!" (Another kick forward)

"O Your Royal Majesty!" (Two kicks forward)

I could stand it no longer, and said: "Stop such damned nonsense."

"That is right, Captain," exclaimed the prostrate form, getting upon his feet, "now you talk like an American."

I had seen enough of the city of the dead, and replaced the crown upon the cold stone brow whence Mr. Anderson took it. On getting back to camp Mr. Hannah was delirious. I could do nothing for him as my medicine chest was aboard the *Lucinda*. However, after two days he got better, and on the morning of the third day we resumed our journey, going past Medusa's Pool. I picked up the hands of the unfortunate man, intending to keep them as a memento—rather a ghastly one. Half a mile below this pool we came upon another one, of about half the size. The water is dark, thick, almost like crude petroleum. I wondered what wonderful power this possessed. A small stream ran from it in which I placed one of the unfortunate man's hands. Would you believe me, it turned to a flesh color, became warm, and the fingers twitched. This is an antidote for petrification and I named it Æsculapius Pool. To fully convince myself that it is an antidote I took some of this water in my hat, for want of something better, and went back to Medusa's Pool, though much against the desires of my men. I dipped the left index

finger in the pool, and withdrew it soon as possible, but it was already petrified. Then I placed it in the other water, which transformed it back instantly. Now I had the satisfaction of knowing that Medusa's Pool is harmless so long as water from the other pool is at hand. Had Mr. Hannah known this he might have saved his hands, nose and cheeks. While I was gone Mr. Anderson tasted of the water, which he said was sweet like honey. He wanted me to taste it also, but I was afraid it might transform my stomach into a sugar-house or something of that sort. Mr. Hannah placed the stumps of his arms in the pool which healed them at once. I washed his face and it became heated as soon as I was through. We followed down a sort of a roadway going almost directly away from Paradise Valley. At length we came upon a cross-road extending east as far as we could see.

"Men," said I, "it makes little difference which way we go, for soon there will not be one of us left."

"Captain," replied Mr. Anderson, "that is my belief. Suppose we try to reach the Siege Gun and bombard old Bahwahgun out of Shipyardville, that is, if he is there. We might be able to repair one of those canoes I sawed in two, and make our escape in it."

"Very well."

Had we gone to Paradise Valley, the only tools we had to build a boat with were the razor-back saw and my hunting-knife. We turned eastward, and on travelling six days amid ruins and over many miry places that almost engulfed us, came to the beach on the east side. Here is one of the finest beaches in the world. From it I picked up many pearl oysters and filled my coat-pockets full. (It was not my coat, but one Mr. Harry loaned me, as he had an extra one.) The oysters, big diamond, revolvers, and hunting knife encumbered me so that I cast away my bedding—the big quilt I got of Mr. Anderson. I missed it much, and the first night I was almost tempted to go back after it. We made good progress till reaching the vicinity of the great mountain, and here the beach ends by a spur projecting in the sea. It is not more than three furlongs across it, but took us four days to climb round it. Mr. Anderson carried the ship's instruments, and let them fall over a bluff, they would have been dashed to pieces had

they not lodged in the boughs of a pine, and it took two days to get them again. On rounding the spur we came upon a roadway, which must have passed round close to the brink and been washed away by the sea. I thought this was the spur Mrs. Anderson had reference to. We followed the road for the remainder of the day (it was ten A. M. when we came upon it), and at night camped at the north of another spur that projects in the sea. There was no way of getting round it, for it rises perpendicular. We were baffled. The sea lay almost a thousand feet beneath. However, below us, not more than fifty feet, was a narrow shelf extending along the face of the bluff, upon which grew a gnarly cedar, overrun with a vine like we made rope of.

"We must make that leap in the morning," said Mr. Anderson.

I had made a more difficult one, and so had Mr. Sanborn. We were a sober crowd that evening around our camp-fire, which was not kept burning long. After being abed awhile I felt something step upon me, waking me up. I looked around, but could see nothing, and dropped off to sleep again. It must have been Mr. Hannah in a somnambulistic state, and since losing his hands he had become a somnambulist. In the morning he was nowhere to be seen, but we observed his footprints on the brink of the precipice—he had fallen over in the sea. The tree did not look strong enough to sustain our weight. Mr. Harry dropped a stone heavier than Mr. Sanborn upon it, which withstood the force first-rate. Mr. Anderson was to leap first, I next, then Sanborn, and then Harry. When Mr. Anderson let himself over the brink I closed my eyes, that I should not, as I expected, see him dashed to pieces far down below me. However, he landed all right. I dropped over with a yell of horror, came down so quick, and landed so easy, that I hardly knew when I struck. We were upon a shelf two yards wide and about thirty long, and beyond was good travelling. Mr. Sanborn stood upon the brink shaking his head.

"Now, Mr. Sanborn," said I, "do not come down head first or you will certainly go through."

"I must, Massa, 'cause dis head ob mine can stan' dat."

These were the last words he spoke on earth. He came

down head first and went through the vine and boughs as if they were of paper. His head struck a rock three hundred feet below, and he bounded in the air, whirling over and over till striking water quite a distance from shore. Among the white breakers I beheld a black face that seemed to look up at me imploring aid. Poor Mr. Sanborn, though "black as de ace ob spades," as he used to sing of his Emma Lila, possessed a white soul, one that will meet every requirement of heaven. I left the shelf and went behind a large tree, where I could weep over the fate of my faithful black servant.

"O God!" exclaimed Mr. Anderson.

A crash of parting wood came to my ears, which told what had happened—the tree had given way beneath Mr. Harry's weight. I heard him and the tree strike the rocks below, and then a splash. Mr. Anderson, weeping like myself, embraced me and said:

"Captain, only you and I are left now."

He returned to the shelf, got the instruments, which he had cast down before leaping, and we started for the Siege Gun. We had a good view of Shipyardville two miles before reaching it. Beyond the harbor-bar we beheld the Lucinda with sails set, tacking up the island.

"The savages must be sailing her," said Mr. Anderson.

"It seems strange that they should be, but who else is it?"

The man-of-war had been raised and was in the middle of the river, full of armed savages, as also were the four canoes. It looked as if they were ready for another expedition to Koo Koos Land. We ran for the Siege Gun, at which we worked half a day. We crept back into the forest and saw nothing of the fleet, but beheld several objects floating about in the river, which were wrecks. Every cabin in Shipyardville was destroyed as if swept with cannon shot. The Lucinda was making for the rock from which we towed timbers for the man-of-war. We ran thence, and aboard the craft we beheld Mr. Wilcox.

"Uncle John," he shouted, "is that you?"

"Yes," replied Mr Anderson for me, as he had stronger lungs.

"Make haste, for Bahwahgun is coming."

He brought the craft alongside the rock and we sprung

aboard. When just out of reach of their stones, Bahwahgun and fifty warriors were upon the rock and began hurling stones at us. On seeing he could do us no harm, Bahwahgun roared, "Little Slave, you destroyed my man-of-war, every canoe, and most of my warriors."

"I will destroy you," said Mr. Anderson, firing on him with a revolver. The ball struck his shield, glanced, and killed a warrior at his side. The next bullet brought him down by penetrating the left thigh. Two more shots were fired, killing that many savages, and our ammunition was completely exhausted.

"Captain, where are the rest?" asked Mr. Wilcox.

"Dead; and how did you escape drowning?"

"With that piece of cane-brake you saw in my hand when I went overboard. I breathed through it, clinging to the rudder, till drifting beyond the bar. I had a hard time keeping clear of Bahwahgun. I was on my way to the north of the island, thinking I might possibly overhaul you there, when the Siege Gun began its effective work. The first shot struck the man-of-war and went right through her. In her and canoes were five hundred warriors. You saw the number with Bahwahgun; all the rest, four hundred and fifty, were killed or drowned."

When abreast the bar something dropped upon the deck —Mr. Buncom's spectacle case.

"Are you convinced now that Buncom River comes from Reservoir Lake?" inquired Mr. Anderson.

"I am."

On speaking these words the piece of wood Mr. Anderson cast in the lake, struck just astern. We beheld an object coming directly toward us. Before I could determine what it was, it lodged against the mast, and lo! there hung Lib by the cue. The Hoisting Works must have cast him in the lake; he went through the subterranean channel, and the Siege Gun hurled him thus far. Mr. Wilcox cut him down, and at sunset we buried his body in the sea, off the south of Kiddle Island. As we were making for Koo Koos Land our course was due south. At dusk I noticed two fudyicks following us, which I considered an evil omen, and Mr. Anderson was of like opinion. Toward midnight a fog came from the south, and a rough sea was

encountered. We had taken in every sail and set the storm-sail. I was afraid we might ground upon Arsenal Island and headed south by west. The next day and following night we kept this course. When the fog cleared away we turned south by east. It was a warm, clear morning. I was in my state-room posting my memorandum, Mr. Wilcox was at the wheel, and Anderson on watch. I heard my name called, and before I got upon deck we had struck a sunken rock which wrecked us completely. Before I could return to get my diamond, the craft sunk. The mast was above water about three feet, to which we clung, hoping the deck would rise that we might make a raft, but the only thing that came to the surface was Mr. Wilcox's checker-board. The fudyicks flew around us, and one swooped to take up Mr. Wilcox who seized its wing, mounted its back and shouted, "Good-bye," as he went upward and back toward Kiddle Island. If he ever reached it, undoubtedly the savages slew him. The other fudyick, the largest one, came at us. Mr. Anderson seized its neck, held its head under water while he mounted its back, and I mounted also. Away we went towards Koo Koos Land. After a three hours' flight we saw boats beneath us—the captives returning home.

"I am going to jump," said Mr. Anderson, who grasped the bird's neck and choked it till we came down within twenty feet of the surface, when he lost his balance and fell.

"Jump!" he shouted soon as coming to the surface.

I hesitated, but when my mind was made up to do so it was too late, for I was high above the waves.

"Good-bye," I shouted.

He was picked up by the long-boat containing his wife and Uncle Sam. The fudyick took me southwesterly, and on flying for three days and nights, in which time I suffered much from cold and hunger, it dropped dead upon the deck of a San Francisco whaler. I could hardly get off its back. The Captain was very kind, but would not believe I had just come from the North Pole. It took a year to get a cargo of oil. I got off at St. Michaels, Alaska, and remained in the territory for ten years. I wrote home, informing the folk of the fate of the *Boreas* and

crew. On receipt of the information my niece married a man named Tack—A Tack Spike wedding.

Now, kind reader, my story is told; and you will, I think, find this a book of remarkable adventures.

THE END.

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